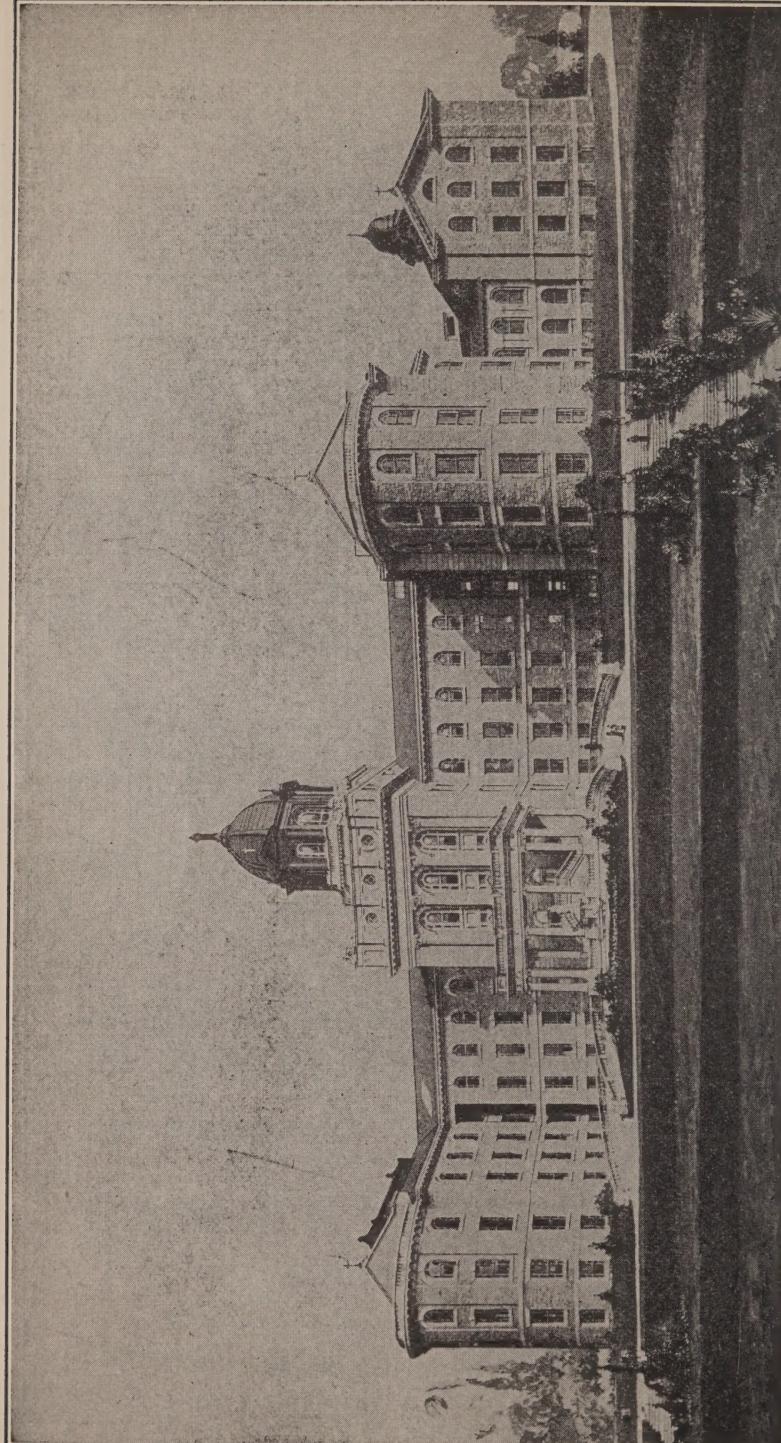


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I.

THE EARLY BISHOPS OF ICELAND

(From the Old Sagas)¹

THE history of the Early Church in Iceland, as told in the old Sagas contained in the Icelandic "Origines Islandicæ," and translated by the late writers, Gudbrand Vigfusson and F. Yorke Powell, is a most fascinating work; it is, however, mixed up with a great deal that is likely to try the patience of the modern reader, so we propose to give here an abridged account in our own languages of the "Lives of the Early Bishops,"² and especially of Iceland's two great saints, St. Thorlak, Bishop of Skalholt, and St. John of Holar, once Bishop of that see.

Iceland was converted to Christianity at the end of the tenth century from paganism, and at the Althing, or parliament, of A. D. 1000, the Catholic religion was made the established religion of the country, and remained so until the Protestant Reformation, which was carried out in the most drastic manner, much against the will of the people, who were then greatly attached to the Catholic Church, and had great devotion to our Lady and the saints, traces of which remain, especially in the country places, to this day. At first there was only one episcopal see, that of Skalholt in the south, established in the year 1000; some years later a second see, that of Holar in the north, was set up.

¹ "Origines Islandicæ."

² By kind permission of The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

The patron saint of Iceland is St. Thorlak, seventh Bishop of Skalholt, whose story with that of his predecessors we are now about to tell, sometimes quoting some of the quaint and beautiful expressions of the old Sagas. For instance, they never speak of St. John's day or St. Peter's day, but of John's or Peter's Mass, or occasionally of Ambrose-day and Agnes-day, instead of St. Ambrose's day or St. Agnes' day. Christmas is always called Yule-day and Christmas-time Yuletide. The feast of the Invention of the Cross (May 4) was called Cross-mass; the four great feasts of Our Lady—the Purification, the Annunciation, the Assumption and the Nativity—were called respectively (1) Candle-mass, or the first Mary-mass; (2) Mary-mass in spring, or the second Mary-mass; (3) the latter Mary-mass, and (4) the last Mary-mass. Ash Wednesday was called the First Day of the Fast; Holy Week was called the Dumbbell days; Holy Thursday, Shear Thursday; the Saturday in the spring Ember week, Washing day; the feast of a martyr was generally called his Passion, as the Passion of SS. Peter and Paul; the feast of the dedication of a church was called Church-day; the consecration of a Bishop or a church was the "hallowing."

The rigor of the climate, the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the terrible storms and violent hurricanes to which the country is subject have all combined to make life less progressive in Iceland than in more favored lands; the interior now, as in the Middle Ages, is for the most part uninhabited and uncultivated, huge glaciers and barren, volcanic plains making it impossible either to live there or to grow anything to live upon; only stunted willows and firs thrive in the so-called Icelandic forests. There were no roads then and there are very few now; the few towns were then as now by the coasts, now mostly small Danish trading stations with farms and "homesteads" a little further inland.

The custom of building a church near a homestead, or on the estate of a rich man, which still exists, began early to enable the inhabitants of the "homestead" to hear Mass and to supplement the parish churches after they were established; the Lutheran churches are now used as guest chambers.

The first Bishop in Iceland was Islaf, son of Gizor the White, who came to the country and settled in Skalholt about the year A. D. 1000, when the conversion of Iceland to Christianity took place, or in the words of the old chronicler, "when Iceland was Christened."

Gizor the White took his son to Norway to a place called Herforth,³ and placed him under the care of an Abbess to be educated

³ Lives of Bishops, 427.

when he was quite a child, and he did not return to Iceland until he was ordained priest. He then married and had three sons, one of whom named Gizor succeeded him as Bishop. It was not until he was fifty that he was chosen Bishop of Skalholt, and he then went to Saxony to be consecrated. He visited the Emperor and presented him with a white bear from Greenland, which was considered "the greatest treasure." After this he went to Rome to see Pope Leo, who wrote to the Archbishop of Bremen, instructing him to consecrate Islaf, Bishop of Skalholt on Whitsunday, which was duly done, and the new Bishop returned to Iceland the same summer.

The people of Iceland were still half-pagans and very immoral, and he had a great deal of trouble with them. During his episcopate six other Bishops went to Iceland to live. One of these was an Englishman named Rudolf; another, named John, an Irishman, after living some time in Iceland, went to Wendland (Baltic province), and after converting many Wends was brutally murdered by them. Some of these Bishops lived as long as twenty years in Iceland.

When Bishop Islaf had been Bishop for twenty-four years, he was taken suddenly dangerously ill while saying Mass at the Althing, and his illness was so sudden and so serious that another priest had to put on his vestment and finish the Mass. Islaf was then taken home and a room prepared for him in the church, where he died at noon on July 5, "three nights before Selman's⁴ or Seligman's Mass."

He was never rich, but he was most generous and much beloved. He was succeeded by his son Gizor, who is described as a big man, with a noble presence; he was wise, strong and "the most kindly of men."⁵ He traveled a great deal in his earlier years, and after he married he went to Rome with his wife before he was elected as Bishop, and was abroad when his father died. On his return to Iceland he went to the Althing, and there he was elected almost unanimously as Bishop, in spite of the fact that Islaf had nominated one Guthrand as his successor, but Guthrand retired in favor of Gizor.

These early Icelandic Bishops were generally rich men, who farmed their own estates, for we read that Gizor had not all the land at his homestead of Skalholt for his farm, as his mother Dalla wished to live on her share of it, and only after her death did he come into the whole property, which he at once made over to the

⁴ This Selman's or Seligman's-Mass was a great feast in Iceland; as it was kept on July 9 it seems to be that of "The Seven Brothers, M. M.", in the Roman Calendar. Seligman—from the German Selig—blessed.

⁵ Lives of Bishops, 433, et seq.

church which he built at Skalholt, endowing it richly with money and ornaments. Among other things he gave it a "Mass-cope," which for a long time was the best vestment there, and it is described as a "purple hackle." Besides this he gave many other treasures to the church. There was a very wise and holy priest named Sœmund living at Oddi, which is not very far from Skalholt, and he and Gizor became great friends, and together they instituted tithes in the diocese, which were to be divided into four parts, one part for the Bishop, another for the Church, a third for the clergy and the fourth for the poor.

Although it is never directly said so, the women of Iceland were evidently very capable women, and were by no means kept in subjection, as many little incidental details of life there show. Gizor's wife, Stanwer, we are told, "kept the household indoors while he ruled the see," and Dalla, while her husband, Bishop Islaf lived, did the same.

In Bishop Gizor's time the Bishopric of Holar, for the north of the island, was established at the request of the inhabitants of the Northern Quarter.

When Bishop Gizor was seventy-five years old, he had a most painful illness, which he bore with the greatest patience, and when it was suggested to him by his wife that he should have vows made for him, he refused, saying "that if any vows were made for him, they should be that his pains might increase, for a man should not be prayed out of God's battle,"⁶ and he added that "up to now things had gone sunward with him," meaning happily. He died on May 28, in the year 1118, after he had been "hallowed" Bishop thirty-six years. He was deeply mourned, and all men said they would never get his equal again, and that he was "the noblest man that had ever been in Iceland." And after his death so many calamities, such as bad seasons, shipwrecks, civil war, and such a mortality as had never been seen before befell Iceland, that the people said, "It looked as if Iceland was drooping after Gizor's death as the city of Rome drooped after the death of Pope Gregory the Great."⁷

Bishop Gizor appointed Thorlak, son of Runolf (not St. Thorlak), as his successor. He was only thirty-two at the time, and was apparently insignificant in appearance, for we are told he "was of no great presence," and when he went abroad to be consecrated people thought "there could be no great choice of men in the country, for he seemed to them not the man to be presented to such an office." But when the Archbishop held conversation with

⁶ Lives of Bishops, 437.

⁷ Ibid., 439.

him, he soon saw he was a fit subject, but as Bishop Gizor was not then dead, he appointed him to the See of Reekholt, in Borgfrith, in the west, and consecrated him a month before Bishop Gizor died. He went that same summer to Skalholt and was well received by the people. He took many men with him from Denmark, as scholars, and they would seem to have lived in community, since they had a common dormitory. He was married and had several sons, but he adopted one Gizor, son of Tait of Hawkdale, whom he loved as one of his own sons, and foretold that he would become a great man, as afterwards happened. Thorlak was a holy man and did much to advance Christianity in Iceland. He was never idle, but always engaged in prayer or study or teaching; he was generous to the poor, although "the commonalty called him closefisted," perhaps because he does not seem to have been a rich man, and he lived very simply and was very humble. When he had been Bishop fifteen years, he was taken ill after "Yule," and lay in the dormitory where he and his clerks were wont to sleep. When he grew worse he bade some of these clerks read to him the "Cura Pastoralis" of St. Gregory, and he seemed, after he had heard it, to be happier about his own death. He died on the eve of St. Bridget's Mass (January 31), 1133, and the day that he died a certain priest named Arne was "going on his way" at the very hour the Bishop died, "when he heard a fair song up in heaven above him, and there was sung this *cantilena* of Bishop Lambert:

"Sic anima claris cœlorum reddidit astris."

And there was no one near at the time, so that men paid great heed to this circumstance."⁸

Many of the Icelandic chiefs gave Thorlak a good deal of trouble in his life time, "but he managed everything in the best possible way," says the old chronicler.

He was succeeded by Bishop Magnus, the son of Einar of Side. He was brought up at home by his father and stepmother, who "used to say they loved him most of all their children." He received all the minor orders and was then ordained priest, but was also "well suited either to farming or trading abroad." He is described as "a fair man to look on and of the finest presence." He was chosen Bishop six months after the death of Thorlak, but owing to civil war in Norway he was not consecrated till "Simon's Mass-day," 1174. He then went to Denmark with presents for King Harold, who had fled thither, and they became great friends, and after Harold returned to Norway, Magnus went there to see

⁸ *Ibid.*, 443.

him, and the King gave him a gold cup, which he took back to Iceland with him and had made into a chalice. He enlarged the church at Skalholt and changed the dedication day from Cross-day (May 4) to Seligman's Mass-day (July 8). He had the church hung with some tapestry which he had brought back with him from abroad, and this tapestry was "one of the greatest treasures" of the church at Skalholt. He also brought back with him some brocade, out of which they made a "hackle," or cope, which for some obscure reason on which we can throw no light was called by the unusual name for a cope of "Scarmending."⁹

He bought nearly all the Westman Islands and some other property for the See of Skalholt, and had intended to found a monastery on the islands, but he died before this was done a most tragic death.

It seems the Bishop of Holar, named Cetil, an old man of seventy, went to the Althing in 1145, and Bishop Magnus invited him to go back with him to Skalholt to keep his "church-day," or dedication feast, which was to take place, and the "feast was so very splendid that it was a pattern after in Iceland." On the Friday evening after supper both the Bishops went to bathe at a place called Bathridge, and sad to say Bishop Cetil died there and then, and there was "great grief at this feast," till after the funeral, at which they found consolation in a not unheard-of manner at wakes. It seems there had been a great deal of "mead mixed" at the beginning of this feast, which lasted several days, and "by the comforting speeches of Bishop Magnus, and the noble drink that was provided men got their sorrow sooner out of mind than they would otherwise have done,"¹⁰ naïvely remarks the old chronicler.

The death of Bishop Magnus was even more tragic than that of Bishop Cetil, of Holar. He had gone over with a large number of followers to the Westfriðs to spend Michaelmas, and on the following day, September 30, 1148, the house they were in caught fire, and Bishop Magnus did not know of it till it was impossible to escape, and he and seven priests and seventy-two others lost their lives. The bodies of the Bishop and his chaplain were not burnt, and were taken to Skalholt for burial on Jerome's day (October 10), amid the greatest grief, for there was scarcely anyone who had not lost a friend in this calamity, for "naught more distressful had ever happened in Hot dale." It seems extraordinary that so many lives were lost, but the building was no doubt, like most of the Icelandic houses, of wood. There may have been

⁹ The Faroes, south of Iceland.

¹⁰ Ibid., 448.

a panic as well, but the Bishop had always prayed for a martyr's death, and it seemed that he would not hurry to escape.

The next Bishop elected was Hall Tait's son, a good linguist, but he died at Utrecht on his way back to Iceland from Rome, and the next choice was Clong, from the north, who was a great lawyer, the son of Thorstan and Halldora, a north countryman, chosen by the advice of Bearn, Bishop of Holar. Bishop Clong was evidently one of the most popular of Icelanders, for the Saga tells us that when he came back from Rome after his consecration, he traveled with Gizor Hall's son, who had been at Bari, and on their arrival "men had to welcome together the two greatest jewels of men that were in Iceland." Gizor was a rich man living in or near Skalholt. The new Bishop brought with him a great quantity of timber from Norway to build a new church at Skalholt, and both the ships which brought these two great men carried timber. And when this new church (apparently the Minster) was finished, it was the most "glorious building that was built in Iceland," and as architecture is not one of the arts in which the Icelanders excel, we can well believe it.

A great deal of money was spent on the building of this church, both on the timber and the wages of skilled workmen. Then the Bishop was so hospitable and entertained so lavishly that men began to fear the revenues of the see would not bear all these expenses. Not only does Clong appear to have kept open house, but he also gave great feasts to the rich and large alms to the poor, for he was the most generous of men, and certainly one of the most popular among his countrymen. The fears of the more cautious men were not realized, for "Almighty God let him fall short of naught." Bishop Clong was such a good lawyer that he was consulted in most cases, for he was a fine orator and very wise; he was also a great poet and the best of priests. He was more ascetic than his predecessors, and besides fasting he wore haircloth and frequently walked with bare feet in ice and snow in his terribly cold country, a custom that ultimately led to "a great disease" which attacked his feet when he was old, because of this rigorous penance, which probably caused frostbite.

When this new church was finished he adorned it in every way. He had a gold chalice made, set with gems (we wonder what had become of King Harold's gold chalice). He also had a book of Hours written most beautifully, better than any they had had before, and he was most particular in teaching the young priests to sing the psalter correctly. When he thought the church ready for "hallowing," he gave a most splendid feast and invited Bishop Brand from Holar and Abbot Nicholas from Thwartwater, and on

"the day of the passion of Vitus" (June 15), the two Bishops consecrated it, one the inside and the other the outside, and they dedicated it to St. Peter the Apostle. And Abbot Nicholas preached, or, in their quaint language, "held the discourse." Then the good Bishop let his love of hospitality run away with him, for he invited all who had been present at the dedication to dinner with him, if they cared to come, and this, says the chronicler, "was done more out of magnificence than prudence," for seven hundred men availed themselves of this princely invitation, and before the end of the dinner the stores ran short. Not content with feasting all these people, the Bishop sent the "men of worship," that is, men of rank, away with handsome gifts. This most popular of the Icelandic Bishops seems to have had the defect of at least one of his qualities; even his greatest admirers thought him extravagant.

He was popular all his life and when he was old and "this great disease" afflicted him, he wished to resign, but Archbishop Eystan, though he gave him leave to choose and send for consecration another Bishop to help him and make his visitations for him, would not let him resign and counseled him to continue preaching and saying Mass and the hours as long as he was able to do so. Clong then went to the Althing and chose Thorlak the Saint as his successor, and for that winter he kept the management of the estate and "Bishopstead" at Skalholt in his own hands, but it was difficult to make ends meet, as little was coming in and much was going out. The next year, when Bishop Thorlak came back, Clong gave up the management to him, and that winter he was bedridden and grew worse.

He died on February 28. "It was then Washing-day," that is, Saturday in Ember week after Easter. St. Thorlak was with him at his death and he buried him near the other Bishops of Skalholt.

During his Bishopric occurred the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury, news of which reached Iceland, for it is mentioned in Bishop Clong's life.

There was an earthquake during his Episcopate in Iceland and also two eruptions of Mount Hecla; the earthquake caused loss of life. Pope Eugenius was reigning when Clong was consecrated and Eysted and Sigurd were Kings of Norway. He was then forty-seven; he reigned twenty-four years and died in 1176, being then seventy-one.

He was lenient to others, strict to himself, and though "a man of authority and decision," he was cheerful and full of jokes, good-tempered and greatly beloved by rich and poor, and will be remembered for his munificence, says the Saga, "as long as Iceland

is inhabited," for there was never a man "of such magnificence in many ways" in the country before.

We now come to the life of his successor, the patron saint and Apostle of Iceland, St. Thorlak, called by his biographer "the Beam and Gem of the saints of the world."¹¹ He was born at the farm of Fleetlithe in 1133. His father was one Thorhall, a merchant, and his mother's name was Halla; they were both of good family. Thorlak is described as being always a good and gentle, cheerful and obedient child. When he was quite young his mother took him to a holy priest named Eyjolf to educate, and he became his foster-father. It was an Icelandic custom to put their children out to be brought up by foster-parents; they sometimes took them as far as Ireland, but Eyjolf lived at Oddi, in the south of Iceland, apparently not at any very great distance from Thorlak's home, for we are told that his mother was with him all his life, and that she taught him genealogies and tales of great men. These genealogies were those of the old settlers in Iceland, which form the larger part of the old "Landnamabok." Thorlak was ordained deacon at the early age of fifteen by Bishop Magnus, the reason being that there were very few priests in the country at the time, and after Magnus died there was no Bishop at Skalholt, so Thorlak was ordained priest at the Althing, or Allmoot, as the parliament is sometimes called by Bishop Bearn. Thorlak was very fond of children and they loved him. After he was ordained he was most punctual in saying Mass and his Office. He went abroad shortly after, and continued his studies in Paris, then he came to England and studied at Lincoln. His travels lasted from 1156 to 1161, and then he went back to Iceland, where he received a warm welcome from his relations and especially from his mother and sisters, for whom he made a home, his father being presumably dead. His sisters appear to have been worldly, for we are told they were a trial to him, as he did not approve of their conversation, but one named Ragnold married and became the mother of a son named Paul, who eventually succeeded Thorlak as Bishop.

After he had been home some time his relations urged him to marry, and they selected a certain widow as a suitable person, for in those days priests were not forbidden to marry widows, and "widows were considered the best matches in that part of the country," says the old chronicler, in whose time the marriage of priests with widows was forbidden.¹²

Accordingly Thorlak went to the house of this lady at Have, accompanied by some of his relatives, where they were hospitably

¹¹ *Origines Islandicæ*, p. 457.

¹² *Thirlak's Saga*, p. 465.

received and well entertained with good cheer. But that night when Thorlak was asleep he had a vision in which a man "of a noble countenance" and fine clothing appeared to him and asked him what he had come hither for and added that he knew well his object was to seek this widow in marriage, but he told him not to ask her to marry him, for "another bride was in store for him."

When he woke in the morning, Thorlak understood what this meant and determined to lead a celibate life. How far matters had gone in the negotiations we are not told, but the incident closed by his departure with his relatives the next day, and he and the lady remained friends for the rest of their lives.

At a place called Kirkby, which stands at the head of a fiord in the south of Iceland, there lived a holy priest who was also learned and much respected, named Bearn-hedin, who became acquainted with Thorlak, and being kindred spirits their acquaintance soon developed into friendship, and after a little while Thorlak went to Kirkby to stay with his new friend and remained for "six winters" (they seem always to measure time by winters in these Sagas, not by years), working with him among all the people of the district, preaching and hearing confessions and giving their penitents "light penances," and so edifying their neighbors by their holy lives that Thorlak was already looked upon as a fitting person to succeed the Bishop then reigning, whose name was Clong. His mother went with him to Korkby, for we are told several times that his mother Halla was with him all his life as long as she lived.

When Thorlak had spent six years at Kirkby, enjoying the friendship and close companionship of Bearn-hedin, a certain rich man named Thorkell, then advanced in years, decided to spend part of his fortune in founding a religious house of Canons Regular, and he went to Kirkby, and asked Thorlak, with whom he seems to have been acquainted, and he had certainly heard of his holiness, to make a rule for the Canons. Thorkell lived about twenty-five miles from Kirkby, further south and west of it, and his homestead was said to be "the second best in that country," so he was evidently one of the chief and richest inhabitants.

Thorlak for some time wished to be a religious, so after consulting with Bearn-hedin, he consented to make the rule and establish the foundation. The parting from his friend Bearn-hedin was a great trial to both, especially to Bearn-hedin, who, however, would do nothing to hinder his friend from undertaking what they both felt was a great work. Bishop Clong was consulted and approved the plan, and the end of it was a house of Canons Regular was opened at Thickby, with Thorlak as the Superior. And when Bearn-hedin came home from the opening and saw Thorlak's empty seat in his

hall, he said "no one so worthy would ever sit there again," and we read Thorlak was wont to say he had never been so happy in his life as the six winters he spent at Kirkby.¹³ It seems that his mother went with him to Thickby, for once again we are told she was always with him, and the chronicler adds that he gave his sisters their portions before he took the vows, and became the Prior of the new foundation. He was thirty-five when he first took the vows of a Canon, and was first made Prior, and afterwards Bishop Clong "hallowed" him Abbot, when he had been there seven years. He ruled wisely, he forbade his subjects to travel unnecessarily, and was strict in enforcing silence during the hours of solemn silence. Apparently the monastery became a house of retreat, for the clergy and monks from other houses used to go to Thickby, or Wer, as it was also called, to stay for a short time and copy their customs. Many sick also came to the Abbey, and after Thorlak had blessed them and "chanted over them," they went away healed. On one occasion a fire broke out in the monastery, but when the Prior appeared and blessed it the fire went out. Live stock that were sick were brought to him and after he had "chanted over them" they recovered. The people believed that water which they brought to the holy Abbot to bless, would preserve their flocks and cattle from harm if sprinkled with it. After Thorlak became Bishop, water blessed by him used to be taken all over Iceland, the people believing that they got good from it, but, says the chronicler, wise men were careful about calling these things miracles during his life.

When Bishop Clong was old, he went to the Althing or Parliament, which met every summer at Thingvallir in olden times, and being in great suffering he had obtained leave from the Archbishop to resign, and ask the Althing to choose his successor. It happened that the Abbot of Thickby, Thorlak, was at the Althing that year on business, and he and two other candidates were named and finally Bishop Clong chose him as the new Bishop. At first Thorlak refused, but eventually he consented on condition that Bishop Clong would keep the see till the coming winter was over.

After Christmas the Abbot, now Bishop-elect, was sent from Thickby to go on visitation, for Bishop Clong was too ill to do so, and so the fees had not been collected, and the diocese was in need of them, and was in debt, and Thorlak's troubles as Bishop began. He now had to leave his monastery and live at Skalholt, and he was Bishop of Skalholt, but he could not go abroad to be consecrated on account of the war, which was then raging between Iceland and Norway, but when Bishop Clong died on February 28, 1176, he determined to go, war or no war, and so taking a very little money with

¹³ *Ibid.*, 468.

him, and only a small escort, he sailed for Norway to Archbishop Eyestan. He was well received and entertained, but the Archbishop said he could not consecrate him without the consent of the King, since Iceland was at war with Norway. The King, Magnus, at first refused his consent, why does not appear, but in the end he consented unwillingly, and the new Bishop was consecrated and he and Magnus exchanged presents, and when Thorlak departed he left golden opinions behind him with the Archbishop, which the war presumably prevented the King from sharing. When the Bishop reached the ship which was to take him home, he saw it too heavily laden with timber, and he requested the sailors to reduce the cargo, but they refused and they set sail in what appears to have been a too heavily laden vessel. They were caught in a gale and very nearly lost, and the sailors were obliged to throw some of the beams overboard, and eventually they made land safely on the eve of "Lawrence-mass-day."

The new Bishop still kept all the rules of his Canons, and wore the habit and observed strictly all the vigils and fasts, which in that terribly cold climate and the long, dark days of winter must have been very trying. He ruled his diocese wisely and well, and managed the financial affairs excellently, and took care that his clergy performed all the services of the Church reverently and properly. He made a form of confession for all his clergy so that all "might order it one way."¹⁴ Apparently it was then the custom in the Western Church, as it is still in the Eastern Church, for the priest to ask the penitent certain questions, to which they answered "Yes" or "No," as the case might be. Thorlak also made a rule that every one must go to confession once a year, and those who served on the altar whenever they were guilty of mortal sin before they served again.

He often preached notwithstanding the fact that he was slow of speech: he fasted most strictly and kept long vigils, he reconciled those who had quarrelled to each other, and comforted those who were in affliction. At the great feasts he invited a certain number of poor men not exceeding twelve, sometimes fewer, to a meal and washed their feet and "wiped them with his hair." It seems that he wore his hair long, for he could hardly have wiped their feet on his beard; moreover we are told that after his death his hair was cut and much valued as a relic. It may have been the custom for the Icelandic men to wear long hair and beards, for the sake of warmth in their cold country.

He sang Mass every day, and read and wrote a great deal, and besides all his choir duties and the episcopal functions he had to perform, he instructed his clergy, for he knew well how necessary it

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, 480.

was for them to be well read and to keep up their studies. A long list is given in the Saga of all the vocal prayers he was accustomed to say daily besides his Office and saying or singing Mass. He had "some strict penance" and work of charity, which he told no one, but after his death his friends could not keep silence about it, but although they were certain about it, they would not reveal a secret the Bishop kept strictly during his life after his death. He was very patient with evil-doers, and if they were repentant he would give them light penances, but if they were impenitent he would excommunicate them or interdict them.

In his time "Ambrose-day, Cecil-day and Agnes-day" were made holy days and the vigils of "the Apostles-Mass and Nicholas-Mass" were ordered to be observed as fasts, but whether this was a Papal decree or the Bishop's ordering the chronicler does not say, but we are told that Thorlak himself ordered that only one meal was to be eaten on any Friday in the year, except the Friday in Easter-week, and he ate no solid food on Fridays himself if he were well, but if he were ill he would take white meat on Fridays and Ember-days if he were ordered to do so. Apparently if Christmas Day fell on a Friday it was kept as a fast in those days, for one "Yule-day" Thorlak was unwell and he ate fleshmeat and did it "as an example to others,"¹⁵ which possibly they were not slow to follow.

The present lax marriage laws would not have suited the holy Bishop, for he laid heavy penalties on those "who made breaches in holy wedlock," and this whether the culprits were rich or poor, for he thought wisely it would do more harm "if gentlefolk were to be excused in great matters" such as these.

Although he lived in a country subject to terrible storms, intense cold, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and climatic disturbances of every conceivable kind, the chronicler says "that he never blamed the weather as many do": a naïve little touch, showing that mankind is much the same all the world and all the ages over. He was never quite well and "he would often let the doctors perform operations on him": which was truly heroic in days when they knew nothing of anaesthetics, less of antiseptic treatment, and very little about operations. It seems a miracle that the poor man lived through them. He was very fond of poetry and songs or hymns; he was also fond of holy conversation and interested in dreams, but he disapproved of "plays," but whether this means games or the drama we cannot say.

When he had been Bishop for fifteen years, he wished to resign his see and live the life of a Canon in his monastery of Thickby, but before this wish could be realized, he was taken ill while making his visitation at a place called Borgfrith, which was northwest of

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, 487.

Skalholt, and as soon as he reached his home there he went to bed, and was unable to leave it for three months, but he did not suffer much pain. He had a friend named Gизor, son of Hall, who was living at that time in Skalholt, and he frequently visited him and told him legends of the saints. He had a good many other visitors, among them his nephew Paul, who succeeded him as Bishop, and he "was the most loving of all his kinsmen."

When he found he was growing worse he sent for Thorwald, the son of the above-mentioned Gизor, who seems to have been a lawyer, for with his help the Bishop disposed of all his property; he gave his episcopal ring to Paul and his best raiment to his successor, and another ring to Brand, Bishop of Holar, his oldest clothes to the poor, and the rest of his clothing to the clergy. A week before he died he sent for some of his clergy and after making "a very long speech to them," he was anointed, and as we are told that speech was difficult to him, he probably grew worse. He then asked pardon of them all, and then Gизor spoke and said very humbly and simply: "We pray my Lord to forgive us the misdeeds we have done and we are afraid they are both many and great." Then they stood weeping round him and the Bishop "kissed all his clerks and his household and gave them his blessing." And after he had been anointed he would not speak any more. He lived a week after this, and then one morning he grew weaker, and asked for something to drink, "but as he turned to take it he fell asleep sweetly with God."¹⁶ This happened on a Thursday, December 23, late in the day, in the year 1193, being the sixtieth year of his age.

Although Thorlak "would not give any hint as to who was to be his successor," people took it as a sign that Paul should succeed him, since he had left to him his episcopal ring, which does not seem an unnatural conclusion for them to arrive at. He was taken to the church on Christmas Eve, and "set up in the choir for two nights, and on the second day of Yule he was buried." As the sun does not rise above the horizon in Iceland in midwinter, it was practically dark except for the faint, weird light just at midday, all the time the Bishop's body was "set up in the choir," but we are told "that his color was much brighter than that of other dead men, and the pupils of his eyes bright for a long time after his death."

At his funeral on "Stephen's Mass" the neighboring clergy and his nephew Paul, who succeeded him, were among those present. It seems to have been the custom to make speeches over the graves of men of rank, and on this occasion, Gизor, son of Hall, the late

¹⁶ Thorlak's Saga, 498.

Bishop's friend, did so, preaching a kind of panegyric. There was now only one Bishop in Iceland, so his death was a great loss, especially as war was brewing, and it would not be easy for his successor to go abroad to get consecrated.

A second Life of St. Thorlak¹⁷ was written by some monk or priest during the latter part of the thirteenth century, which tells, and was written for this purpose, the difficulties with which the good Bishop had to contend, in a country still only half-civilized, and incidentally the reason he disapproved of his sister Ragnald's conduct, nor can it be said that the cause for disapproval was a small one. It seems that she and a certain John Loft's son, who was the greatest chief in Iceland at that time, had loved each other all their lives, and Paul, who succeeded St. Thorlak, was their son. This John Loft, who lived and reigned in Oddi in the south of Iceland, was a very immoral man, for Ragnald, although she constantly lived with him, was not his wife. He had married one Halldora, by whom he also had a son, besides which he had other sons, one of whom on one occasion attempted St. Thorlak's life. John Loft was evidently a strange mixture of good and evil; he is said to have been very learned and very musical and accomplished, he was very proud and self-willed and obstinate, and while the less said about his private life the better, he took great care that all the churches in his dominions should be handsomely furnished in every way, and he is said to have been "a great chanter in Holy Church."

He and Bishop Thorlak fell out at the beginning of St. Thorlak's episcopate, concerning the tithes and church property. Archbishop Eyestein, of Norway, had instructed the Bishop to gather into his hands all the churches, and all the property of the churches in his diocese, and when Thorlak made his first visitation the trouble began, not only with John Loft, but also with other chiefs and landowners, some of whom yielded, while others, like John Loft, withheld him obstinately. It seems that one of the terrible storms, to which his country is subject, had demolished two churches on some of John's land, and he had built a new church in their place, and this church is described as being "right fairly wrought," and he wanted the Bishop to consecrate it. When Thorlak arrived at Oddi, he asked if John had heard what the Archbishop had ordered about the possession of churches, and the payment of tithes. John Loft replied that "he had heard and he had determined to pay no heed to it at all."¹⁸ The Bishop then told him that he had the power and was about to exercise it, of excommunicating all those who refused to give up the Church lands. To this John answered: "The Bishop might excom-

¹⁷ *Origines Islandicæ*, pp. 570 et seq.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 574.

municate whom he liked, but he for one would never give up what belonged to him."

All through Thorlak's episcopate, the holy Bishop had trouble with John Loft and other chiefs, on account of their refusal to pay tithes and other Church dues, and to give up the immoral lives they were living. Several times he was waylaid by some of these chiefs, who with their adherents lay in ambush to kill him, as he made his visitations, and he had several miraculous escapes from their machinations. Once a wicked man, named Swayn the Unlucky, hired a gang of men to kill the Bishop, as he passed on his way to visit some church, but a sudden fog came on and hid the ambushers, while Thorlak and his adherents passed on in clear sunshine. Another time one of John Loft's illegitimate sons, named Thorstan, determined, apparently with his father's connivance, to kill the Bishop when he was making a visitation at a place named Vallir or the Fields, and while Thorlak was indoors sitting at dinner or supper, Thorstan sent in word that he intended to kill him as he came out, and he armed himself with an axe for the purpose. The Bishop's followers implored their master not to leave the house, feeling sure Thorstan would carry out his threat, but Thorlak, when it was time for him to go to the church to say his Office, told his clerks not to fear and insisted on going. When he got outside, Thorstan caught up his axe to fell the Bishop to the ground, but as Thorlak looked at him without speaking a word, his arm became stiff and he could not raise the axe, and the Bishop passed on into the church. When John Loft asked his son why he had not killed Thorlak, Thorstan said because his arm became stiff as the Bishop looked at him. John replied that he had anticipated this result.¹⁹

A little later John Loft himself was about to kill the Bishop, because Thorlak had threatened him with excommunication, unless he put away his sister Ragnald, but friends of both parties persuaded the Bishop to delay his sentence, and John Loft to postpone his murderous design for a little while, and in the end John Loft, who had given in on every other point, now agreed to send Ragnald away, and they both went to shrift and got absolution. This John Loft was the grandson of Saemund, the celebrated Icelandic historian. Besides this second life, which is concerned with these and similar trials and incidents in the life of Thorlak, a book of his miracles was written which led to his local canonization, but the editors of these Sagas have not translated it. At the Althing held in 1199 Bishop Paul read this book of the miracles out to the assembly, and there are several editions of the miracles attached to other lives of the saint.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, 585.

St. Thorlak was succeeded by his nephew Paul,²⁰ but we are not surprised to hear that there was considerable difficulty and hesitation and a very long discussion on the matter, under the circumstances, and it was finally left to Bishop Brand to settle, and he decided in favor of Paul, who at first firmly refused to accept the charge.

He is described as a "very goodly man to look on," with fair, curly hair and a fair complexion, well made and with the most courteous manners. He seems to have inherited some of his mother's beauty and charm, for we suspect she was a beautiful woman, and his children, for he married young, were all handsome, and, moreover, exceedingly well brought up. He was a learned man, wrote excellent Latin verse, was very musical and he sang beautifully. After he had been married a year, he went to England to study, and when he returned he surpassed all his countrymen in his learning and accomplishments. He now settled with his wife and children at Scard, and farmed, but they had hard times and many losses, which they bore bravely, but eventually with the help of friends, of whom we may be sure Bishop Thorlak was one, they prospered.

Paul was forty when Bishop Thorlak died, and he was chosen to succeed him. After refusing Bishop Brand's offer of the bishopric at the Althing, Paul went home to Oddi, and on Selman's Mass-day he went to church and while praying there in great distress for guidance, it was revealed to him that it was God's will that he should accept this charge with all its anxieties, so, as he wished only to do God's will, he consented.

He then moved to Skalholt and his wicked old father, John Loft, must needs move with him and all his brothers, and Paul took possession of the bishopstead. He begged his late uncle's friend, Gizor, to remain at Skalholt, and he agreed to do so. Paul was only in deacon's orders at this time when he went abroad to Norway to be ordained and consecrated, and he left his wife, Herdis, to manage the estate and farm at Scard, while he was absent, which she did excellently. He went first to Nidaros, in Norway, afterwards to Sweden and Denmark. While in Norway he went to see the King, Swerre, who received him with the greatest honor, and invited him to stay with him, which he did before and after he was ordained priest. After this he went to stay with Archbishops Absalom and Eirik, who also received him with "the greatest honor," and he spent Easter-week with them, and then he went to a monastery called Heradswade, in Sweden, to prepare for his consecration, which took place on April 23, by Archbishop Absalom, the other Archbishop being too blind to perform the ceremony. The new Bishop, on returning to Norway, met King Swerre again and stayed with him,

²⁰ *Fol's Saga*, 593.

and then in the summer he returned to Iceland and gave a great feast to Bishop Brand and his other friends.

He took home with him two glass windows for his church at Skalholt, and he paid the church another honor—he sang his first Mass there not only as Bishop but as priest, for he would not say his first Mass anywhere else, and, says the chronicler, “in all lands it is esteemed as good for a man to hear a priest’s first Mass as to hear an every-day Bishop’s Mass, how much better must this have been, seeing it was the first Mass of a Bishop and priest at once.”²¹

There was a large number of people to hear him, and we are glad to know old John Loft was among them, and two of his brothers and Gизor. The next spring Herdis, his wife, came to Skalholt to take the management of the household, which numbered a hundred people, of whom seventy or eighty were servants, and she did this so excellently that she is said to have been the greatest “prop and stay,” and her household after a few winters never wanted for anything, which certainly speaks well for her housewifely skill, in a country where almost all the supplies except fish (but the fish is salmon and cod), beef and mutton in limited quantities, potatoes and a few other vegetables and a few berries, have to be imported. No wheat will grow, only rye, of which the peasants’ bread is made, and some of this is imported. Fortunately for Herdis and other Icelandic housewives fewer luxuries were required in those days than in ours.

One of Bishop Paul’s first acts was to have a steeple or campanile made for the bells, which Bishop Thorlak had bought for Skalholt, and they were the best bells in Iceland. This bell tower which Bishop Paul built was the highest wooden building in Iceland, and there was a church in it, which he had painted and decorated and hung with hangings, and dedicated to St. Thorlak, and he bought other bells to put in it, as well as those St. Thorlak had given, and he had a crypt made also. On All Saints’ day, in the third year of Paul’s episcopate, his father, John Loft, died, and “it was a great blow to him, for he was then the noblest chief in all Iceland.”

The question of Bishop Thorlak’s claims to canonization now arose, and in this matter Paul acted with the greatest caution, for no one desired it more than he did, yet he saw how necessary it was to exercise prudence, so many signs and wonderful things were being attributed to Thorlak. At length Bishop Brand ordered the translation of the late Bishop’s remains, which he had foretold in a vision to a priest named Thorwald, son of Gизor.²² The translation took place in the summer, preceded by a “mighty feast,” given by Bishop Paul, to which he invited Bishop Brand, and some of the

²¹ Pol’s Saga, 509.

²² Ibid., p. 19.

chiefs and his dearest friends, and after the feast the body was translated amid "mighty tokens," and the next year, 1199, St. Thorlak's feast day, preceded by a two days' fast, was made law throughout Iceland. The tomb then became a place of pilgrimage every summer for travelers and foreigners as well as for Icelanders, from all parts of the country, and the fame of St. Thorlak was reflected on his nephew, Bishop Paul, thus fulfilling an old Icelandic proverb, says the chronicler, to the effect "that a man takes after his mother's brother."

And when Paul had collected sufficient money he had a shrine made by one Torstan, a celebrated goldsmith, and this shrine for St. Thorlak's remains was the largest and most beautiful in the country.

Greenland, or part of it, was at this time Catholic, and the Bishop named John came to visit Bishop Paul at Easter, 1203, and the two Bishops "hallowed" chrism and discussed the affairs of their dioceses, and needless to add, Bishop Paul gave Bishop John "a worshipful feast" during his visit and gave him handsome presents on his departure. In return Bishop John taught the people to make wine out of crowberries, as Swerre, King of Norway, had taught him, and as crowberries were very plentiful the next year in Iceland, a man named Eiric made some and it is satisfactory to hear "that it turned out well."

The chronicler is afraid he has not done justice to the great popularity of Bishop Paul, with whom and with his capable wife, Herdis, everything went "sunwise" until a certain day when a sad calamity befell them. It seems that Herdis had occasion to go over to their old home at Scard on business, and she took two of their children, Cetil and Halla, with her and left the other two, also a boy and girl, at home. And while they were at Scard the river there flooded and could not be forded, but Herdis was anxious to get home, so she ordered a boat to be launched and the party to be taken over in detachments. The first party, which included Cetil and all the ponies, got over safely, except Herdis' horse was lost. She remained with a priest named Sigfus, a deacon named Thorstan, her daughter Halla and her niece Gudrun, for the last party. A squall arose when they were close to the shore, the boat capsized and all were lost except Sigfus Grimson, the priest, who was driven ashore. Herdis and Halla were heard singing and commanding themselves to God as they sank. All the bodies were recovered the same day. This happened on May 17, 1207.

The sad news reached Bishop Paul in the middle of the night. He is said to have borne the loss with great fortitude and resignation, but he could neither eat nor sleep till after the funerals, which he

celebrated himself. His remaining little daughter, then fourteen, now took the management of the bishopstead and did it very well with the help of her father. After this Bishop Paul used to have more Masses and fewer sermons in his cathedral. He only preached four times a year now, saying the people would care for it more if they could get it seldom, a sentiment evidently approved by the chronicler, who knew other scrupulous and careful men who had done the same. Bishop Paul only survived his wife four years; he was taken ill during one of his summer visitations in 1211, and after being laid up for a month at Hotdale with difficulty reached Skalholt on October 25. The old chronicler gives an account of the omens which took place²³ "before the death of our precious chief, Bishop Paul," so that it seemed as if "all the elements showed upon themselves some mark of sorrow for his loss." A week before his death "the moon shone as if it were the blood-of-sacrifice and it gave no light at midnight in a clear sky." A few days before he died there was an earthquake, and "the heavens and the clouds wept, so that great part of the growth of the earth was destroyed, and the stars showed upon them the manifest tokens of death, when it was well-nigh come to the last hours of Bishop Paul, and the sea also burnt off the land to which his bishopric reached."

The first portent just mentioned looks like an eclipse of the moon, and the sea "burning off the land" like an eruption of some of the geysers which often follows an earthquake; and taken altogether these portents as interpreted by the old chronicler, making all nature sympathize with the loss the death of this beloved Bishop was to the country, show that the writer was a poet and a most devoted admirer of Bishop Paul. Bishop Paul died on November 29, 1211, and at the Althing, Tait, son of Hall, was elected in 1212 to succeed him, but he died in Norway whither he had gone to be consecrated in 1214, and Magnus II. was elected the following year, and was consecrated in 1216, but little more is known of him. His election was canceled in Norway and a Norwegian elected in his place, and another Norwegian at the same time for Holar, which see was also vacant at that time, and the two Icelanders had gone together to Norway to be consecrated and both were superseded by Norwegians.

St. John of Holar was a contemporary of St. Thorlak, who outlived him twelve years. His life was written by an unknown writer after the year of his canonization, 1200, that is nearly eighty years after his death, which took place in 1121, and the editors of these Sagas tell us that the MS. was preserved in the cathedral library of Skalholt. It is more legendary and less matter-of-fact than the life of St. Thorlak. St. John of Holar was born at a place or homestead

²³ Pol's Saga, p. 530-531.

called Broad-Bowster: his father's name was Ogmund and his mother's Thorgerd. She was a granddaughter of Hall of Side, who was the first Icelandic chief to be baptized at the conversion of the island. From his early childhood John showed signs of sanctity in his appearance, and good men prophesied on looking at his innocent little face that he would live to be a holy man, though the only incident recorded of his childhood shows him to be very like other children of his age. When he was five years old his parents gave up their house in Iceland, and went abroad to Denmark to visit King Sweyn, who entertained them most hospitably. One day at dinner Thorgerd was sitting next to the Queen Estrith, mother of King Sweyn, with little John beside her. And when the child saw the good things on the King's table, he stretched out his hands to seize some he fancied, and his mother, shocked at his manners, slapped his hands, but the Queen said to her: "Not so, not so, Thorgerd mine: do not strike those hands, for they are Bishop's hands,"²⁴ the prophet's mantle having apparently fallen on her Majesty.

Long before this, when Thorgerd was a little girl, King Olaf the Saint had prophesied that the noblest family in Iceland would spring from her, and this was fulfilled in Bishop John, as the chronicler points out. The Bishop of Skalholt at this time, when John was a child, was Islaf, son of Gizor the White, a very holy man, and after Osmund and Thorgerd returned to Iceland and John is described then as "a big boy," they sent him to school with Bishop Islaf for him to educate, and placed him after the custom of the country under his "fosterage." The Bishop took care to teach him good manners, as well as to instruct him thoroughly in the usual curriculum for priests in those days, and we must not forget that the Icelanders were very learned and accomplished men, spending as they did the long dark winters in study, and in learning many arts. And when Islaf saw what good progress John made in all his studies, he grew very fond of him, and others seeing the high opinion the Bishop had of him shared it.

John is described as a big man, "the most goodly and handsome of men," he was fair and strong, and carried himself well, in fact he seems to have had an excellent presence, but he was meek and gentle to all and was beloved by "God and man." John reciprocated his foster father's feeling for him and used to say "Bishop Islaf, my foster-father was the handsomest of men, the cleverest of all men and the best of all men."²⁵

John had another great gift, he had a beautiful voice, which surpassed that of all his contemporaries, as one or two charming inci-

²⁴ John's Saga, p. 537.

²⁵ John's Saga, p. 540.

dents show. When he was in deacon's orders, which apparently were taken very early in those days, for it is said that "he was then well nigh a full-grown man," he went abroad first to Norway and then to Denmark, to increase his knowledge for "the sake of others as well as for his own good." The Icelanders were fond of travel and liked to visit the continent as part of their education. He did not stay in Norway or Denmark, but went on to Rome, "and sought the holy Apostle Peter in his own place." Then he returned to Denmark, and he arrived there on Good Friday, and when he asked for the King, he was told he was at Mass, so he went to the church, and entered just as the celebrating priest was reading the Passion, which he did so slowly and badly that the people were wearied and inclined to laugh at the priest. When John saw this he put a stole over his shoulders, and walking up to the celebrant took the book gently from him, and read the Passion in a clear and audible voice, so that all who heard him were edified, and wondered who this stranger with so beautiful a voice might be. And when Mass was over the King sent for him, and asked him to stay with him as long as he liked, and during his visit gave him a place at his table next to himself.

One day when he went to the palace, he told the king of a dream he had had, in which he seemed to be in a wonderfully beautiful cathedral, and in the choir in the Bishop's seat, he saw Our Lord sitting and at His feet was King David playing on his harp, and he played beautifully the most sweet music. Then John told the King that if they would bring him a harp he thought he could remember some of David's music. So the King sent for a harp, and John tuned it and played so exquisitely upon it that the King and the courtiers cried out how well he played.²⁶

There was a certain man named Saemund Sigfusson, who had been one of the greatest benefactors of the Church in Iceland, and he went abroad, and was gone so long without any tidings of him reaching Iceland that it was feared he was dead, but John managed to find him in the south; whether this means the south of Norway or of Europe, we do not know, but at any rate they traveled back together, to what is called their foster-land, and they went to Trondjheim in the north. Here a feud occurred between some Icelanders and the Norwegians, and the King was very angry and the Icelanders were in danger of losing their lives, but John made such an eloquent speech to the King that he pardoned the offenders. Then John and Saemund went back to Iceland; John settled down at his father's place at Broadbowster, and Saemund at his father's home-stead at Oddi. Saemund was a priest and he was two years younger than John, and they were very great friends and held sweet com-

²⁶ John's Saga, p. 542.

munion together and beautified the churches under their charge, so that the Saga says they might well be called "the Pillars of the Church."

John was married twice, but his first wife lived only a short time, and he had no children that lived to grow up by either of them, but the fact that he had been the husband of two wives was an obstacle in his path, when the question of raising him to the rank of Bishop arose. About the year 1105 the people of the North of Iceland began to agitate for a Bishop, urging that their part of the country was more thickly populated than the south, and that it would be better for the country to have two Bishops, so that in the event of one dying the land should not be Bishopless. After many discussions between Bishop Gizor and the wisest men in his diocese, it was settled that there should be a Bishop for the north and Bishop Gizor agreed to give up one-fourth of his diocese. Then came the question of a house and church and estate in the north for the new Bishop's see, and at last one man named Hilarius in Latin, Illoge in Icelandic, came forward and offered his homestead and estate at a place called Holar, or the Kolls; he was a priest and he consented to forsake his father's heritage for God's sake and the Church.²⁷ He afterwards went to Broadbowster to live, which looks as if he exchanged with John, who was unanimously chosen as the new Bishop. The Icelandic Bishop had to go to Norway in those days to be consecrated; later when Iceland became a Danish dependency they went to Denmark. Accordingly in the summer after he was elected to the new Bishopric of Holar, John went to Trondjheim to Archbishop Auzor, with letters from Bishop Gizor explaining his errand. And when he arrived the Archbishop was in the cathedral at Vespers or Compline, called in the Saga by the beautiful old English word "evensong," and the service was nearly over when John and his clerks entered what must have been the cathedral, for we learn that he took his place outside the choir, where the Archbishop and his choir were singing, and he and his clerks began to sing "evensong," and as soon as the Archbishop heard John singing, he looked down the church from the choir, to see who it was that had such a beautiful voice. Now it seems the Archbishop had forbidden his clergy and choir to look out of the choir during Office, so when they left the church the clergy told the Archbishop that he had broken his own rule and asked him why, and he said it was true he had done so, but he had never heard such a voice before in his life, and it "was more like the voice of an angel than of a man."²⁸

When John had finished his Office, he went to call on the Arch-

²⁷ John's Saga, p. 546.

²⁸ Ibid., 547.

bishop, who invited him and his clergy and attendants to stay with him, but when the Bishop-elect presented his letters from Bishop Gизor, the Archbishop said that although John had every qualification for the see, he dare not consecrate him without permission from the Holy See, because he had been the husband of two wives; he therefore advised him to go as quickly as possible to Rome and ask the Pope for a dispensation, and to come back as quickly, and if he were successful he would consecrate him.

Accordingly John and his retinue, which seems to have been large, set out for Rome, where he was received in audience by the Pope, Paschal II., who, after reading the Archbishop's letter, gave the asked-for permission, and wrote to Arhbishop Auzor under his seal to this effect, and gave the letter to John, who returned quickly to Norway, where he and his "following" stayed with the Archbishop until it pleased His Grace of Trondjheim to consecrate the new Bishop of Holar, which he did on April 29, 1106, John being then fifty-four. That same summer the new Bishop returned to Iceland, and great crowds came to meet him as soon as they heard the news that the ship he was in was sighted. He probably landed at Akureyri, the old Icelandic capital, now the second town in the island,²⁹ which stands at the head of one of the fiords, and is about twenty miles north of Holar. As there were then no roads, only bridle-paths, the last part of the journey must have been performed on the celebrated Icelandic ponies, which to this day are the only means of inland transport, except on the few roads near Reykjavik, the present Danish capital in the southwest.

He stayed at Holar all that winter, but in the following summer went to the Althing at Thingvallir, and then began his first visitation. When he arrived at Holar, he found the church there, which is described as having been the "biggest church under wooden shingles in all Iceland," and was built in 1030, roofed with lead and beautifully fitted up, had been destroyed by fire, and the first thing the new Bishop did was to set about building a new church, on which he spared no expense, choosing the best architect and builders and paying them high wages, and using the best materials and beautifying the new church, so that it might surpass the former one in beauty. It was really a cathedral, of which the site only now remains. John's next care was to build schools, and what was really a theological college close to his "bishopstead," and the remains of this beautiful building were standing in the days of the chronicler. And he sent for a very learned man from Gothland named Gisle, to teach his "priestlings" and to preach and teach the people, and he paid him also "a great wage." This Gisle was a young man, and although

²⁹ Across Iceland, by W. Bisiker, F. R. G. S.

very learned, he was also very humble, so when he preached to the people "he had a book lying before him so that they who listened might lay more store by it when they saw that he took what he taught out of holy books and not out of his own breastwit."³⁰ And on all the great feasts there came great crowds to hear either John or this Gisle, and to hear the hours and Mass, which we are told was then "the great business of many men to do."

The holy Bishop seems to have been a strict disciplinarian, for we learn that though he was gentle to good men he was "full of chastisement to men of ill-life." He insisted on the people coming to church on "holidays and other set days," and he counseled every man to go daily to a cross or church, and say his prayers, and he taught them to sign themselves with the cross on waking, and never to take food or drink or sleep without doing so, and he bade every man to learn the Pater Noster and Credo and Mary's verse (the Ave Maria) and to say them seven times a day, like holy David, and concludes the chronicler, "in a short time he got the ways of the people so ordered that holy Christendom hath never stood in such blossom in the Northlands Quarter neither before nor since."³¹ We wonder what this good man would have said if he had lived to see Iceland under Lutheranism as she has been since the Reformation, or now when infidelity is very common.

He forbade all omens and charms and magic, and evidently fearing there should be any hankering after paganism, he objected to calling the days by their pagan names, Woden's day, Thor's day, etc., and taught them to follow the Church, and say second and third day, etc. And he would not have any love-poems or songs recited or sung, a custom the people were very fond of. He heard that Clong, afterwards Bishop of Skalholt, when he was a young priest, read Ovid's "De Arte," and he forbade him to do so, because, says the chronicler, "in this book Master Ovidius talketh of the love of women." He was a true father to the poor, and very generous to them, "he was at his prayers night and day and fasted long and mortified himself in many ways."

His wife, whose name was Waldis, appears to have been alive, for in order to have more time for prayer, he chose men to look after his "bishopstead" and also "the homestead along with that noble lady Waldis, whom he had wedded before."³² Many pious men came to live near the bishopstead, and built their homes round the churchyard. And he made a rule that every able-bodied man in his diocese should visit him at Holar once a year, and though some

³⁰ John's Saga, p. 552.

³¹ Ibid., 555.

³² Ibid., p. 557.

brought their food with them he entertained a good many, and in Holy Week as many as four hundred men and women would come to the bishopstead. In the early part of his episcopate, there was a great famine, owing to much polar ice and excessive cold, so when he went to the Althing in the spring, he made a vow to build a church and homestead for good seasons, and marked out the place for the foundations, and that week all the ice disappeared, and there was sufficient pasture for the sheep. St. John was often favored with visions, several of which the chronicler relates; in one the death of a priest at a distance was revealed to him. This was his foster-brother Thorkell, who died in Skalholt the same night that John dreamed a man whom he did not know came into the middle of the room in which he was sleeping, and said, "Thorkell sainted" and disappeared. The Bishop woke and rose and called Rikinne, his "archpriest," and told him to come at once to the church, and praise God, for Thorkell was dead. So they went to the church and said the Office for the Dead: they knew that Thorkell was ill, and they afterwards heard that he died the night the Bishop had the vision. Several other examples are given of St. John's foreknowledge of things happening at a distance. One happened when he lay on his deathbed before he was anointed, when he told his clergy of the death of a certain priest at a great distance, which turned out to be true.

After he had received the last sacraments, he began to say the Twenty-third Psalm, and his spirit departed as the words of the first verse, "Benedicam Dominum in omni tempore: semper laus ejus in ore meo," were on his lips. It seems that one of his priests made his coffin, and cut his hand very badly in so doing, but he would finish the work, and afterwards helped the other clerks to array the Bishop in his robes for burial. After the dirge was sung, and they were about to carry the body out to bury it, they found the bier so heavy that it could not be moved. A great discussion then followed as to the cause, and one of the clergy said they must have forgotten some of the Bishop's apparel that belonged to his consecration, and they must search and find out what was missing. They sought and found they had forgotten to put on his episcopal ring, which was lying on the dais, and after they had put it on his finger, the same men found the coffin quite easy to carry to the grave.³³ He was buried outside the church and remained there eighty years or winters, as they reckon time by in these old Sagas and then, so many "tokens of his glory had been made manifest by God"—in other words so many miracles had occurred—that Bishop Brand, then reigning, had the body translated into the church amid much ceremony.

A monk named Gunlaug wrote another Life of Bishop John of

³³ Ibid., p. 566.

Holar in Latin, but only a fragment of it has been included in "Origines Icelandicæ. It tells us that all the priests in the Northlands Quarter were educated at the school St. John founded at Holar, and it mentions several of them by name, as Bishop Clong, of Skalholt, and Bishops Cetil and Beorn, of Holar. One very interesting item records that there was also in this school or college a "pure living maiden whose name was Ingun, and she was not second to any in learning." She was a teacher as well as a scholar, for she taught many "Grammatica." She was a good Latin scholar and was accustomed to have Latin books read aloud to her as she sat at her embroidery frame, or was engaged in some other handiwork, and sometimes she had them read the Lives of the Saints to her. Thus Iceland had her Hypatia as well as Alexandria.

DARLEY DALE.

Stroud, England.

II.

THE FATHERS OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. EDMOND OF
CANTERBURY.

THE Catholic Church, in all climes and in all ages, has proved a loving mother ever solicitous for the welfare of her children. She has not only provided for their spiritual wants but she has supplied them with the means of temporal and intellectual advancement. Her religious Orders and Communities, both of men and women, have provided homes for the orphan and the aged; they have opened their doors to the crippled, the deaf and the dumb; the blind and the unfortunate of both sexes, not forgetting the leper and the cancer victim. Her educational institutions rank with the best the world affords. The Jesuits, the Lazarists, the Franciscans, the Christian Brothers, the Marist Brothers and the Xaverians; the Sisters of Charity, the Ursulines, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of the Visitation and the Sisters of Mercy, and others, conduct some of the very best educational institutions in the land, while their parochial schools leave nothing to be desired and are paving the way to real American patriotism.

Among the Communities devoted to the education of youth and for missions among all sorts and conditions of men, especially the poor, who, in many places have not the Gospel preached to them, Father Jean Baptiste Muard, of holy memory, found a field for the exercise of his labors. The Society of the Fathers of St. Edmond deserves to be better known than it is, and the object of this article is to make its work known to American Catholics.

While the fair land of France was rent apart by revolutions and the machinations of anti-Christian hostiles, a simple country *curé*, kneeling under the shadow of the sanctuary, was preparing, by prayer and mortification and tears, a work which the Church had long desired and which it clamors for, even to this day. "Any one," his biographer tells us, "who went, in 1839, into the Church of St. Martin at Avallon, might have seen between the vestibule and the altar, a young priest prostrate on the chapel floor, lost in adoration, his countenance proclaiming the ardor that was consuming the heart within him. No one would have thought that he was planning the organization of a community for the evangelization of his people. Nevertheless, the cry of his soul asked nothing less of his Heavenly Father."

Religious Communities are not founded as the result of imaginary

inspiration; there must be a veritable *raison d'être*. They are full of meaning, are a heavy burden on the shoulders of their founders and directors, and require much thought and consideration before receiving ecclesiastical approval. Père Muard was made to realize this fact. It was not without serious obstacles in his way that this devoted priest labored for the approval of his great design by his diocesan superiors. Delay followed delay until, wearied with waiting, he threw himself upon his knees before God's holy altar and again besought aid from on high. An inspiration came to him and he made another, a supreme appeal to his Bishop. It was so touching, so full of devotion, so glaring in proof that his inspiration came from God, that the good Bishop was, at last, overcome. He wrote to Père Muard: "I resist no longer, follow your inspiration." This much by way of introduction.

Who was Père Muard? Jean Baptiste Muard, founder of the Society of the Fathers of St. Edmond, was born at Vireaux, Burgundy, France, on April 29, 1809. His Divine Master was born in a stable, and Père Muard first saw the light of day in one of the poorest cabins of his native village. His parents, Claude Muard and Catherine Paillot, good-hearted people, who, though poor in worldly goods, and living in a region only occasionally visited by a priest, still retained a remnant of the old faith, and that remnant found a home in the heart of the good old mother.

Young Muard was the elder of three children. In his early childhood he had to struggle with poverty and the religious indifference which prevailed around him. But the grace of God was in his heart, he had been singled out by Divine Providence for the accomplishment of a great work, though still too young to appreciate its importance. His heart and his mind, however, were directed and moulding for its accomplishment. His opportunities for education were very limited. For a time he attended a country school, situated some miles from his home. His aptitude and diligence were such as to attract the attention of the *curé* who lived in a neighboring village. So pleased was this good man with the poor boy's application, especially in his catechism, and in his ability to explain the meaning of the words he recited, that, one day, he called his young pupil to him and asked him whether he would like to learn Latin, and to "study that he might some day become a priest." Needless to say, young Muard was beside himself with joy. Did either of these good souls dream of what was forming in the womb of the future? Only two years before his death, we are told, Père Muard said: "When I heard these words I felt happier than if all the treasures of the world had been spread out before me." Father Muard's trials and struggles during his boyhood and youth would form an interesting and edify-

ing chapter, but their recital here would take us far beyond the limits of a magazine article. We must confine ourselves to his progress in the preparation of his life-work. Suffice it to say that in his early struggles Père Muard sought the aid of the Marist Fathers at Lyons, and in the privacy of his cell he thought over the aims he had in view. He was to found a religious community in a district rent by all manner of disorders and hostile to the very name of religion, and yet he persevered. He consulted the saintly Curé d'Ars, and was encouraged in his work. He went to Rome to obtain for himself and for the community he was forming the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, which may be regarded as the baptism necessary for all great religious undertakings.

Père Muard, after his return from Rome to his native land, continued his mission among the poor, but never for a moment lost sight of what he considered his life-work. The good Archbishop realized the benefit of such an organization as Père Muard desired to found, but, for a time was at a loss for a place in which to locate it. Finally his eye fell on the celebrated Abbey of Pontigny, a secluded solitude in which rested the remains of St. Edmond, the great Archbishop of Canterbury.* It was a fitting place for such a foundation, beside the tomb of the great St. Edmond, who after severe trials and sufferings came to Pontigny, which, as his biographer tells us, "had sheltered St. Thomas in like straits."

The old abbey was secured and upon its venerable ruins, the home of the nascent community was established. But, the man of God was anxious to place his community on a solid basis. He inclined to a "rigid observance." He visited various Orders of this class to observe the working of their rule and their method of carrying out that rule. Thus we find him at Subiaco, the cradle of the Benedictine Order, begging the abbot to grant him some "little grotto in his vicinity, where he and his companions might do penance and where he might prepare himself for the work he felt God had marked out for him." His request was granted; and a hermitage in a deep solitude was placed at his disposal. Here, like another St. Celestine (V.), he spent his days in solitude and prayer. Here, too, he devoted much time to preparing the constitution for the government of his community. The rule of St. Benedict appealed to him

* In spite of the machinations of French revolutionists and infidels, Pontigny may be regarded as a second daughter of Citeaux. It is situated in the Diocese of Sens. It became the "cradle of the Bishops of France and the asylum of great men." Among the noted ecclesiastics whose names are associated with Pontigny may be mentioned three Archbishops St. Thomas, Stephen Langton and St. Edmond, whose remains are still there. In 1560, the monastery was pillaged and burned by the Huguenots, and nothing remained but the relics of St. Edmond. It was subsequently partly rebuilt and continued in existence until the French Revolution. As stated above, it is now in charge of the Fathers of St. Edmond.

more than any other, but the life of the Trappist excluded the work of missions, which was nearest to his heart, and he declined to follow it. Preaching the Gospel to the poor was a necessary element in his plan. There were heathen souls in France, in his day, and home missions offered him an outlet for his aspirations. He saw souls to save and no sacrifice on his part was too great for him to make in their behalf. He saw a wave of irreligion overwhelming his country, and he heard the voice of the Most High calling him to the rescue. Thus we find him, in 1839, giving missions in various places and the success which attended them convinced him that his vocation was to labor in the missionary field. "The grace of God was on his lips and his words had a powerful influence upon souls."

In 1842 Father Muard realized the object of his desires, and the foundation of his community, its chief object being the work of popular missions. The members devote themselves to parish work, the education of youth in seminaries and colleges, along with their missionary labors.

In July, 1843, we find Father Muard and the Abbé Branard installed at Pontigny, where they were joined by the Abbé Massé and the Abbé Bernard. Among his first associates was Brother Maurus, his first Brother, who was a wheelwright by trade as well as a truly loyal and pious soul. Others were the Abbé Benoit and the Abbé Moreau.

We cannot follow Père Muard through the next six years of his holy and eventful life, restoring the ruins of the Abbey of Pontigny, giving missions, attending to the spiritual needs of the people in his vicinity and perfecting the organization and working of his dear community. But that self-denying soul was not yet satisfied; it longed for what it considered a more perfect life, and one day there came to him "a distinct and interior vision of a new religious society which was made manifest to him as needed in the present age." After a long retreat in solitude, fasting and prayer, he resolved to follow his inspiration and leave the community at Pontigny to the care of a worthy successor. He had placed that dear community, the object of so many prayers and anxieties, on a solid foundation and there was now no fear as to its future. His parting with his spiritual sons was most touching and too sacred to be recorded here. He never lost interest in the St. Edmond Fathers, now in their cradle at Pontigny. In leaving them he felt that he was responding to a call from heaven which he could not ignore. Thus, in 1849, we find him establishing a more rigid order, "the Benedictines of La-Pierre Jui-Vire.

His successor was Père Pierre Boyer, a holy priest and a worthy co-worker of Father Muard. He was born at Noyen on February 7,

1803. At the age of thirteen we find him attending the elementary school of his native village, supplementing his work by a study of the classics. In 1823 he was a student at the Petit Séminaire at Auxerre and at the age of eighteen he entered the Grand Séminaire at Soissons. After a brilliant course here, this pious young Levite was ordained Sub-deacon on March 23, 1834. On June 18, 1835, he was made Deacon, and on February 29 of the following year he realized the hope of his life by being raised to the sublime dignity of the priesthood. After serving as *curé* at Pourrain and other places with marked success, he felt that his vocation was in a religious community and on October 1, 1845, he became a disciple of good Father Muard, at Pontigny, where he was destined to remain for half a century. On June 6, 1849, he became Superior of the Community of the Fathers of St. Edmond. Like his devoted predecessor, he never spared himself. *Orare et laborare* was his motto. Among his first works was the restoration of the church at Pontigny and revival of the devotion to St. Edmond. He began by repairing the tomb of this saint of God and making a shrine worthy of the pilgrimages which it attracted later on. In addition to his duties as head of his own community he was honored by being made Superior of the Sisters of Providence and Vicar-General. His interest in the education of youth was manifest in the foundation of the College of St. Michel at Château-Gontier, and of the Immaculate Conception, at Laval, Ecole St. Edine, at Sens, and a missionary house and apostolic seminary at Mont St. Michel, in the English Channel, Diocese of Coutances.

In addition to all this, Father Boyer devoted what time he could to giving missions, a work so dear to Père Muard, as also, one of the most prominent features of his community. The blessing of God rewarded the work of the young community, but it had also its trials. Troublous times came upon France and the religious orders and communities became the first victims, and the Fathers of St. Edmond were obliged to seek an asylum elsewhere. They found it at Hilchin, England, when, in 1904, they opened a College under the invocation of St. Michael, the Archangel.

In 1893 a band of the Fathers of St. Edmond came to the United States and on the invitation of the late Bishop de Goesbriand, settled in Vermont, at Grand Lale, on Lake Champlain. The mission, which was composed of Fathers Millot, Videloerp and Aubin, was abandoned and the Fathers returned to France, except Father Aubin, who was given charge of the parish at Swanton. Soon he obtained new members from the motherhouse at Pontigny and the foundation of a novitiate was realized. At present under the Very Rev. Father Nicolle, they have charge of the parish church at Swanton, where

they have a school cared for by fourteen Sisters of the Holy Ghost, attended by some three hundred pupils. Very Rev. F. Nicolle, who is provincial and rector, has under his care an Apostolic School and novitiate for training young men for a religious life and the holy priesthood. These fathers have also charge of St. Michael's College at Winooski Park, Vt., the president of which is the Very Rev. W. Jean Marie, who has maintained the college at the highest standard. During the summer months the fathers have charge of pilgrimages held at St. Ann's Shrine, on Lole-La-Moth, Vt.

The Diocese of Great Falls, in the State of Montana is governed by the Right Rev. Matthias C. Lenahan, D. D. It was erected in May, 1904, and covers an area of 94,158 square miles. In the summer of 1914 Bishop Lenahan appealed to the Fathers of St. Edmond for spiritual laborers for his vineyard. He was in need of missionaries not only for the whites of his flock, but for his Indian children. The Very Rev. Father Salmon, the provincial of the community, found it impossible to respond at once to this appeal because of his inability to spare a sufficient number of fathers for a canonical foundation, but he did send one, the Rev. M. J. Trigory, and during the following year the Rev. Father Ledoux and Father Arendzen arrived at Forsyth, and a house was established.

From the "Chronicle of the Fathers of St. Edmond in Montana," I learn that Father Trigory, after a hard and tiresome journey, arrived at St. Labre's mission in September. This was to be his abiding place for some time to come. Here he found "three nuns, Mother Thomas and Sisters Agnes and Francis, who endured exile and privations that they might win souls to God." They received this new pastor with great joy as they had not seen a priest for some months and had not even had the comfort of having the Blessed Sacrament in their chapel.

On the morning after his arrival Father Trigory said Mass in the little chapel and then began to acquaint himself as to the nature of the work before him. He was to be chaplain to the Sisters and pastor-missionary to the Cheyenne Indians of that region. His loneliness was relieved by the arrival of Brother Guinault, a fellow-countryman of his. These two religious, thousands of miles away from their community, were a great solace to each other. In due time Father Trigory reported to his provincial at Swanton, Vt., that conditions were favorable for the establishment of a permanent house for the Fathers of St. Edmond, and Father Total was sent to Montana to make all necessary arrangements for the new foundation. Father Ledoux was appointed first Superior and Father Arendzen was added to the community so as to complete the canonical number required for a separate religious house.

In 1917 the mission met with a great calamity. The convent and school were destroyed by fire. These buildings, which would be regarded as very primitive by people living in large cities, had been erected after many sacrifices and anxieties on the part of the religious who occupied them, and were doing the work accomplished in the more pretentious institutions in our large cities. The good Sisters looked with despair upon the mass of ruins that had once been their home and the home of the children under their charge. But there was no time for repining; they did the best thing they could for the time being. The church was partitioned off so that the children might be provided for. The good God whom they—Sisters, priests and children—trusted, did not leave them long in their troubles. The Bishop, with the aid of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions and the Marquette League and other charitable souls soon made it possible for a new and better plan to replace the old buildings, and to-day the good Sisters have a boarding school attended by some sixty Indian girls. Then, too, the Fathers at St. Labre have out-missions at Burney, Brondus, Busby, Lame Deer, Rosebud Settlement and Stacey. St. Labre is a Northern Cheyenne Indian settlement.

The Fathers of St. Edmond have also charge of the parish of the Immaculate Conception, at Forsyth, where two Fathers and one lay Brother look after the spiritual welfare of the Catholics at Big Horn, Hysham, Ingomar, Rosebut, Sanders, Sumatra, Sunny Creek and Vananda. From this it will be seen that the fathers have quite a laborious work upon their hands; they do it well and would gladly do more if they had a sufficient number of missionaries.

Father Renandin, S. S. E., gives a very interesting account of the "First Christmas at St. Labre," from which the following extract is made: "The Cheyenne Indians hold dances every year before and after Christmas. . . . Last Christmas five young Cheyennes begged me to hear their confessions. This is a good start, I thought, others will follow. By 8 o'clock, however, nobody had appeared. By 9 o'clock I had not been called for. At 10 o'clock I was still waiting. I went outside. The moon and stars lit up the dim but lonely trail; from behind the hills still came the incessant noise of the "tom-tom" intermingled with songs. Now I realized why the Indians did not come—they dance and leave the church pews empty. I resolved to take a little rest. Hardly had I begun to doze when my door shook violently and I heard confused talking outside. Here they were. Before I had time to realize what was going on, my room was invaded by some forty men and women. Some squatted on the floor while the rest sat on everything except the picture frames. Ten corn-cobs, the gift of Father Hoffer, were hanging on the wall,

but these were not enough to go around, so the balance smoked cigarettes. A can of tobacco vanished as if by magic. In ten minutes my room was thick with smoke, but not a word was spoken. There they were seated on the floors, silent, eyes cast down and bodies almost motionless. And all this for what reason? Simply because it is their custom on state occasions, to allow the chosen chief to speak and I was the chosen chief. I told them, in a few words, the true meaning of Christmas and then invited them to go to confession. Like children they left my room and filed into the church, where I heard their confessions. During the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, when I turned to say the "Dominus vobiscum," I spoke to over a hundred Cheyenne Indians. Half of this number approached the Communion rail to receive Holy Communion. I was really edified by the behavior of these Indians, who received the Lord of Hosts with a piety worthy of a first communicant. The children sang their hymns well. When, finally, I retired to my room, I fervently prayed God that He might spare me many years to spend Christmas among my dear Indians."

The Cheyenne Mission was always very dear to the heart of Bishop Brondel and its revival is ascribed to his prayers. Catholics in the East have a very vague idea of the hardships the Missionary Bishop is called upon to endure. One Bishop told me that he made a visitation of a part of his diocese in an ox-cart, sleeping under it at night in constant fear of a raid upon him by "the terrible Apaches." Bishop Brondel died on November 3, 1903, after an episcopate of nearly a quarter of a century of hardship and good works.

The mission at the Tongue River Reservation and vicinity had, for a long time, to depend on the ministration of only one priest, but later on, the Very Rev. Father Salmon, then provincial of the Fathers of St. Edmond, sent the Rev. Charles Renaudin and the Rev. William Arendzen to help out at the mission and thus enable the Indian Catholics to hear Mass and receive instruction more frequently than they did up to this time, at St. Labre's and at Lame Deer.

The Fathers of St. Edmond have been helped to a very great extent by a colony of Ursuline Sisters. These devoted *religieuses* began their ministry in a one-story log-cabin convent, far from a railroad, where they cheerfully endured the pangs of hunger and cold, not to speak of poor ventilation for years, but they never complained and heroically continued their work of charity despite their trials and the scanty religious consolations within their reach.

This colony of Sisters came from Toledo, Ohio, in 1883, sent by Bishop Gilmour to Bishop Brondel as a "Christmas present." "At this time," says the *Indian Sentinel*, "Miles City, like all frontier towns, was a 'tough place.' It was called the 'wickedest little town

in Montana.' Such was the place when, on January 17, cattle kings, cowboys, white and Indian, turned out to see the fearless 'Lady Black-Gowns.' The country was then in a fever of excitement owing to disorders among the Indians and the whites. It was not a propitious moment in which to found a mission, but despite all this Bishop Brondel bought a site and the mission was founded. In the early spring the Sisters started up the Tongue River accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Quigley and a few soldiers, who drove the two heavy wagons containing the baggage of the party. They had two Sibley tents," continues the chronicler, "in which to camp at night. . . . They crossed the river nine times. When they came to a troublesome place, the baggage was unloaded and carried piece by piece across the river. Despite the hardships experienced on this journey, it was remarked that none of the men was heard to use profane language. Father Eyler, on being notified by an Indian that they were approaching, set out to meet them, some seven miles from the mission. When they reached their destination the Sisters fell upon their knees, near their future abode, and prayed God to bless their enterprise. There were three compartments in the shack, unconnected, and with only half windows in each. The largest room, on the south (16 by 24 feet), was selected for their classroom; the centre part became the chapel, kitchen and Sisters' apartment, all in one. Father Eyler took the room near the river. Within this humble dwelling Holy Mass was offered for the first time, on April 1, 1884." No doubt these accommodations were poor, but they were better, perhaps, than those of the stable at Bethlehem. No doubt, too, good Mother Abbess, Angela di Brescia, the foundress of the Ursulines (1537), for "aiding the poor and instructing young girls," looked down from her heavenly abode and joined with her daughters in the wilds of Montana, in prayer for their guidance and their perseverance in their exile and in the hard task before them.

Failing health compelled Father Eyler's withdrawal from the mission, and for two long months the poor Sisters were left alone in their wilderness, and though they fasted and prayed as Christmas approached for the coming of a priest, they were doomed to cruel disappointment. "The only Christmas hymn they heard on that dreary night," says their chronicler, "came from the throats of hungry wolves, which doleful musicians intermingled with the even more lugubrious yells of wild Indians." But good Bishop Brondel came to their assistance, and poor as his diocese was, he visited some of the dioceses of the East and realized what enabled him to place the Sisters and their school on a firm basis and give them a permanent chaplain.

But hunger and cold, and exile and privations the most painful, were not the only sorrows the good Sisters were called upon to endure. Small as their community was and with all the care possible under the circumstances, necessary exposure in all kinds of weather exacted its toll. The "Chronicle" of the Fathers of the Society of St. Edmond gives us an account of the death of one of these devoted nuns, in the following words:

"January 10—The sad death of Sister Agnes brings sorrow to the small nucleus of religious life at St. Labre's Mission. Her death has been very sudden. She had gone from a warm and steamy washhouse to face a cold Montana blizzard in order to fetch the mail sack which the stage driver had thrown off at the nearest point on the Ashland trail. The sudden passing from extreme warmth to intense cold brought on pneumonia, and death followed in its course. It was a cold western winter's day when her remains was laid to rest under the hard, frozen soil of the little Indian cemetery. A priest, a few nuns and a handful of Indians committed the material remains of this devoted missionary Sister to her last resting place. Indeed, the angels in heaven said, 'Whence come these sorrowful prayers; so far off in that wild and lonely country of sandy hills and pines.' Yet happy was she who had taken up the cross of self-denial and borne it bravely for Christ's sweet sake."

"Blessed art thou who died for God,
And earned the martyr's crown of light."

As an illustration of the untutored Indian's ability to make comparisons between the works of God in nature and the work of God in the missionary, I quote the following extract from the address of welcome to Bishop Brondel by Old Wolf, a Cheyenne Indian, on the occasion of one of the Bishop's visits to St. Labre's Mission:

"There is a mountain in this vicinity known to every Cheyenne. The mountain is high and strong and many years old. Our fore-fathers knew him as well as we do. When children, we went out hunting and cared not whether or not we knew the way. When men, we went out to meet our foes, no matter where they came from. Though the way ran up high and down low, our hearts trembled not on account of the road, because the mountain was ever a safe guide to us and never failed us. When far away, on seeing him our hearts leaped with joy, because the mountain was the beacon which told us that our home came nearer. In summer the thunder shook him from head to feet and fire burned holes in his sides. But the noise passed soon away and the mountain still stood there. In winter the storms rushed round him to bury him

out of our sight and covered him with layer upon layer of snow. With difficulty could we distinguish him from the rest. Only his height told us he was our mountain. But during the spring all the snow disappeared and the mountain, clothed with green grass, stood before us as of yore, and the trees upon him stood firmer. The mountain is the priest of God. White man and Indian speak evil of him. They want to estrange him from our hearts, but we know he has but one word and that his heart is as firm as a rock. He comes to instruct us, and, what the mountain is in our journeys, that is his word. He is the mountain that leads us to God."

The sons of St. Edmond have labored among the poor Cheyennes and have sought, in the words of Old Wolf, to "lead them to God," and they have done so. In their Seminary, at Swanton, Vt., they are training young men to follow in the footsteps of the laborers of to-day. Vocations for missionary work are not found every day. As Father Arendzen says, in speaking of Father Eyler's last moments, after a life of self-sacrifice in the missionary field, "Missionary life is a special vocation and not every priest has been chosen by God to withstand its hardships." St. Boniface tells us that "to him who is called to preach the Word to the heathen, it is easy to live happily, but he who hesitates or fails to follow souls who have gone astray, falls by his very silence." The good Fathers of St. Edmond realize this and impress it upon their young aspirants for a missionary life. God never fails to raise up devoted souls in every age, ready to devote themselves to the work of the salvation of those who are dwelling in the shadow of death. Good Father Arendzen, when speaking of the special vocation of the missionary evidently had in mind the sentiment expressed by the poet in the following lines:

"How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion? to be call'd
Like a watchworn and weary sentinel
To put his armor off and rest—in Heaven?
His heart is with Jerusalem; and strong
And strong as is a mother's love and the sweet ties
He flings them from him in his eager race,
Religion makes so beautiful at home,
And seeks the broken people of his God
To preach to them of Jesus."

The Fathers of St. Edmond are asking for vocations of this kind, and as their community becomes better known they will not fail to receive them.

In conclusion, we have seen how the prayers and sacrifice of Père Muard and Père Boyer have brought forth good fruits. We have

seen their sons going from the venerated tomb of St. Edmond, at Pontigny, and spreading into England and even to the shores of the New World. Père Muard, at one time, longed to labor in foreign lands for the conversion of the heathen, and his sons in America are now fulfilling these longings.

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III.

ST. FRANCIS IN LITERATURE AND LIFE.

THE literature that has accumulated about the personality and influence of the Saint of Assisi, although already very voluminous, is still being added to. Many pens have portrayed the Poverello since Thomas of Celano wrote the *Vita prima* and St. Bonaventure his *Legenda*; even Protestant writers like Mrs. Oliphant and Canon Knox Little, and non-Catholics like Paul Sabatier, have striven to do so, have traced his external lineaments while they failed to penetrate his interior or the true inwardness of his spirit and movement.

A valuable addition to this literature is one of the outcomes of the celebration in Italy of the seventh centenary of the Third Order; the publication of a series of booklets under the title of "Biblioteca Popolare Francescana," begun under the auspices of the Central Committee. The initial volume by the Rev. Dr. Frédégand Callaey, archivist-general of the Capuchin Order at the Curia Generalizia in Rome, is a very instructive study of the Third Order Secular, treating of its origin and first rule; the development of its legislation; its relationship to the Friars Minors; its internal religious life, its adaptability to various epochs; its diffusion, and its work and influence. The introduction, admirable for its lucidity and conciseness, passes in rapid review the religious situation antecedent to the establishment of the Order. The author, with the candor and strict impartiality of a conscientious historian, does not draw a rose-colored picture of the state of society, civil and ecclesiastical, in the second half of the twelfth century. The masses in Southern Europe were then agitated by a spontaneous movement ostensibly in the direction of a reform intentionally religious, but ill-regulated and more or less anti-ecclesiastical. There was truly a pressing need of reform. An excessive solicitude for temporalities predominated in the Church to the detriment of its primary apostolic mission. Bishops and abbots, who ranked as temporal lords under the regime of feudalism, too often wielded the sword better than the crozier; while laymen without any vocation got possession of ecclesiastical offices, accumulating benefices which they acquired by purchase. In many monasteries opulence and the military atmosphere of the age had by their worldliness extinguished religious fervor. Of the great monastic communities the Cistercians, Certosians and Camaldoleses alone led exemplary lives. But in their life, devoted to manual labor,

prayer and penitential exercises, there was no outlet for external missionary work; while souls hungered and thirsted for sincere preachers, animated with the apostolic spirit, who evidenced by their example as well as their exhortations the truths they taught. Popes, Councils and Synods multiplied decrees inculcating and impressing upon ecclesiastics the serious obligations of the clerical state; but too often the love of self-ease, self-interest, callous suetude—"that monster custom that all sense doth eat"—were more potent than any laws, and deplorable laxity continued to prevail. Flocks, instead of being fed and guarded, were spiritually famished and left a prey to ravening wolves in sheep's clothing, such as the Cathari, the Albigenses, the Waldensians and others who, under guise of reforming manners, seduced and drew away the unsuspecting people by their heretical doctrines, imposing on their ignorance and simplicity; for, deprived of sound religious teaching through the culpable negligence of unworthy pastors, they were easily blindfolded.

All this explains the hidden meaning of the words addressed by Our Lord to the son of Pietro Bernardone—"Go and repair my Church, which is falling into ruin"—which, in his simplicity he first thought referred only to the local church of St. Damian, in Assisi. A much greater work of reparation was providentially assigned to St. Francis, whose influence was more powerful in combatting heresy than the sword of Simon de Montfort. "God," says Father Frédé-gand Callaey, "raised him up in a world swayed by passions and grown cold through selfishness to cause the eminently evangelical virtues of charity, penitence and poverty to reflourish. The means adopted by St. Francis to this end was the Third Order. Aspirations towards a life more conformable to the Gospel ideal, the dangers of moral isolation, the need of mutual support—sometimes, also identity of interests and professions—gave birth in the minds of good people to a lively desire of more intimate union with the religious and social sphere, after the example of the primitive religious communities. Up to the beginning of 1200 few could realize this desire. Thanks to St. Francis, the union of the faithful for personal sanctification and the betterment of Christian society became a universal fact."

It was not, as some have assumed, the first of the Third Orders. There had been previously a tendency among the best of the laity to association under the spiritual direction of one or other of the religious orders. Thus, the Premonstratensians had their tertiaries who, under the guidance of the Norbertine Canons, observed a certain rule of life; and the same custom prevailed in connection with the Benedictine monasteries of Hirschau in Suabia and of Squillace in Italy. The one most characteristic of this tendency,

before the Franciscan Third Order, was that of the Umiliati in Lombardy. When Innocent III. had given to this semi-lay, semi-religious institute a monastic rule and organization for both sexes, priests and nobles, while remaining in the world, became affiliated and formed the Third Order of the Umiliati, with its own statutes (1198-1201).

All readers of the numerous Lives of St. Francis are familiar with the origin of the Third Order. There is a note of simplicity in it which is characteristically Franciscan. In the history of the Catholic Church there is no fact more striking than that all the great works to which it has given birth grew out of small beginnings.

As it has been small nations like Greece that have made the biggest mark in history, so it has often been small cities that have acquired enduring fame as the birthplaces of men or movements that have most influenced the world. Of the latter, the little city of Assisi—perched on a hillside in the midst of the beautiful Umbrian Valley, that extends from Spoleto to Perugia and from the banks of the Tiber to the base of the Apennines—is a conspicuous example. It has earned more renown and excited more interest as the birthplace of the founder of the Friars Minor than if it had produced some great monarch, warrior or statesman.

When Giovanni Moriconi* (to whom was later given the name of Francesco, because, it is said, on account of the facility with which he spoke French, or at the instance of his father, according to the Legend of the Three Companions)—the son of an Italian provincial draper, one of those thrifty and enterprising burghers who helped to found the Italian republics of the Middle Ages—first turned aside from the world, from the companionship of the gay, lively youth of his native city and astonished everybody by embracing a life of extreme poverty, austerity and penitence—though, it is assumed, he had no grave faults to atone for—many thought him eccentric, a fool, a romantic day-dreamer; and when he proclaimed himself “the herald of the great King” he was rough-handled by a lot of ruffians who looked upon him as a madman. But when he had gathered around him his earliest companions, the first fruits of his nascent apostolate as a preacher of penitence like the Baptist who, on the *grex* of what was destined to expand into a great Order, the *gente grex* of what was destined to expand into a great Order, the *gente poverella*, of whose wonderful life Dante says angelic voices were best fitted to sing the praises—people changed their minds and crowds flocked after him, as he went from place to place. Those early friars did not confine themselves to their monasteries like the monks. They were open-air preachers like the primitive Apostles,

* A branch of the Moriconi existed in Lucca in the beginning of the eighteenth century; that of Assisi up to the first half of the sixteenth.

flying columns of religious who went among the people, assembled them in the nearest church, or in the square or the fields, teaching them in simple language the essential truths of faith, confuting prevailing errors, promoting orderly habits and restoring peace among parties in conflict with one another. They were so attracted by the magnetism of the man who drew all hearts to him, so impressed by his personality, his holiness, his transparent simplicity, unselfishness and earnestness—so different from what they had hitherto seen—that many who followed would have liked to always remain in his company. Thus, as we read in the “*Fioretti*”—that mediæval literary gem, a series of graphic pen-pictures of the first Franciscan Friars—when he tarried in Savurniano, the men and women of the place wanted to leave all things and follow him as the disciples in old Judea followed the Master, upon whom he modelled himself. But that was impossible. So he told them prudently not to be in a hurry, that he was thinking of forming a Third Order “for the universal salvation of all, and so left them much consoled and well disposed toward penitence.”

Passing through Poggibonsi, in Tuscany, on his way from Florence to Siena, in 1221, he met one of his old friends, the merchant Luchesio and his wife, Bonadonna, in whom his influence had already wrought a saving change, and who now emulated each other in works of charity instead of being, as they had hitherto been, hard, worldly-minded and selfish. Their house became the birthplace of the Third Order which, along with its Dominican replica, so overspread Europe and inspired such fervor, such a desire to revive primitive simplicity of life and holiness in the households of its members that, as Lacordaire says, “every room became a cell and every house a Thebaid.” “You have asked me,” said the saint to Luchesio, “to draw out a way of perfection suited to your state of life. To meet your wishes I have thought of instituting a Third Order in which married persons could serve God perfectly; and I think you cannot do better than be its first fruits.” They were. He gave them a simple, modest ashen-gray habit, like that of the primitive friars, which was an adaptation of the ordinary garb of the Apennine rural peasantry, and a rule broad and simple in its legislation and suited to every social position: the main object being to affiliate them to the First Order and enable them to participate in the merits of its good works and though living in the world, to conform, as far as possible, to the spirit and manner of life of cloistered religious. Verbally approved by Pope Honorius III. (1221), solemnly confirmed by Nicholas IV. (1289), and modified by Clement VII., it was in the nineteenth century further modified by Leo XIII and adapted to the present time, while still retaining the status of an Order, although

the rule has been greatly simplified. These continuous Papal approvals, dating from the very beginning of the Order, refute the baseless supposition of non-Catholic writers that the Franciscan movement in the thirteenth century was a spontaneous popular movement external to the Catholic Church and independent of Rome. On the contrary, it derived its authorization and impulse from its close connection with the Holy See. "He that gathereth not with thee scattereth," was said of old. While other false reformative movements of that and succeeding epochs have disappeared and left no trace behind them, the Franciscan movement has subsisted. The others were branches detached from the trunk and were stricken with sterility and withered; while the widespread Third Order, deriving its sap and strength therefrom, exists and is full of spiritual vitality and vigor.

The erection of the Third Order was the master stroke of a master mind. As the first and second Orders, The Friars Minor and the Poor Clares, had introduced a new spirit into the ecclesiastical body, or rather a revival of ancient discipline, drawing closer to that of the Apostolic age, the Third Order diffused throughout the laity the fervor of the early times through the influence of mutual association and example in well-doing. It met the great need of an epoch of religious fermentation, a safe and salutary method of utilizing for the benefit of the Church and the Christian commonwealth those ideas of reform that, misdirected, were operating to their detriment. It was thus St. Francis repaired the ruins caused by heresies and ignorant enthusiasm and fulfilled the mission divinely entrusted to him. It was to those fervent Christians who at Cannara, near Assisi, in Poggibonsi, Faenza and Florence, expressed their desire to be affiliated to the Order—fascinated by the Franciscan ideal which drew its inspiration direct from the Gospel—that he addressed his "Letters to All the Faithful," the preamble and commentary of the Rule of the Third Order.

The Third Order was not merely a religious organization, a pious association of devout souls. It was much more. Its influence was far-reaching. The movement had its ethical, social and even political aspects. It delivered the first blow at feudalism, its members being forbidden to carry arms; a prohibition later modified when exceptions were made in favor of the Church, the faith and one's native land. As armed retainers of ambitious and bellicose nobles, who used and abused them, the people had been drawn into the oft-recurring petty wars between the numerous small States into which the peninsula was broken up, keeping mediæval Italy in a condition of perpetual turmoil. It cut across and foiled the impious projects of the then Emperor of Germany. The ministers of Frederick II.—that pro-

tagonist of the Papacy—in a letter to his master, wrote: “The Friars predominance and wean the people’s affections from us, they have publicly reproved our life and our enterprises; they have trampled on our rights and made nothing of us; and, to entirely destroy our predominance and wean the people’s affections from us, they have created two new fraternities, including men and women, into which everybody is rushing, so that there is hardly any one whose name is not registered therein.” As Father Leopold, of Chévancé, the French Capuchin, observes in his Life of St. Francis: “The tertiaries derived from that spirit of association powerful aid in resisting the oppression of invaders and bringing about the triumph of justice over brute force. We do not hesitate for a moment to proclaim that the Third Order of St. Francis rendered a double service to Italy: it preserved the Catholic faith and guarded the national independence.” It did more. By uniting all in a bond of true Christian fellowship it largely helped to break down the conventional barriers that separated classes and prepared the way for the advent of the democratic movement that has since shaped the course of history.

St. Francis of Assisi, perhaps the most popular and universally revered of all the saints in the Roman Calendar, owes much of the popularity that has kept his memory green in the souls of generations to his Third Order. Its adaptability to people in every station of life has been abundantly manifested by the immense multitudes enrolled in it either as chapter or as isolated tertiaries. Popes have worn its insignia under their white cassocks, Cardinals under their red robes and prelates under their purple. Princes and peasants, the high-placed and the lowly, rich and poor, learned and simple, men of the highest distinction and plain people have worn and still wear the Franciscan habit, outward and visible symbol of the inner spirit, spirit of evangelical simplicity and poverty—*la santa povertade*, as the “Fioretti” quaintly phrases it in the dulcet dialect of Tuscany—incarnated in the Poverello. “You praise me for wearing the gray habit and coarse cord of your illustrious founder,” wrote Cardinal Trego to Luke Wadding, the famous Irish Franciscan. “I do not deserve such praise. If this garment appears mean, I have the greater need of it, since, raised to a higher degree of honor in the Church, I ought to humiliate myself more to avoid pride. But is not the habit of St. Francis a real purple, fit to enhance the dignity of kings and Cardinals? Yes, it is truly a purple dyed in the blood of Jesus Christ and in the blood that issued from the stigmata of His servant; it invests with royal dignity all those who wear it. What have I done, then, putting on this holy habit? I have joined purple to purple, the purple of royalty to the purple of the Cardinalate.

Thus, far from having humiliated myself, I have reason to fear I have done myself too much honor and glorified myself more than I ought." The late Supreme Pontiff, Benedict XV, like Pius X, Leo XIII, Pius IX, and many of his predecessors, was a tertiary and otherwise linked by family ties with the Franciscan Order, notably the Capuchin Observance.

The Third Order may be said to be the largest Order in the Church in its multitudinous membership, scattered all over the world. Father Frédégand Callaey, in an interesting chapter, traces its extension to both hemispheres, concluding with this comment: "Without presumption we may say that the present epoch is a Franciscan epoch. The time is propitious; for the well-disposed, in the midst of the increasing perversity of manners, the inordinate love of wealth, and the sanguinary propensity for fratricidal strife, are, at the bidding of the Supreme Pastor, eagerly striving after the ideal of penitence, charity and peace preached by our seraphic father. The duty is incumbent on the sons of St. Francis of the First and Third Orders to seize the opportunity which will, perhaps, never be more favorable, and to labor indefatigably, so that the vast multitude of tertiaries should coöperate in worth and work. It is for them to prevent the present tertiary movement passing away in outside show or in vapid sentimentalism, transforming fine discourses and numerous resolutions of Congresses, vague sympathies, platonic desires and feeble indecisions into sane and solid Franciscan reality."

Ozanam and other writers have devoted many eloquent pages to the influence of St. Francis upon literature and art, in itself a large subject upon which much might be said and written. But it is his influence upon life, upon human conduct in its relation to Christian ethics which is most beneficial and enduring. He not only influenced his own but succeeding generations. His spirit and teaching are as living and energizing an influence now as in the age in which he lived, and as much needed. Identical with the social philosophy deducible from the Gospel, which is applicable to all times, it has not grown old, out of date, or effete. Like the Church, which gave it birth, it is "ever ancient, ever new." It is now in the twentieth century, as vital as it was in the thirteenth when the saint of Assisi walked the earth; trod the highways and byways of the Umbrian Valley; preached, bareheaded, barefooted or sandaled, to the people in the marketplaces who hung upon the inspired words that fell from his lips—words that came from his heart and penetrated the hearts of his hearers—led his life of voluntary mendicancy, the poorest among the poor; and by his abnegation aroused self-loving and self-seeking, indolent Christians to the sense of something higher

than a decorous outward observance of religious obligations, to a striving after the higher life, the life above the senses, to the spirit of self-sacrifice and generosity in the service of God and humanity, to a practical, not merely theoretical realization of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

If the Church in the thirteenth century—greatest of all the centuries according to Frederick Harrison, the century of great Pontiffs, great saints, great theologians, great sovereigns, great statesmen and great warriors—if it was then, as to its human side, “falling into ruin,” as the Voice from on high told St. Francis—for it can never be ruined as a divine creation—what are we to think of it now? Has not the *zeit-geist*, the time-spirit, modern thought, a false philosophy that finds expression in an organized assault upon the basic principles of Christian belief and ethics, more or less affected too many of its members, as modernism, that synthesis of all the heresies unveiled and condemned by Pius X., has shown? Is not the spirit of revolt, sad heritage of the great revolt of the sixteenth century, abroad: witness the *Los von Röm* movement in Southern Europe? Do not divorce laws, passed in contemptuous indifference to the explicit teaching of the Gospel on the indissolubility of the marriage tie as a sacramental union, threatening the very existence of the family, its sanctity and inviolability, sapping and undermining the human basis of the Church and Christian civilization? We have had a congress of Anglican modern churchmen openly broaching opinions subversive of belief in the Divinity of Christ, for which, had they lived in the sixteenth century instead of the twentieth, Henry VIII. would have consigned them to the Smithfield fires. But then the seeds of rationalism, sown by the Reformers, had not, as they now have, fructified. Is there not, outside the Church, a loosening of the moral bond, a sickly sentimentalism and unhealthy realism debasing literature and the drama, and an immodesty in dress which has compelled Bishops, as guardians of the flocks committed to their care, to loudly protest and take drastic action? Though an eminent Jesuit has used the pulpit and the printing press to inveigh against “the sins of society,” the absence of that reticence and reserve which prevailed in England during the Victorian epoch and the throwing off of nearly all restraints have, in some “smart sets” almost obliterated the dividing line between the *monde* and the *demi-monde*.

Pius X., in his first encyclical, indicated the only counterpoise, the only remedy for these corrupting and decadent influences: *reinstaurare omnia in Christo*. A large part of the modern world needs to be reconverted to Christianity, from which it has drifted, like a vessel that has slipped its moorings and, rudderless, is heading for—nowhere. History shows that moral decadence precedes and

entails national degeneracy and disruption. It was so in the Roman Empire, as Juvenal reminds us. *Savior armis lucuria incubuit.* Immoral license, unbridled luxury did more to bring about the downfall of that stupendous creation of human genius than the armed incursions of the Goths and Huns who swooped down upon it and found it weakened by corruption an easy prey. The Catholic Church alone can save Christian civilization by regenerating society. It will effect the moral reconquest of the world by spiritual weapons, and the most powerful in its armory is the Franciscan idea, which will be effective in proportion as those who represent it draw nearer and nearer to the primitive spirit that inspired it.

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IV.

THE CULDEES.

FOR many years the question of the Culdees has been a hunting ground for controversy. Many books have been written to explain their origin and on the public platform speakers have openly discussed their history. There would be no need to reopen the subject were it not (1) that one hears it frequently asserted that there is a link between the ancient Culdee and the modern Presbyterian and (2) that the Culdees were one and the same body as the monks of Iona. In this article I have purposely omitted all reference to their origin, confining myself to the more practical consideration of the doctrine and discipline of the Culdees. Furthermore, I have selected one monastery in particular—that of Mortlach¹—which, by reason of its antiquity, enables one to get into immediate touch with the early Christianity of Scotland.

The present narrative is based on the testimony of men whose judgment can hardly be called in question. The names of Dr. Reeves; W. F. Skene, Historiographer Royal of Scotland; Walter Goodal and Joseph Robertson are a guarantee that the highest historical evidence has been brought forward. To this list I ought to add the name of Bishop Colin Grant, whose learned article in the Scottish Review for April, 1888, is considered by many as the final word on the subject of the Culdees. These authorities—with the exception of Bishop Grant—are all non-Catholic.

CULDEES NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE COLUMBAN MONKS.

It is an historical fact that Christianity was introduced into Mortlach as early as the seventh century. By what stretch of imagination can anyone call the Culdees the pioneers of the faith in this district since they did not arrive in Scotland till at least one hundred years later? Such a mistake could only arise from confusing them with the monks of Iona. Dr. Skene assures us that the term "Culdee" came into use with anything like a determined application only towards the end of the eighth century. There is no mention of Culdees at any Columban monastery in Ireland or Scotland until long after Columba's death. "In the whole range of ecclesiastical history there is nothing more destitute of authority than the application of this name to the Columban monks of the sixth and seventh centuries. Like many of our popular notions, it originated with

¹ Mortlach is a Parish in Banffshire, Scotland.

Hector Boece, and, at a time when the influence of his fabulous history was still paramount in Scotland, it became associated with an ecclesiastical controversy which powerfully engaged the sympathies of the Scottish people; and this gave it a force and vitality which renders it difficult for the popular mind to regard the history of the early Scottish Church through any other medium."² The Columban Church was never called the Church of the Culdees except by writers of modern date. So far were they from being the same body that it was only the final disappearance of the Columban Church that made way for the introduction of the Culdees in Scotland.

They were not only separated in point of time, but they were also distinguished from each other in their work and mode of life.

COLUMBAN MONKS WERE CELIBATES.

1. Celibacy was an essential rule with the Columban monks; not so with the Culdees. In the third canon of Cummian's Penitential it is laid down that should a monk violate celibacy and refuse to perform the penance enjoined him "the holy Synod or the Apostolic See is to separate him from the communion and intercourse of Catholics."³ Although these canons were written for the Irish Church, they were in full force at Iona. In the narrative of Adamnan's Life of Columba there is nothing which gives the smallest support to a married clergy.

MANY OF THE CULDEES WERE MARRIED.

How different is the history of the Culdees! With the exception of those at Monimusk who professed celibacy, by far the greater number—such as constituted the Bishop's Chapter at the time when the monastic was giving place to the diocesan rule in the Church—were laymen. At St. Andrews there were thirteen Keledei—all married men whose sons succeeded them in their benefices.⁴ There were among them seculars and regulars, married and unmarried, as Dr. Reeves tell us,⁵ or, to use the words of Bishop Colin Grant, "A Culdee might be either a Priest or a layman."⁶

COLUMBAN MONKS WERE MISSIONARIES.

2. The disciples of Columba were missionaries, their primary object being the evangelization of heathen countries. The Culdees as

² Celtic Scotland. Vol. II, p. 226.

³ Migne. P. L. LXXXVII, p. 885.

⁴ Keith's Scottish Bishops. LXII.

⁵ Transactions of Royal Irish Academy. Vol. XXIV, pp. 196-201. Dr. Reeves.

⁶ Scottish Review. April, 1888. Article on Culdees. Bishop Colin Grant.

such had not the care of souls, but gave themselves up to the more solemn rendering of divine worship. For this reason, eight out of their thirteen foundations were attached to Cathedral Churches so that they might carry out the full ceremonial of the ritual. The Columban monks worked on virgin soil, the Culdees where the seeds of the faith had already been sown. At a later date in their history we find the Culdees connected with hospitals, and the name Kildey or Colidiate synonymous with that of hospital.⁷

CULDEES HAD THE CARE OF CHURCHES AND HOSPITALS.

VOW OF POVERTY KEPT BY COLUMBAN MONKS BROKEN BY THE CULDEES.

3. The vow of poverty was rigidly observed at Iona and its dependent monasteries. "Be always naked in imitation of Christ and the Evangelists," so ran the rule of St. Colum-cille, while in keeping with it was the injunction of St. Columbanus, "Nakedness and contempt of wealth are the first perfection of monks." Compare the simple apostolic life of the sons of Colum-cille with that of the Culdees who possessed private property which ultimately became the inheritance of their families, and you will see how these bodies differed from one another. This love of wealth was one of the chief causes that eventually brought about their downfall. "Church property was squandered or alienated, even the altar offering, grasped by avarice, were diverted to personal uses, and by the end of the thirteenth century the Scotch Culdee houses had in almost every case disappeared."⁸

4. It cannot be said that the Culdees ever attained the position of a religious order composed of many houses, bound by a common rule, revering the memory and imitating the virtues of their founder and looking to the parent house from which they sprang, as the Columban monks looked to Iona.⁹ A rule for the Culdees of Tallaght (Ireland) was drawn up by St. Maelruan prescribing their fasts, penances, devotions and frequency of confession, etc., but there is no evidence that it was widely accepted in their other establishments. This is in striking contrast to the strong ties, the strict discipline which characterized the Columban monasteries and kept them united with the Mother House of Iona until the Nectan storm put an end to its supremacy.

With such evidence before us we cannot confuse Culdees with Columban monks or speak of them as being one monastic family

⁷ Who were the Culdees? Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B.

⁸ Catholic Encyclopedia. Article on Culdees by D'Alton.

⁹ Catholic Encyclopedia. Culdees by D'Alton.

without distorting the facts of history. It is equally clear that we owe, under God, the establishment of the faith in Mortlach, not to the Culdees, but to the monks from Iona.

A further question may here be asked. Did the Culdees occupy the monastery of Mortlach at a later date? This query is based on the supposition that the Columban monks were expelled from the locality in 717. Although Scottish history is wrapt in obscurity from the eighth until the tenth century and we lose the invaluable assistance of the Venerable Bede, there are certain facts known about the Mortlach House from which we can draw a negative conclusion.

THE EFFECT OF THE EASTER CONTROVERSY ON THE
COLUMBAN CHURCH.

The Easter controversy was the occasion of breaking up the unity of the Columban Church and terminating Iona's supremacy over Pictland. From Bede's narrative which takes us as far as the beginning of the eighth century, we learn "that the monks of Hii or Iona, by the instruction of Egbert, adopted the Catholic rites under Abbot Dunchad, about eighty years after they had sent Bishop Aidan to preach to the nation of the Angles."¹⁰ He implies that this took place in the year 716, but, as Dr. Skene remarks, "the change was not so general or instantaneous as might be inferred from the statement. The monks of Iona, or a part of them at least, had certainly in that year adopted the Catholic Easter."¹¹ King Nectan, who had conformed to the Roman custom at this time, issued an edict commanding the observance of the Catholic Easter under pain of expulsion from his dominions. Some dispute exists regarding this expulsion. According to Bede's account, the Iona monks had already conformed and consequently would not have been compelled to leave. On the other hand, we have the testimony of the Irish annalist, Tighernac, "that the family of Iona were driven across Drumalban by King Naiton." This would imply a rebellious attitude on the part of the monks. "It is the evidence," as Andrew Lang says, "of Bede being set up against the Irish annalist Tighernac."¹² It is possible to reconcile these two statements if we remember that there were two rival parties at Iona—one clinging tenaciously to the old established order of things, the other conforming in everything to the Roman party. The schism which began in 704 was not healed until 717, when at last there was unanimity among the brethren. The same doubt exists regarding the stand made by the monasteries in Pictland. Dr. Skene goes as far as he

¹⁰ Hist. Eccl. Book V. Chapter 22. Bede.

¹¹ Celtic Scotland. Vol. II, p. 279. Skene.

¹² Lang's History of Scotland. Vol. I, p. 35.

can when he says, "it *seems* that the Picts resisted the change . . . it is *probable* that the monks of the older foundations of Abernethy and St. Andrews were driven out."¹³

NO PROOF THAT THE COLUMBAN MONKS WERE EXPelled FROM
MORTLACH OR THAT THEY WERE SUCCEDED BY THE CULDEES.

What happened at Mortlach? Did the monks rebel or conform to the new order of things? There is no evidence to show that they were expelled. The fact that this monastery was in a flourishing condition in the twelfth century, with its endowments intact, preserving its jurisdiction over the Cloreth House and five other churches, is strong proof of the continuity of Columban government.

We are only justified in introducing Culdees on the assumption that the Iona monks were compelled to leave. Now, it would be a simple matter to cite authors of modern date who hint that Mortlach was once the seat of a Culdee foundation. But to what purpose when the statements are based merely on supposition?

If the Culdees had succeeded at any time to the endowments of this monastery, why is it not included in the list of their foundations? There were only thirteen houses of their order in Scotland: at St. Andrews, Dunkeld, Brechin, Ross, Dumblane, Caithness, Argyle, Iona, Lochleven, Abernethy, Monymusk, Muthill and Monifieth. We look in vain for the name of Mortlach on this list. Such an event as their occupation of the "chief monastery of Alba" as Mortlach was called, would certainly have been chronicled. If they had had the good fortune to inherit its rich endowments we may be sure they would have vigorously protested against their being transferred to Aberdeen.

The disputes between them and the Bishops invariably centered round money and lands. A struggle fiercer than what took place at Monymusk or at St. Andrews would have ensued over the proposed alienation of the Mortlach funds had they been in the possession of the Culdees.

But why labor this point, when there is not a shred of evidence to prove their presence at Mortlach? Why seek to instal Culdees when no proof is forthcoming that the disciples of Colum-cille were ousted from this locality?

While admitting that the Celtic Church was weakened by the royal edict commanding the observance of a Catholic Easter, we must not forget that the name of Columba was still a power in the land. As late as the tenth century the fighting men of Alba (in which Mortlach was situated) insisted on having as their standard at the head of every battle the crozier of Colum-cille.¹⁴ This was indeed a

¹³ Celtic Scotland. Vol. II, pp. 177-178.

¹⁴ Chronicle of Picts and Scots. P. 406. Note.

striking testimony to the continued influence of the Mortlach House. It was, moreover, a compliment to its inmates that the name of their founder should be so respected and it is strong argument that the Columban tradition was not broken by the incursion of the Culdees.

THE MORTLACH HOUSE REMAINED A COLUMBAN FOUNDATION.

Safe in her ample endowments, justly proud of her position as a Mother House in Pictland, the Mortlach monastery survived the stormy period of transition, retaining her endowments and five churches. At a time when other Columban houses wavered, Mortlach stood firm. While their brethren in Northumbria were being ousted by lay abbots and deprived of their possessions, this house lost neither its funds nor its supremacy. From her as from a recognized center came the first Bishop for the little town on the banks of the Don, which even to this day bears the name of Aberdonensis. Such a privilege would not have been accorded her had she not continued to preserve her fervor and supremacy. Founded from Iona at the beginning of the seventh century, this house remained a Columban foundation to the end.

Such an achievement, however we may look at it, was a great one; great in its visible accomplishment as its funds served as a nucleus of endowment for the Diocese of Aberdeen, greater still in its continuing results as it meant the preservation of the faith. It was a triumph of the spirit which the monks had inherited from their founder, the great Colum-cille.

So far we have been considering the various characteristics which distinguished the Culdees from the Columban monks. These differences which were mostly of a disciplinary character, in no wise interfered with their profession of the same religion. In the bond of a common faith they were at least united.

THE CULDEES WERE NOT PRESBYTERIANS.

Some historians have been anxious to prove that the Culdees were primitive Presbyterians and that they may be looked upon as a link connecting Presbyterianism with a primitive Church uncontaminated with the errors of Rome. This popular fallacy may be traced to Hector Boece, who gave the name of Culdees to the clergy of the supposed early church, *i. e.*, between the third and fifth centuries; and thus arose a belief that there had been an early Church of Presbyterian Culdees.¹⁵

This legend is dismissed by Andrew Lang in a single sentence: "Of course they were a much later set of men, nor were they Presbyterians."¹⁶ Having sifted the evidence for this theory with all the

¹⁵ Celtic Scotland. Vol. II, p. 30.

¹⁶ History of Scotland. Vol. I, p. 26.

acumen which marked him as a lawyer, Cosmo Innes rejects it as being against historical facts. "Sir James Dalrymple and other zealous Presbyterians of the last century, finding that the Culdees had broken their rules and vows, were willing to receive them as an anti-monastic body. They found, or imagined that they found, something of primitive apostolic manners in the lapsarian Culdees and actually adopted them as Presbyterian brethren. But the Culdees would not have adopted such fellowship. They were undoubtedly Prelatists and Episcopalian as well as Romanists, however erring."¹⁷

The judgment of Dr. Milroy, an eminent Protestant Clergyman, is, if possible, still stronger. "The Culdees differed widely and essentially from modern Protestantism. The sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead, the intercession of Saints, the adoration (?) of their relics, pilgrimages to their shrines, severe penances to mortify the flesh and win Divine favors, priestly absolution, conformity to Roman authority itself, all these are to be found in the Church of the Culdees. The truth is wherever the Culdee practices differed from the Catholic they differed for the worse."¹⁸

CULDEES IN UNION WITH THE HOLY SEE.

In their disputes with Bishops there was no question about matters of faith; the quarrels were over money, lands and privileges. The famous controversy at St. Andrews centered on the management of affairs in St. Mary's Church of that town. The dispute was referred to the Pope, who, in his turn, delegated the Priors of St. Oswald and Kyrkham to settle the matter. Judgment went against the Culdees and they were suspended from office. It was then asked whether, while under ecclesiastical censure, they had sung or said Mass: "Utrum divine celebraverint sic ligati?"¹⁹ Such an appeal would never have been made to the Pope if they had not been in communion with the Holy See. It proves quite clearly that although they had fallen from their primitive fervor, they were one in faith with the rest of the Catholic world. "They differed no more in religion from the rest of the Church of Rome than Black Friars do from White."²⁰ Can we imagine Luther, Knox, Calvin, or perhaps any strict Presbyterian of today acknowledging as brethren a body of men who used holy water, practised confession, celebrated Holy Mass, and, in time of trouble, appealed to the Head of the Catholic Church? They would scorn fellowship with such

¹⁷ Scotch Legal Antiquities by Cosmo Innes.

¹⁸ Church of Scotland. Past and Present. Dr. Milroy. Vol. IV, p. 163.

¹⁹ Keith's Scottish Bishops. LXIV.

²⁰ Dissertation on Culdees by Goodal. Keith's Scottish Bishops. LXXXIII.

people on the ground that they were Papists, tainted with Roman superstitions. Whatever they were the Culdees were certainly not Presbyterians. Notwithstanding their strange customs of celebrating in a barbarous rite, and of observing the Sabbath instead of the Sunday—abuses which were eventually removed by Queen Margaret, the Culdees in matters of faith were one with the rest of the Catholic world. “There is no reason,” says the editor of the Book of Deer, “for thinking that the Culdees differed in their doctrinal vicus from those which prevailed in the church around them.”²¹

The result of modern investigation on this subject is summed up in an article under the heading “Culdees” written for the Encyclopedia Britannica.²² It is the more valuable as it looks at things from a Presbyterian point of view. The writer states that it is a mistake to suppose that the Culdees differed from the teaching of the Latin Church in Scotland and on the Continent. They were one in doctrine. They differed, however, in their mode of life. They eventually fell away from their primitive observance by breaking their vows and leading disedifying lives.

GEORGE P. SHAW.

²¹ Book of Deer. Preface CXXII. Note.

²² Encyclopedia Britannica. Culdees.

V.

THE HOME MISSIONARIES OF FRANCE

DURING the war, the soldier-priests of France earned golden opinions from friend and foe. The anti-clericals had to acknowledge that their attitude under fire was splendid, their influence over the men excellent, and in the end, an evil law, framed to injure the Catholic Church, brought ignorant or hostile spirits to a better knowledge of the Church and her ministers.

Now, the soldier-priests have been "demobilized" and have taken up their parochial or educational work that the war interrupted; their health is often shattered, but their experience of men and things has been enriched and matured. The young "Vicaire," who wears the Legion of Honor on his threadbare cassock—the director of a provincial seminary, once an officer, whose leg was amputated, the young religious, who lost both legs, won many decorations, and now teaches at a college in Paris, wield an influence that, throughout their lives, will make their apostleship more fruitful and enduring.

If the soldier-priests were the heroes of the war, surely the heroes of the *after-war*, who are, at present, silently winning their laurels, are the priests of the devastated regions. They live, like their people, in shanties or in cellars; instead of a well-ordered parish, they must serve five or six ruined villages, often miles apart and their impoverished Bishops can only allow them a few hundred francs a year to help them exist. The work of these priests on French soil is as trying as that of missionaries among the heathen; a personal knowledge of some among them enables me to write of their cheerful heroism.

A distinguished military chaplain, who lately visited what was once "the front," describes the sight that met him, over and over again, in the wilderness created by the war. In the midst of an area of ruined villages, he came upon a priest, sometimes gray-haired, sometimes young, having only lately doffed his blue uniform, miserably lodged, and, alas, generally miserably clad, with the Blessed Sacrament as the only Companion of his solitude. Never did the visitor realize so keenly the symbolic meaning of the lamp that burnt before the poor altar. In these desolate regions, it represented the "light that never fails," just as the lonely priest stood for civilization, faith, hope and endurance; the one moral influence among a population whose energies are centred on the building up of their poor homes and the reclaiming of their fields.

The same military chaplain, when brought into touch with these home-missioners, marveled at their cheerful acceptance of their lot. The priests who have volunteered for the work are men whose apostolic spirit carries them through the hardships and disappointments that they are bound to meet and it speaks well for the courage of the French clergy that wherever the peasants of a district return, they find, stationed at some central point, a *curé*, who, on foot or on his cycle, radiates on his surroundings.

The material conditions in which these priests live are such as must test the highest courage. Our readers know that, since the break with Rome, the French Government has suppressed the stipend that was secured to the clergy by the "Concordat." They are, therefore, wholly dependent, unless they have private means, upon what their Bishops and the faithful can allow them. A leading French paper lately published the "budget" of a country *curé*, such as the priest himself drew it up. His parish is a very small one; it numbers only 150 people. His Bishop makes him an allowance of 900 francs a year and to this he adds 500 francs that come from the Masses, funerals, marriages and baptisms that take place in the parish. He has no private means and can only count on this yearly sum of 1,400 francs, that he lays out as follows: Bread, 250 francs; milk, 273 francs; meat, 520 francs; butter and grease, 168 francs; fuel, 200 francs. These 1,411 francs cover the bare necessities of living, but neither a new cassock, nor shoes, nor repairs, nor soap, eggs, coffee, vegetables, oil, body linen, etc., are included.

In the devastated provinces, the priest's difficulties are increased by the wear and tear of clothes and boots and by the necessity of possessing a cycle. When he is young and in good health, he is less to be pitied, but the military chaplain, to whose experiences we have alluded, came across some old men, who, inspite of their age and infirmities, returned to the parishes that they served before 1914. When the war broke out, they were too old to go on active service, but they remained at their post, close to the front, until forced to leave by the military authorities. After the armistice, they hurried back. Thus, one *curé*, near Reims, is only sixty-four, but looks eighty. He was made a prisoner by the Germans, accused of being a spy, imprisoned for months in a cellar sentenced to death, then reprieved, but kept a prisoner till the armistice. His Bishop offered him a comfortable post in the Ardennes, but he begged to return to his old parish near Brimont. There he found the village laid low by the enemy's artillery, but the sight only stimulated his energy. With his own hands, he built a cabin to serve as a presbytery; he repaired his church as best he could and his resourcefulness and endurance exercised a bracing influence over his much-tried flock.

The little town of Ham, in the Somme, is now a centre whence three missionaries sally forth daily to evangelize an area that includes twelve ruined villages. The chief of the little group was, before the war, the *curé* of a well-ordered parish, that no longer exists. No greater contrast can be imagined than that of this prosperous village, where the *curé* directed many religious and social works, and the mission field now entrusted to his guardianship. At first, indeed, the prospect made his heart sink. Help came to him from one of the two colleagues appointed by the Bishop to share his task. This priest believed that spiritual forces are never stronger than when human means are inefficient. He proposed to face the enormous difficulties ahead by enlisting the assistance to be found in prayer, in congenial companionship, in mutual counsel, in close union with God. Why, he suggested, should not the three missionaries live together at Ham, their central post, put their spiritual and material aids in common and organize, as far as circumstances would permit, a community life? The plan was started and the little community of Ham is now famous; Bishops from other dioceses write to inquire into the methods of these pioneers.

The chapel of a hospital serves as their parish church; here, before separating for the day, they say part of their Office together. Then, walking or cycling, they start for the ruined villages, where a hut or a shed serves as a chapel. Their day is spent in going from one place to another to catechize the children, visit the sick, sometimes to give medical or surgical aid, when no doctor is at hand. At midday, they pause for a few minutes meditation and at 6 in the evening they are back at Ham, where, unless summoned for an urgent case, they close their door to visitors. After reciting Matins and Lauds, they discuss the day's experiences: the failure of one is compensated by the success of the other, mistakes are cleared up by being aired, the next day's work is prepared by a friendly exchange of views. Then comes the discussion of some point of theology or of a text from the Scriptures, and after evening prayers in common, the little community breaks up for the night.

A clerical visitor who was privileged to spend some hours in the intimacy of these priests, marveled at their cheerfulness: "We have never known even one hour of depression," said one. In face of tremendous difficulties, material and spiritual, they keep an optimistic spirit and a visible blessing rests on their work.

Lately, the Bishop has reduced to seven the twelve ruined villages entrusted to their apostolic care; this does not mean that their work is less, but that they learn to know their people better, to instruct the children more thoroughly and to say Mass oftener in each village.

The peasants of Picardy are, as a rule, an unemotional and stolid race, but they have, to a certain extent, realized the self-sacrifice of their missionaries and the latter are warmly welcomed by their scattered flock. They are successful, in spite of difficulties, in organizing religious festivals in one or other of the villages that they serve and these gatherings are popular with the people, who come from long distances to attend them.

The community of Ham is now known beyond the frontiers of the devastated provinces and, during the holidays, seminarists beg to be allowed to share its labors and act as catechists to the missionaries. Surely, there is no better school for ecclesiastical students than one where spiritual influences make stern realities, not merely acceptable, but gracious, where in the midst of material privations and moral difficulties, God's priests serve Him "in gladness."

It is hinted that the Community life inaugurated at Ham may have a wider influence than was supposed at first. Bishops, in whose dioceses ecclesiastical vocations are scarce, have inquired into the methods in use among the missionaries and wonder if, given the want of priests and the cost of living, it might not be advisable to apply the principle of life in common to other regions than the devastated *départments* of Northern France. Not that it will ever become general, but there is no doubt that his loneliness among uncongenial surroundings is often a sore trial to a young priest and, under present circumstances, material difficulties are added to the burden he must carry.

The work founded in Paris for the refurnishing of ruined churches* has helped many priests and the letters in which they recognize this are good to read. One, after describing the delight with which he unpacked the vestments and linen forwarded by the *œuvre de Secours aux Eglises dévastées*, adds: "Your work is not content with making fine speeches and bestowing empty consolations." Another describes how he shed "tears of joy" when unpacking the treasures sent from Paris and how he called in his parishioners to share his pleasure.

Monsignor Tissier, Bishop of Chalons, was asked by a stranger to his diocese whether the pastors of the ruined villages had been selected for the purpose: "No indeed," was the reply, "I simply made a general appeal to my priests and so many volunteered for

* "L'Œuvre de Secours aux Eglises dévastées," Rue Ondinot, 3 Paris, has a branch in London. In January, 1921, it was stated that, since its foundation, the "Œuvre" had given away nine million francs, of which six million and a half were collected in France. It had refurnished 800 churches or chapels, and made possible the celebration of Mass in 2,860 parishes. There are still 1,500 parishes that have neither a hut for Mass, nor a sacristy; 1,800 "trousseaux" have been given to the most destitute pastors of the devastated area.

the work that I had not posts enough in the devastated regions to give them."

Those among us who have seen the battlefields of the Somme, l'Aisne, la Meuse and the Pas de Calais, will realize what these volunteers had to face. A priest in the Meuse district, writing to a friend, describes his return to what, in happier days, had been a modest but attractive little presbytery. He found only one room left, the rain poured in through the shattered roof, linen, furniture and books were gone; the church had lost its steeple, stained glass and statues, its sacristy was empty. "I own," writes the poor *cure*, "that at first, I was nearly tempted to run away, but our hardy peasants are coming back and my duty is to remain with them; after all to do one's duty is the one joy left to us." A generous gift from the *œuvre de Secours aux Eglises dévastées* did wonders to raise the writer's spirits: the sight of surplices, albs, vestments, changed his outlook on life and he cheerfully turned to the work of taking in hand his scattered people. "They have almost all of them returned," he writes, "they are full of courage and are impatient to rebuild," and, writing to a priest friend, he adds: "You promised to pay me a visit and I shall joyfully expect you, but please wait till the masons have finished your room, and, above all, prepare some good sermons. I confess that the moral ruins that surround me are often more lamentable than the material ones and, being driven from their homes has not, in general, improved my dear refugees. You must come here with a big heart, where our sinners can take shelter and whence they will issue cleansed and strengthened. You ask me if I want books. Yes, indeed, I do. A priest needs spiritual food and he starves in front of an empty bookcase."

The building of a temporary church brought comfort to some priests as early as 1920: thus, at Bibécourt, in the Diocese of Beauvais, a large wooden church was blessed in March, 1920. It has taken the place of a fine church that took forty years to build and was barely finished in 1914. At Villers Bretoimeny, near Amiens, was opened, about the same time, a temporary church, the anonymous gift of an Englishman.

In fact, all through these tragic regions, where the iron hand of war has left its mark, rise tiny or spacious buildings, as the case may be, where a lamp that burns day and night, points to the presence of the lonely priest's divine Companion. Some of these priests, who are so eager to make their oratories less unworthy, are personally in a state of dire poverty. One wrote, in July, 1920, that having no cassock, he wore for many months his soldier's uniform, then he was given a cassock, but he had to roof in his chapel, build up his presbytery and dig his garden: "My bodily strength holds out," he

wrote, "but my poor cassock—your gift—is a huge piece of mending and must ere long be put aside like my 'glorious uniform.' But how to replace it? I have not a penny to spend."

Be it said to the honor of these priests, many of whom are literally in rags, the spiritual side of their ministry uplifts them above sordid cares. A model pastor is the *curé* of F., a village in the Diocese of Amiens, that before the war possessed a handsome church, backed by a mediæval tower. The church was, in 1918, partly destroyed by the enemy's artillery and Mass is said in a neighboring cottage. Circumstances connected with a dear, dead soldier who sleeps in the little cemetery of F., made me acquainted with this typical pastor of devastated France. Five villages have been entrusted to him by the Bishop of Amiens; they lie far apart and cycling is often impossible on ground that has been ploughed by the shells. A letter lying before me gives a sample of the daily programme of this good priest, whose humble prayer is that the Master, to whom his life is consecrated, may not find in him a "useless servant." The other day, at 6 in the morning, he started on foot for a ruined village, where he said Mass; the rain had soaked the ground and cycling was impossible. After Mass, he catechized the children of the place, visited several sick people, gave extreme unction to one, encouragement and comfort to others, and then, always on foot, he started across the "red zone," where the soil cannot be reclaimed, to visit an invalid about whom he was anxious. This woman, whose husband held an official position, was violently anti-clerical. She consented to see the priest, but rejected his ministrations, pleading that she must "think about it." As he was making his way homewards "with a heavy heart," the *curé* was stopped and begged to go out of his way to attend a farm servant, who had met with an accident. No doctor being available, the priest had to dress and bind up the wound and when, at nightfall, he reached F., he found that he had covered twenty kilometers since the morning. He had planned to keep the next day to prepare the study classes that he has organized for his boys and young men, but, as often happens, Providence sent him on another round of duties. Several pressing sick calls had to be made and the woman whose refusal to make her confession had saddened him, now claimed a visit. This time, all went according to his wish and much good will and sincere repentance atoned for long years of neglect and hostility. It was late, when in the rain and darkness, the priest arrived at F., "drenched to the skin," but "full of joy." Not only among the angels in heaven had a sincere conversion brought forth a note of unselfish rejoicing! That day the *curé* had walked twenty-four kilometers.

So, day after day, summer and winter, in fair and foul weather,

the pastor of F. scours his enormous mission field. His letters are always bright, he never complains and prays only that his physical strength may be equal to his task. The merest present, a gift of pictures, rosaries or even prayer books that have been used, is a joy as it enables him to give pleasure to "his children." Like all the zealous priests of the devastated provinces, while full of sympathy for his people's hardships, he is more anxious to build up habits of faith, discipline, morality and devotion among them than to meet their material necessities. These, in course of time, are bound to be looked to, but the spiritual world, the one that really matters, needs a long and laborious reorganizing after an upheaval like the war. At first, he found little response, the peasants seemed stupefied by all they had endured and it was difficult to rouse them from their apathy. Now, they welcome his presence and enter into his plans, the young men and boys attend his study classes and are interested in the social and religious questions that he encourages them to discuss. The children are trained by him to share his apostolic work and, as he loves them dearly, he evidently knows how to attract and interest them. He thus describes his work during Easter week:

"I was able to carry out a programme that was somewhat audacious, but that God seemed to approve and I succeeded in evangelizing *all* my parishes. The week after was less successful because the weather was against me. I managed, however, every day, to drag along our muddy roads, where the shell holes are still visible, a small *voiturette* that was filled with all that is necessary to say Mass. My choir boys accompanied me and their fresh young voices gave life and charm to the ceremonies. Altogether, I think that my boys and I did useful work and *le bon Dieu* rewarded us by a few conversions. Of course, I hoped to win more souls, but when I feel that a heavy cross rests on my shoulders, I say to myself that it is through suffering that souls are saved." Then alluding to the military cemeteries that cover the district entrusted to his care, he adds: "This is a soil that is consecrated by sacrifice; we must make it a holy land and I labor to make my people more worthy of the dead heroes who sleep among us."

Although his parishes lie far apart, the *curé* neglects none, and frequently he goes fasting to a distant village and says Mass for the people, having taken care beforehand to prepare a *fête* on the occasion. The young girls willingly decorate the oratory and take part in the singing and are all the more interested in the service because they have worked to make it a success. This spirited attempt to make devotion attractive in spite of disheartening surroundings is all the more praiseworthy when we remember the poverty of both the pastor and his flock.

A poor little "Bulletin" published at Arras brings home evidences of the same courage among the priests of this much tried diocese. One of these, now *curé* of Pommereuil, was arrested by the Germans and imprisoned under the false pretense that he had communicated with the French army by means of carrier pigeons. Twice he was tried and twice acquitted, proofs of his supposed guilt being wanting. In prison, he sang the *Magnificat* and the *Te Deum*, and the same spirit that counts suffering a gain, supports him now in his daily struggle with the adverse circumstances that make the work of reconstruction so hard. At Lacouture, a village that, before the war, numbered 1,700 inhabitants, the *curé* managed in the midst of the ruins, to build a temporary church, a presbytery and a parochial hall. Given the enormous difficulties that he had to face, this "miraculous undertaking" proved, not only the pastor's energy, but also the willing response of his flock. In 1919, 800 people had returned to Lacouture and were busy reclaiming the devastated land.

At Vitry en Artois, voluntary catechists, chiefly women, offered their services to the overworked *curé* of an enormous district. They have divided the different ruined villages, they prepare the children for Holy Communion, teach them their prayers and their catechism, and are, writes the *curé*, "invaluable auxiliaries." In the same region, several aged priests, thought to be too old for active work, have placed themselves at his disposal as catechists. "We beg God to bless these valuable helpers," writes the grateful pastor.

When, last year, the Bishop of Arras paid his first canonical visit to the devastated portion of his diocese, priests and people managed to give him a picturesque welcome. He was escorted by cyclists, flowers and branches of foliage filled the temporary chapels, there was everywhere a brave attempt to veil the wounds inflicted by the war and to show only a cheerful confidence in Providence and absolute faith in the final reconstruction of the country.

Of that reconstruction, the priests are the best instruments, but it is difficult, in a paper that necessarily must be brief, to describe fully their patient efforts to build up a new and better France. They are sowing seeds that will some day bring forth abundant fruit, but the task is one that must extend over many years; and it is possible that when the harvests of the future reach maturity, the pioneers who now lead the way, may be at rest in the fields of heaven.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

Paris, France.

VI.

A PAGE FROM THE PAST.

BOSTON AND THE NATION A CENTURY AND A QUARTER AGO.

IF the reader of these lines were to be asked to define the boundaries of the State of Assenisipia or of Chersonesus or of Poly-potamia, he would be apt to say: "I'm a little rusty on classic geography. Ask me something about the United States." We can picture, then, the amazed expression and ruffled demeanor of the same reader when he is told that

by ordinance of Congress A.D. 1784, the Territory North West of the Ohio and East of the Mississippi was erected into Ten New States, by the names of Assenisipia, Chersonesus, Illinoia, Metropotamia, Michigania, Pelisipia, Polypotamia, Sylvania, Saratoga & Washington.

Such is the information published in a modest little volume whose title page reveals that it is

Fleet's Register, and Pocket Almanack for the Year of our Lord 1800. Being the Fourth Year since the last leap year, and the twenty-fourth of American Independence, which began July 4th, 1776. Calculated chiefly for the Use of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Boston, the Metropolis, being In Latitude 42 deg. 23 min. North, and 70 deg. 58.53. West Long. 348 Miles N.E. of Philadelphia. Boston: Printed and sold by J. & T. Fleet, at the Bible and Heart in Cornhill.

The copy of this old almanack which lies before us is that which was used by Samuel Dexter as a receipt-book for his tax payments, as several entries therein bear witness. Samuel Dexter was born in Boston in 1761, was graduated from Harvard University in 1781 and admitted to the bar in 1784. He was repeatedly chosen to the legislature of Massachusetts and in 1798 was elected United States Senator. While Senator he was appointed Secretary of War in 1800 and in the same year Secretary of the Treasury. Several foreign missions, which were offered him at different times, were refused, and in 1802 he withdrew from political life to practice his profession. He died at Athens, New York, in 1816, two years after his defeat as candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts. The book before us, then, was a prized possession at one of the most eventful periods in his life, the zenith of his political career.

It is not the private record of Samuel Dexter, however, which

will be of interest to the general reader, but the printed information and quaint statements in the almanac. There are several pages missing in that part of the volume devoted to the calendar, but beginning with March there are the following events commemorated under the heading "Observable Days, etc.":

March 5—Massacre at Bos- ton, 1770.	Oct. 6—Artillery train. Boston.
18—Boston evac. by Brit. 1776	15—Pope Gregory first in- troduced new stile 1582
Annunciation or Lady Day, a festival of the Church on 25th March, to commem- orate Christ's Incarnation.	17—Burgoyne surrendered 1777.
April 4—St. Ambrose. some days, 5 considering the season.	19—Cornwallis taken 1781.
7—Towns vote for Governor, etc.	23—C o l u m b u s discov. America 1494.
16—Sun and Clock equal time.	25—Crispin patron Shoe- makers.
17—Dr. Franklin died 1790, Et. 84	The Medical Lectures in the University at Cambridge, com- mence on the 1st Wednesday of October.
Sept. 3—Dog Days end. Ex- pect 4 some thunder, 5 and showers of rain.	Nov. 22—St. Cecilia virg. & martyr.
8—... Nat. B. V. Mary.	25—St. Catharine patr. Ropemak.
	Dec. 18—The present Pope born, 1717.

We have here a new date for the discovery of America, while the reference to the Blessed Virgin and the saints is very noticeable, considering the place and date of publication.

Road-Guide.

The next thing which perhaps might strike the reader's fancy is a list of "Roads from Boston, Southward, Westward and Eastward, with the Names of Innkeepers." This was as good as a railroad guide or an A. A. A. touring directory to the travelers of that time, when so much depended on nocturnal accommodations for oneself and one's equipage. An innkeeper in those days was a personage of no little importance and influence and in this list one recognizes the patronymics of many prominent men of today.

Government: Executive, Legislative, Judicial.

At that time, as the almanac chronicles, John Adams was President of the United States and Thomas Jefferson was Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate; Theodore Sedgwick was Speaker of the House of Representatives. Under the

heading "Departments of Government" the following list of "The principal Officers of State, &c." is given:

Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, Secretary of State.
Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, Secretary of the Treasury.
John Steele, of North-Carolina, Comptroler of the Treasury.
Richard Harrison, of Virginia, Auditor of the Treasury.
Joseph Nourse, of Virginia, Register of the Treasury.
William Miller, of Pennsylvania, Commissioner of the Treasury.
Samuel Meredith, of Pennsylvania, Treasurer.
James McHenry, of Maryland, Secretary of War.
Benja. Stoddert, of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy.

Elsewhere in the book we learn that Charles Lee of Virginia is Attorney General and Joseph Habersham is Postmaster General. The latter position does not seem to have been such a distinguished position in those days as that held by Will Hays. In this connection there is the interesting statement that "The General Post Office is kept at the Seat of Government." The franking privilege was granted, even in those early days, to government officials and Members of Congress practically as at present, but newspapers to the latter were postage free only during the sessions and twenty days after. "All letters and packages to and from George Washington, late President of the United States, are continued to be free."

There were thirty-two Senators at that time (as compared with thrice that number at present), two each from the following States: New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New-York, New-Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee (*sic*). The Senator from Charlestown, Mass., was Samuel Dexter, junior, to whom the volume under discussion belonged. It will be seen that Maine (by the natives called Mawooshen) was not yet represented as a State, but merely as a District, while the Territory North West of the Ohio had merely a Representative in the Federal Congress, the celebrated William Henry Harrison. In the federal elections, nine of the States voted at large, while the others voted by district.

The names of the justices of the Supreme Court seem to be very representative, as far as locality is concerned, beginning with the Chief Justice, Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, and continuing down the following list:

William Cushing, of Massachusetts
Bushrod Washington, of Virginia
James Iredell, of North Carolina
William Paterson, of New Jersey
Samuel Chase, of Maryland

There were three circuits and 16 districts, as contrasted with circuits and districts a century and a quarter later.

Tariff.

Tariff experts of the present day, when the Congress is busily engaged in preparing new schedules, will be interested in the statement that certain duties are "payable on all Goods, Wares and Merchandise, imported into the United States of America if in American ships or vessels," while "an additional 10% is imposed, when imported in foreign vessels." Among the free items are "apparatus, philosophical, specially imported for any seminary of learning"; "drugs and woods for dyeing"; and "plaister of Paris." Among the items bearing a 15% ad valorem duty are the following:

- Artificial flowers, feathers and other ornaments for women's head dresses
- Buckles, shoe and knee
- Cinnamon, cloves, currants and comfits
- Cosmetics
- Dentrifice, powders, tinctures, preparations and compositions for the teeth or gums
- Fruits of all kinds
- Hair powder
- Jewelry and paste work
- Paper hangings

The flapper would be forced to pay 15 cents per pair on "clogs and goloshes," while other charges range from 2 cents per lb. on soap and brown sugar and 5 cents per lb. on coffee to 22 cents per lb. on snuff.

These duties were payable in certain foreign coins which are mentioned in the almanack and the following table of equivalents of coins for estimating the duties will be of some interest in these days of fluctuating foreign exchange:

Pound Sterling (Gt. Br.)	\$4.44	Ryal Plate (Spain)10
" " (Ireland)	4.10	" Vallon "05
Livre Tournois (France)	.18½	Milree (Portugal)	1.24
Florin or Guilder (Nether.)40	Tale (China)	1.48
Mark Banco of Ham- burgh33 1/3	Pagoda (India)	1.94
Rix Dollar (Denmark)..	1.00	Rupee (Bengal)55 1/2

Local Government.

After this and similar information of a general character for fifty odd pages, the reader of the almanack is given more specific

officers are usually chosen at the March meeting and among others we find 1 "informer of deer," 4 "fence viewers," 14 "cullers of staves and hoops," 10 "surveyors of boards and shingles," 3 "haywards" and 3 "hogreeves." Other appointments are Francis Wright as "inspector of tobacco," William Hichborn as "weigher of onions," and Hopestill Foster as "hayweigher." There is also a superintendent of police, as the following announcement testifies:

The Pavement of the streets in various parts of the Town of Boston, having been repaired at a very great expence, the Superintendent of Police has published a caution, to all Drivers of Carts and Trucks, against carrying heavier loads than are allowed by Law.

Professional Directories.

This wonderful little book also gives a list of "Physicians and Surgeons practising in Boston With the Streets in which they have their Abode," 28 in all, and also 3 surgeons dentist. Elsewhere in the book is given a list of "Practitioners of Law in Massachusetts," another of the justices, sheriffs, etc., of various counties, and still another of the general staff of the Massachusetts militia. We are also informed that

A Board of Health has been established in the town of Boston, and since the commencement of the last year, in consequence of the Yellow Fever, which prevailed there in the year 1798.

Paul Revere was president of this Board. The Historical Society in Boston had one James Sullivan, LL.D., as its president. He was the brother of the famous Revolutionary general, John Sullivan, who was later thrice elected president of New Hampshire. They were both born in Berwick, Maine, and, if I mistake not, were not Catholics, though sprung from a Catholic line.

Finance.

Amidst this wealth of useful information financial information is not lacking. At Boston there was a branch bank of the United States Bank located at Philadelphia. The officers and employees of the Boston branch consisted of a president, 12 directors, a cashier, first and second tellers, first and second bookkeepers, discount clerk, interest clerk, runner, 2 assistant clerks and 2 porters. Other branches were located at New York, Baltimore and Charleston, South Carolina. Other banks in Boston were the Massachusetts and the Union, while at Salem was the Essex Bank, at Newbury-Port the Merrimack Bank and banks also at Gloucester, Nantucket and "Newhampshire."

details with regard to Boston and vicinity. For instance, the town

In this connection the following "Table for reducing the Lawful Money of Massachusetts to Dollars, Cents and Mills from One Farthing to Fifty Pounds" may be of some interest:

1£	\$3.333	1s. 6d.25
3£	10.00	3f.01
6s.	1.00	1d.014
4s. 6d.75	1f.003
3s.50		

Education.

Quite a contrast to the wonderful institution of learning of 68 or more buildings now standing in Cambridge was the Harvard University of 1800 with its 6 professors, 4 tutors, librarian, French instructor, steward and butler. The student of that day did not have his commencement until the third Wednesday in July. "Other colleges, academies, etc." included Williams's (*sic*) College at Williamston, Berkshire County; Bowdin College at Brunswick, Cumberland County; Dummer Academy at Newbury; Phillips's (*sic*) Academy at Andover; and 21 other academies and grammar schools.

Religion.

There is a long list of churches, ministers and religious societies among which is to be found the following entry:

Romish Church, So. School-street, Francis Matignon, D. D.

This is the priest, exiled from France by the Revolution, to whom the Church in the United States owes so much. About that time, according to other sources, there were only 210 Catholics in Boston and very few more in the vicinity. Two or three years later they completed a "drive" for a new church, securing \$16,000 from members of the congregation, \$11,000 from prominent Protestants and \$5,500 from Catholics elsewhere. It was Father Matignon who invited the Reverend John Louis de Cheverus, then an exile in England, to come to Boston to assist him and at the former's suggestion Bishop Carroll recommended Father Cheverus as the First Bishop of Boston.

The little almanack contains a directory of ministers and the results of election in Congregational associations. The twelve Episcopalian Bishops in America are named and the Roman Catholic Bishop, John Carroll, of Maryland, finds a unique place. In Masonry, the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts with its roster occupies some space.

Navy.

The official list of the American Navy of December 1799 contains the names of 15 frigates (5 with 44 guns including 1 building at New York, 4 with 36 guns including 1 building at New York, and 6 with 32 guns). In the first class as the *United States* commanded by Commodore John Barry, the *Chesapeake* commanded by Captain Samuel Barron and the *Philadelphia* commanded by Stephen Decatur. There were also 11 ships of war (1 with 26 guns, 3 with 24 guns, 4 with 20 guns and 3 with 18 guns), 7 brigs (1 with 18 guns, 2 with 16 guns, and 4 with 14 guns), 2 schooners with 12 guns each, and 6 gallies (2 in Georgia, 3 in South Carolina and 1 in North Carolina). Boy, page the Conference on the Limitation of Armanent.

We wonder how the naval officer of today would like the compensation of their brother officers of 1800:

The pay of captains commanding ships of 32 guns and upwards, is by law one hundred dollars per month, and eight rations per day; of captains commanding ships of twenty and under thirty-two guns, seventy-five dollars per month, and six rations per day; and of lieutenants, who may command the smaller

We can not bring this little sketch to a close without mentioning a quaint story of the use of quicksilver and bread for finding the bodies of drowned persons. If you ever chance upon a copy of this almanack, therefore, be sure to read page 105.

HERBERT F. WRIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

VII.

A SHORT PARAPHRASE OF THE CANTICLE OF
CANTICLES.

PREFACE.

THE Canticle of Canticles is the book of ecstatic love of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lover of Souls and their heavenly Bridegroom. Although the images are borrowed from the loving intercourse between two human beings, they are all to be transferred to the higher meaning, wholly spiritual, of the intercourse of love between Our Lord and the fervent Christian.

CHAPTER I.

Verse 1. "Let him kiss me with the kiss of his mouth." Let him love me poor as I am, dearly, let him come to me in Holy Communion. Let him give me this token of his fondness for me and of the joy that awaits me in Paradise.

Verse 2. "Thy name is sweet as oil poured out." Love to go on repeating the sweet name of Jesus. The more you do so, the more will you taste and enjoy its sweetness.

Verse 3. "Draw me." O Jesus, draw me out of my vile self, unto thee who art the sovereign Good.

"We will run after thee to the odour of thy ointments," by the exercise of divine contemplation and of good works done in a spirit of faith.

"The King hath brought me into his store-room"—that is, into the wounds of his sacred flesh, into the interior of his human soul, into the sanctuary of his very Godhead, of the Son of God that he is.

Verse 6. "Show me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou liest in the mid-day, lest I begin to wander after the flocks of thy companions." Here Jesus is compared to a shepherd: Is he not the Good Shepherd? He is now resting after the great labors of his earthly life and Sacred Passion; in heaven and in the Blessed Sacrament; and the fervent soul wants to keep him company, make love to him as his faithful Spouse, instead of running after purely human affections and earthly enjoyments.

CHAPTER II.

Jesus speaking. Verse 1. "I am the flower of the field, and the lily of the Valley."

Verse 2. "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." The pure and fervent soul replies:

Verse 3. "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow and his fruit was sweet to my palate."

"He brought me into the cellar of wine" into his side and Sacred Heart pierced through and through. "He set in order charity in me," *i. e.*, he set in order all my affections, subjecting them to the sway of divine love.

Verse 5. "Stay me up with flowers, compass me about with apples: because I languish with love." The flowers are holy desires, the apples the fruits of good works.

Verse 6. "His left hand is under my head and his right hand shall embrace me." The left hand means the sacred Humanity of our heavenly Bridegroom; his right hand is the splendor of his Godhead with which he envelopes and embraces so to say the soul of the fervent Christian.

Verse 7. "I adjure you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, that you stir not up, nor make the beloved to awake, till she please." Jesus entreats all who have anything to do with his faithful bride not to disturb her from her prayer and contemplation. She must be allowed, as Magdalen, to remain in peace at the feet of Jesus, or even to repose her head as John the Beloved in the last supper, on the bosom of the Bridegroom.

Verse 8. "The voice of my beloved!" In her very sleep the fervent soul hears the voice of her beloved Jesus.

"Behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills." In order to come down to his rational, but sinful creature, the Son of God has to overcome great obstacles, which are as so many mountains, namely: First, his ineffable dignity and sanctity; second, the baseness of our nature; third, our original sin with its consequences; fourth, the accumulation of our own personal actual sins. The hills are all the natural laws of time, space, substance, species of bread and wine, which were so many obstacles to his coming personally to each one of us in Holy Communion.

Verse 10. "Behold my Beloved speaketh to me." Ah! what joy to the soul when Jesus speaks secretly and privately to her heart, at the hours of divine contemplation and even sometimes in the midst of her saintly activities. And what does he tell her? He says: "Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come." Come to me, fly to me, who love thee so tenderly. Here perhaps you will ask: How is it possible that Jesus should call such a sinful creature as I have been, his *dove*, his *beautiful* one? I answer: Because he has made you such by virtue of his Sacred Blood in the

sacrament of Penance, and also, because his wishes run ahead of the reality; he already sees you as perfect, as he intends that you shall one day be, and by his giving you credit for what you are not as yet, he intends to stimulate you into renewed efforts towards personal sanctity and the splendor of all virtues.

Verse 11. "The winter is now passed, the rain is over and gone." The winter is your former indifference and tepidity. The rain is your multiplied infidelities and negligences and actual sins more or less grievous. "The fig tree hath put forth her green figs, the vines in flower yield their sweet smell." Our Lord takes notice of the buddings of your good will, the flowers of your holy desires and resolutions. He is so considerate and so merciful, nothing of that which is to our credit is allowed to pass unpraised and unrewarded.

Verse 14. "My dove in the cliffs of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall," *i. e.*, in the wounds of thy Saviour; "show me thy face," visit me often in my Blessed Sacrament; "let thy voice sound in my ears," *i. e.*, speak to me, have something to say to me, tell me thy love: I shall never tire of listening to that tale: "for thy voice is sweet and thy face is comely." Again these compliments from the lips of our Beloved ought to cover us with confusion in the consciousness of our many miseries. But Jesus seems blind to them so much he loves us; and the more his little bride humbles herself, the more he perceives new charms in her. Nevertheless he wants her to stir herself up and apply herself strenuously to the correction of her defects, that is why he tells her in the next verse:

Verse 15. "Catch us the little foxes that destroy the vine," fight against the smallest voluntary imperfections: "they tend to destroy the loving intercourse between thee and me."

Verse 16. "My Beloved is to me and I to Him, who feedeth among the lilies." Words expressive of the joy of Holy Communion, of solitary prayer and of the ardor of charity at all times.

Verse 17. "Till the day break," the day of eternal rest and beatific vision, "and the shadows retire," that is to say, the obscurities of our present condition. And yet, at times the heavenly spouse seems to withdraw himself, leaving the soul in dryness and desolation. Then she exclaims: "Return. Be like, O my beloved, to a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

CHAPTER III.

The first three verses of this chapter have reference again to the trials of the spiritual life, when dryness sets in and desolation is the result.

Verse 1. "In my bed, by night, I sought him whom my soul loveth." "By night," that is to say, by the exercise of an obscure

contemplation; "in my bed," that is to say, in deep retirement from all external occupations, in recollection so deep that it may be compared to the suspension by sleep of all activities. "I sought him." I set out to meet my Lord and have the sweet intercourse of love with him.

"I sought him and found him not." What of it, O faithful soul, if you did not succeed, to your heart's content, in this search after the beloved? The essential is that you did seek him. You did not say: Oh! he has not shown himself, so, until he does, I will take what pleasure or distraction is at hand. You were in such earnest about finding him that you are quite saddened by your failure. Perhaps now you will find this state of affairs an excuse for giving yourself to what consolation creatures can offer you? No, not in the least. The fervent soul is quite determined.

Verse 2. "I will rise," she says, "and I will go about the city: in the streets and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him and found him not."

When the soul finds herself in dryness she must have recourse to some pious exercises. All this is represented by these expressions: "I will rise, go about the cities, in the streets and in the broad ways." I will read, meditate, say vocal prayers, administer to my flesh some punishment, make the way of the cross; in short, I will employ all the means I can think of in order to regain the sweet feeling of the near presence of my beloved. How pathetic is this repetition of her complaint; "sought him and found him not." In spite of all I could do I remained in dryness and obscurity.

Verse 3. "The watchmen who guard the city found me: Have you seen him whom my soul loveth?" That is to say, in her distress she perhaps went to her superiors, or to her spiritual father, and disclosed to them her trouble, accusing herself of being at fault, no doubt, and unconsciously revealing how ardently she loves her heavenly spouse. They have the grace of state to discern affairs as they really are, and say just the words that are needed.

Verse 4. "When I had a little passed by them, I found him whom my soul loveth: I hold him and I will not let him go."

Most times, as soon as the soul has performed the act of humility of disclosing the interior workings of her soul to those in authority, Jesus shows to her again his sweet countenance. What joy then! How, figuratively speaking, she throws herself upon him, links her arms about his neck, and, with a sense of conquest and possession, joyfully exclaims: "I hold him, I will not let him go!"

In each one of these four verses the bride speaks of Our Lord in these terms: "Him whom my soul loveth." Her love is so great, so intense, so true, she is not ashamed to proclaim it to the world. Let men say what they please: she is not going to hide it.

And now she has her reward: in the arms of her beloved she falls into the sweet sleep of contemplation; and Jesus repeats the caution we have already met with (ch. II, v. 7), which runs thus:

Verse 5. "I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and the harts of the fields, that you stir not up, nor awake my beloved, till she please." Let no one interfere with her state of contemplation.

Verse 6. The angels seeing the progress of that soul in the love of God, in contemplation and the practice of all sorts of austerities, and of every virtue, exclaim:

"Who is she that goeth up by the desert?" What a desert indeed is this land of exile compared with the heavenly mother-country!

"As a pillar of smoke of aromatical spices," that is to say, breathing out and spreading all around, the perfume of her sorrow for sin, and adoration of the divine majesty with acts of tenderest love, all which are figured in these words: "of myrrh and frankincense and all the powders of the perfumer."

Verse 7. A further remark suggested by this verse seven is that the blessed angels, when they witness the generous efforts and the progress of the Christian in the ways of love, speak of him among themselves, with admiration and praise. He did not want to win the praises of the world in the pursuit of vanities, behold he wins those of the saints and the blessed angels, to say nothing of the joys of his union with God.

It is still the angels who speak in the following verses to the end of the chapter. They celebrate in mysterious accents the loving intercourse of Our Lord with the soul.

Verse 7. "Behold three-score valiant ones of the most valiant of Israel, surround the bed of Solomon: 8. all holding swords and most expert in war: every man's sword upon his thigh, because of fears in the night." This is meant to describe to us how the highest angels are employed to mount guard around a soul who has enthroned Jesus as a King in the midst of her affections. On his own part, the heavenly Bridegroom makes it his particular delight to adorn that soul so as to be a fit throne for his own sweet majesty; this is what is meant by the verses 9 and 10, which run thus:

Verse 9. "King Solomon hath made him a litter of the wood of Libanus, the pillars thereof he made of silver, the seat, of gold, the going up, of purple: the midst he covered with charity for the daughters of Jerusalem.

"The litter of the wood of Libanus," is the whole person of the loving Christian, body and soul.

"The pillars of silver" represent the clearness of his intellect informed by divine faith.

"The seat of gold" is the queen faculty of his free will wholly given to the love of Jesus.

"The going up of purple" represents how step by step he has progressed in self-denial and mortification. And finally, *the midst that is covered with charity for the daughters of Jerusalem* shows how a perfect Christian comes to see Jesus Christ in the persons of all his brethren and to love them tenderly.

Verse 11. The Angels celebrate the mystical nuptials of Jesus with the fervent soul, in these splendid terms, *Go forth, ye daughters of Sion and see King Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the joy of his heart.*

The angels invite all men to enjoy this sight of the king of heaven making his abode in the loving soul, and taking his delight in her. But in order to perceive this divine fact they must go forth, that is to say, leave behind all vanities. Then they will see, and perhaps in their turn fall in love with King Solomon thus arrayed, and sigh after the mystical marriage.

King Solomon Jesus is the King of Kings and he is the true Solomon of whom the other was but a faint image. He is the very Wisdom of the Father.

In his diadem the Word of God took on himself our human nature. He took flesh in the sacred womb of the ever blessed Virgin Mary, and that is why it is said: *in his diadem wherewith his mother crowned him.* It is as though the blessed Virgin Mary sent him forth to espouse the perfect soul; as though Jesus had come into the world just for the express purpose of espousing this lowly one *in the day of his espousals—and in the day of the joy of his heart.* Oh! how good of him thus to find joy in his union with me, so poor and wretched.

The joy of his heart. Here is a revelation of His Sacred Heart, and how it ought to put us really beside ourselves with burning love!

CHAPTER IV.

Throughout this chapter, Jesus is again breaking forth into a passionate encomium of the mystical beauty of the fervent soul.

Verse 1. *How beautiful art thou, my love; how beautiful art thou! Thy eyes are dove's eyes,* that is, they show forth the singular sweetness and simplicity of thy disposition. *Besides what is hid within.* That is, to say nothing of the charm of thy other virtues which lie hid within thy bosom.

Verse 3. *Thy lips are as scarlet lace* on account of the many acts of fervent love they weave, incessantly; *and thy speech is sweet.* Words of charity, sympathy, compassion, forgiveness, mildly and

humbly spoken. *Thy cheeks are as a piece of pomegranate, besides that which lieth hid within.* That is, virginal modesty shows itself by the readiness with which the cheeks redden and is the token of how pure are the affections of the heart within.

Verse 4. *Thy neck is as the tower of David, which is built with bulwarks: a thousand bucklers hang upon it, all the armour of valiant men.* The neck stands as the emblem of a clean and well-formed conscience, which does not allow either sin or scruples and false notions about morals to creep in. It stands self-protected. The thousand bucklers are the innumerable considerations upon which a good Christian leans for the avoidance of sin. *The valiant men* are the saints who have given us such examples of a right conscience. At verse 6 the bride seems fearful less such a high encomium of herself might make her vain, so she interposes the memory of her own past sins and the ineffable sanctity of God, saying:

I will go to the mountain of myrrh by the exercise of sincere compunction, tears of sorrow and the practice of some austerities. *And to the hill of frankincense,* by the prayer of adoration. We may also take Calvary to be the mountain of myrrh, and our altars where the holy sacrifice of Mass is offered to be the hill of frankincense.

Till the shadows retire, the shadows of our present condition of earthly life, where the grand realities of the supernatural order are not perceived clearly . . . and "the day break," the day of eternal light, and life, and glory, the day of the beatific vision.

As though stimulated by this humble and loving protestation of his bride-elect, the heavenly bridegroom praises her with renewed eagerness.

Verse 7. *Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee.* This is true of the newly baptized, whether infant or adult; of every Christian who has gained a plenary indulgence; and of every fervent soul who has made, either in confession or out of it, an act of perfect contrition, or again an act of perfect love of God. We ought to be very desirous of establishing ourselves in a state so pleasing to Our Lord.

Verse 8. The eighth verse demands to be reset and read thus: *Come from Libanus, my spouse; come from the top of Amana, from the top of Sahir and Hermon, from the dens of the lions, from the mountains of the leopards: thou shalt be crowned.* The bride has been alluding to the day of her death; Jesus now looks forward to that day as the one when he will be able to set on her head the crown of glory and he hastens it, saying in anticipation: *Come from Libanus, etc.*

All these different places named in the first part of the verse are figures of the exalted states of contemplation of a fervent soul.

"The dens of the lions and the mountains of the leopards" on the other hand serve to show that the servant of God during the present life is not afraid to venture into the midst of sinful men in large cities to exercise the works of an active and apostolic life.

Verse 9. *Thou hast wounded my heart, my sister, my spouse.* Oh how good to hear these words from the lips of Our dear Lord. Formerly I used to wound his heart by the heinousness of my sins, but now no more. What a change! It is by my poor affections that the heart of my Saviour is pleasurable affected. The Sacred Heart of my Jesus, thrilled by my repeated acts of love! Oh! what an encouragement!

Thou hast wounded my heart with one (glance) of thy eyes, and with one hair of thy neck. That is to say, with the least of thy prayers or of thy actions because they are all done with such an intensity of divine love.

Verse 11. *Thy lips, my spouse, are as a dropping honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue.* By these expressions Our Lord means to expatiate on the extreme delight he takes in our communions. *And the smell of thy garments, as the smell of frankincense.* After a fervent communion, the bride consumes herself in acts of adoration and thanksgiving which exhale as from her garments a smell comparable to that of burning incense.

Verse 12. *My sister, my spouse.* By his Incarnation, the Son of God became my true brother, by flesh and blood and the affections of a human heart; and now by the grace of his sacraments I become wedded to him in the bonds of a mystical union. *Is a garden enclosed.* A garden in which are beautiful flowers of holy desires and the trees of many virtues, whose fruits are acts meritorious unto eternal life. It is enclosed: no one else but the Beloved is admitted into it. *A fountain sealed up.* So that neither the beasts of the field nor the passers-by can drink of it and make it muddy: that is, all my affections are kept for Jesus and Jesus alone. I do not allow myself either to love or to be loved by anyone outside of the pure love of Jesus.

Verse 13. *Thy plants are a paradise of pomegranates with the fruits of the orchard. Cyprus (vine) with spikenard.*

Verse 14. *Spikenard and saffron, sweet cane and cinnamon, with all the trees of Libanus, myrrh and aloes with all the chief perfumes.* In all these emblematic plants and perfumes we may see an image of the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit working wonders in a soul wholly abandoned to his inspirations.

Verse 15. *The fountain of gardens.* What is it but the grace of God? whilst the well of living waters which run with a strong stream from Libanus is nothing else but the abundance of charity with

which the servant of God comes from the height of contemplation down to the performance of all acts of mercy corporal as well as spiritual.

Verse 16. *Arise, O north wind, and come, O south wind.* That is to say, let spiritual joy and tribulations come turn and turn about upon this soul of good will. *Blow through my garden.* She is to me a garden of delights; and it is all one, whether she be in desolation or consolation.

Let the aromatical spices thereof flow, i. e., let the sweet perfume of all her virtues be spread abroad.

CHAPTER V.

This chapter is most beautiful.

Verse 1. *Let my beloved come into his garden.* Here is a new and fine way of expressing the soul's desire for holy communion. *And eat the fruits of his apple trees,* and take what delights he can in the acts of those virtues which he himself has planted in me.

Jesus replies directly after communion: *I have come into my garden, O my sister, my spouse;* I have indeed found in it many delights. *I have gathered my myrrh,* that is, the devotion of the soul for my Sacred Passion, with my aromatical spices, or the devotion to my sacred body after its descent from the cross and its entombment. *I have eaten the honeycomb with the honey,* that is to say, I have found great delights in the various acts of thy thanksgiving and in the very substance of thy body and soul, O fervent Christian: for they are as the frame or the honeycomb from which this honey proceeds. *I have drunk my wine with my milk,* the milk is together the humility and meekness of the mystic soul, which virtues Jesus calls his, for so they are indeed. The wine is the fortitude and generosity with which a fervent soul bears all sufferings, and these again Jesus calls his, for they come straight from his sacred wounds and from his heart. And now he turns to the other two persons of the Blessed Trinity and invites them to share his delights in that soul, saying: *Eat, O friends, and drink, and be inebriated, my dearly beloved.* In the meanwhile the bride has entered into a state of deep recollection and contemplation. Then it is that she says:

Verse 2. *I sleep, and my heart watcheth;* that is, everything in me is motionless, but my love is very active. I can hear the voice of my beloved knocking and saying: *Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is full of dew, and my locks of the drops of the nights.*

Happy the loving soul to whom Jesus comes thus to find in her a shelter from the ingratitudes and rebuffs of the world. Happy the soul with whom he wants to have the sweetest intercourse of divine

love! But she must not put him off or keep him waiting on any pretext whatsoever. She must take him at his own chosen moment, not at her own convenience. It appears the bride of the Canticle had yet to learn this by experience. She said: Verse 3. *I have put off my garment, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them?* That is to say, there is a certain ceremonial I have used until now; certain private practices of devotion to which I cling . . . allow me, O my beloved, first to attend to them, and then after that I shall be wholly given up to thee . . .

Verse 5. *I arose up to open to my beloved . . . 6. I opened the bolt of my door to him: but he had turned aside and had gone. I sought him and found him not, I called and he did not answer me.*

Verse 7. *The keepers that go about the city found me: they struck me and wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.* This means that the bride, seeing how foolishly she had acted, went to tell her distress to her superiors or to her spiritual father. But this time they handled her case rather roughly, and tore or took away from her the cloak of self-love in which perhaps unconsciously she had wrapped herself. Now she gives no thought but to Jesus and she turns to the blessed angels and the dear saints for help.

Verse 8. *I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved that you tell him that I languish for love.* How charming is that way of expressing her feelings towards the Beloved! And how charming also is the way in which these friends of the pilgrim soul, solace her grief! They make her speak of him; they ask her:

Verse 9. *What manner of one is thy beloved of the beloved, O thou most beautiful among women?* The blessed angels do not spare their praise of a soul of good will. Such a soul is indeed the most beautiful object among all the other works of the hands of God. *What manner of one is thy beloved that thou hast so adjured us?*

Verse 10. The bride replies: *My beloved is white and ruddy: ruddy from the glow of his divine nature and white from the immaculate flesh he took from the Virgin womb of his mother Mary.* Again, *white* from his dazzling innocence, *ruddy* from the shedding of his blood for sinners. Again *white* in the blessed sacrament under the species of bread; *ruddy* under the species of wine. Then she proceeds to give a full description of him from head to foot, as she contemplates him stretched on the cross. Every word of this description is to be applied literally, not figuratively, as far as possible: I mean it is indeed the head, the hands, the feet, etc., of Our Lord which come here each one for its meed of praise as it suffered so much for us.

Verse 11. "His head (is as) the finest gold; his locks as branches of palm trees, black as a raven."

Verse 12. "His eyes as doves upon brooks of water, which are washed with milk, and sit beside the plentiful streams."

Verse 13. "His cheeks are (as) beds of aromatical spices set by the perfumers. His lips are as lilies, dropping choice myrrh"; namely, the seven words on the cross. "His hands (are) turned (and as) of gold, full of hyacinths," "as of gold" on account of the miracles and other works of mercy they have performed. They moreover are "full of hyacinths," that is to say, of the drops of clotted blood from their being cruelly nailed to the cross. "His belly (as) of ivory, set with sapphires," the whiteness of his sacred flesh showing the more that it is sprinkled with his own blood, every drop of which is so precious that it could pay the ransom of thousands of guilty worlds.

Verse 15. "His legs as pillars of marble." Noble pillars indeed, which support a temple of God as is the whole body of Christ. "Set upon bases of gold," namely, his sacred feet so beautiful and so cruelly nailed to the wood of the cross. "His form as of Libanus excellent as the cedars."

Verse 16. "His throat most sweet," as being the organ by which he has uttered such words of loving mercy.

"And he is all lovely." Is not this a good summing up? "Such is my beloved, and he is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." There is a very human and feminine note of legitimate pride in the possession of such a friend. It is well that the Christian should express his sense of the immense honor done to him by Our Lord in coming as he does so lovingly and so unceremoniously. Only a true friend and lover will act in this wise.

Verse 17. Now that the soul has had all her say about the beauty and winsomeness of her beloved, her heavenly friends can press the question:

"Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou most beautiful among women? Whither is thy beloved turned aside and we will seek him with thee."

They call her "Most beautiful" because indeed in the eyes of the angels and saints, nothing out of paradise is so entrancingly beautiful as the fervent Christian soul enamoured with Christ.

"We will seek him with thee"; that is, so great is our compassion and sympathy in thy great trouble, that we will follow thee, keep thee company, help thee all we can with our intercession, until he sees fit to show himself to thee again. Such is the tender love of our friends in heaven!

CHAPTER VI.

Verse 1. "My beloved is gone into his garden, to the bed of aromatical spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies." "His

garden," that is to say, the Divine Essence of the most Holy Trinity, for God is to himself his own garden of delights, infinitely spacious and marvelous. There does the sacred Humanity of Our Lord feed, out of the bed of aromatical spices of the divine perfections, and gather armfuls of the lilies of the ineffable sanctity of the three divine persons.

Verse 2. But is it not marvelous also that whilst he is enjoying himself thus in the splendor of the Blessed Trinity, Our Lord should find the means of giving himself to me, to little me, here on earth, so sweetly and so wholly that I can exclaim:

"I to my beloved, and my beloved to me, who feedeth among the lilies."

O Christian soul, love to repeat these words: "I to my beloved and my beloved to me." They are expressive of such an intimate intercourse of love as is impossible of attainment to the poor votaries of mere human love or friendship; but here, God's omnipotence is at our service. I am the intimate friend, the bosom friend, of God, of each one of the three divine Persons!

Specially after holy communion may I say with singular propriety: "I to my beloved and my beloved to me, who feedeth among the lilies." And since he is such a lover of purity, oh! how I must vie in the exercise of that virtue with his very angels!

Verse 3. No sooner has the soul come to this resolution of an heroic practice of purity for love's sake than she is invested with the very splendor of God, and Our Lord exclaims:

"Thou art beautiful, O my love;
Sweet and comely, as Jerusalem;
Terrible as an army set in array."

"Sweet and comely"; what a praise to receive from the lips of the Son of God! But, "sweet and comely as Jerusalem," that is to say, as heaven itself. How can this be? In this wise: When a soul is quite pure it resembles a placid lake in the crystal waters of which heaven reflects itself.

"Terrible" to the arch enemy, the devil, and to all his black hosts of fallen angels. "Terrible as an army set in array." One single soul, still in its infirmities of a pilgrim on earth and yet already formidable to all hell. But why marvel? She is united to God; she is one with Jesus Christ. Oh! what a power, what a tower of strength in the church of God, is one single fervent saintly soul!

Verses 6, 7. "There are three-score queens, and four-score concubines and young maidens without number: one is my dove; my perfect one is unique, she is the only one of her mother, the chosen of her that bore her."

There is a deep and entrancingly beautiful meaning hidden under the enigmatic figures taken from the harem of the most magnificent of oriental princes. "The queens" are the great saints. "Three-score" stands for any large number. "The concubines" designate souls consecrated and united to Our Lord Jesus Christ by religious profession; their number is even greater than the first.

"The young maidens without number" are those souls who are as yet imperfect although already marked and set aside by divine love, because he knows that they will grow out of their spiritual infancy and be his one day.

However, although the heavenly Bridegroom has so many who love him and whom he loves most tenderly, it is the privilege of his Godhead that he is able still to love me with a love as personal, full, absolute and exclusive, and to give himself to me, as though there were no others but we two in the world: He and I. He expresses this Mystery in these words: "One is my dove." And Holy Church entering into that spirit sets as much value upon each individual soul as though it was the only one she had to care for. That is why he adds: "The only one of her mother, the chosen of her that bore her."

"The daughters" (of the heavenly Jerusalem), that is to say, the blessed angels, "saw her and declared her most blessed"; "the queens and the concubines," as above, "and they praised her." The angels and saints talk of us in heaven, and exclaim upon the beauty of the soul in the state of grace and bestow unstinted praise upon her. How good to think of this! How encouraging! How well we are rewarded already for the contempt in which we hold worldly honor and esteem and admiration! Hear what these dwellers of paradise say to one another about the fervent Christian yet on earth:

Verse 9. "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army in array?" Fair as the moon by the purity of her intention and innocency of her life; bright as the sun by the intensity of her charity and the splendor of her other virtues; terrible indeed as an army, since a Christian who faithfully uses the weapons of prayer and the sacraments is able single handed to put to flight whole hosts of devils.

Verses 10, 11. The bride now gives an account of some of her mystical experiences. In figurative language she tells us how she went into herself, possibly with a view to ascertaining whether all the praises she heard about herself were true; and though such an act of introversion was not prompted by a motive of vanity, yet it was not without some danger of self-complacency. Therefore Our Lord did not permit her to have a clear view of how matters stood with her. All this is charmingly expressed in these words:

"I went down in the garden of nuts
To see the fruits of the valleys,
To look if the vineyard had flourished
And the pomegranates budded."

And with what result? With this:

"I know not." I remained in the dark as to the object of my enquiry. Nay:

"My soul was troubled." Troubled for what?

"For the chariots of Aminadab"; that is to say, by the consideration, which pressed itself upon me, of the severe justice and consuming sanctity of God, which oppose the sinner as so many war-chariots.

The Angels and Saints are sorry that she should take a gloomy view of her own case and in order to reassure her, they say to her:

"Return, return, O Sulamitess; return, that we may behold thee"; that is to say, turn thy eyes, thy contemplation cheerfully towards us, and to the unfailing fountain of our delights, namely the glory and the transcending goodness of God.

CHAPTER VII.

The last two chapters of the *Canticle of Canticles* are all about the last stage of the mystical life on earth, namely, the state of the perfect soul, in the Way of Union. Because of the sublimity of the mysteries hidden under the material emblems of womanly beauty and human love, it is extremely difficult to do justice to the text, and this we must leave aside for the present. We will be satisfied with commenting on the following verses:

Verse 10. *I to my beloved and his turning is towards me.*

By these words: "I to my beloved," the perfect soul shows us how delicate and indissoluble is her union with him. Let us repeat "I to my beloved" with a yearning that it may be true for us also. Let us ask: Is it indeed so? And if not, what is the obstacle? What is there to do? Oh! give me the courage needed to break down every obstacle! Deus in adjutorium meum intende. My God help me!

After the last Supper, in that wonderful effusion of his love, which makes up Chapters XIV, XV and XVI of the Gospel of St. John, Jesus said to his Apostles: "Abide in me, and I in you." It is the wish of his Heart that we may at last make our own these words of the Canticle: "I to my beloved."

"And his turnings are to me." Those two love each other mutually, so they are all in all to each other. I have endeavored to describe something of the exclusiveness and at the same time all-inclusiveness of this mutual love of the fervent soul and the heavenly

Bridegroom in my little book on *Divine Contemplation for All*, Chapters XXIII-XXV. I refer you to these chapters.

Verses 11, 12 and 13 show to us under various graceful images how the apostolic spirit betrays itself in that perfect soul which one would naturally suppose to be fit only for the exercise of divine contemplation.

Verse 11. *Come, she says, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, let us abide in the villages.*

Verse 12. *Let us get up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vineyard flourish, if the flowers be ready to bring fruits, if the pomegranates flourish . . .*

Verse 13. *The mandrakes give a smell. In our gates are all fruits: the new and the old, my beloved, I have kept.*

So it is that, no sooner had the divine wonder of wonders of the Incarnation taken place in Mary, than *rising up, she went into the hill-country with haste into a city of Juda, into the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth*, and made herself useful to her in all the ways she could think of.

So it is that all the saintly founders of active religious orders, such as St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, etc., have found in the very ecstasy of their love of God and contemplation, the fountain-spring of their apostolic zeal.

So it is that the most contemplative orders, wholly secluded from contact with the world, such as the Carthusians or again the Carmelite Nuns and the Poor Clares, in the intensity of their charity, embrace the whole world in their continual prayers.

But notice a great difference in the methods of the Saints and those of pure philanthropists or Christians who are much given to active life but very little to prayer. It is marked in these words of verse 11.

"Come, my beloved, *let us go forth . . .*" The true servant of God never suffers himself to be separated from the Beloved; the true Christian does not pretend to *do it all himself*. He is well aware that without the grace of God we can do nothing, whilst leaning upon the omnipotent arm of Jesus, we can do all things. "Without me," says Jesus, "you can do nothing." (John XV, 5.) "I can do all things," says St. Paul, "in him who strengthens me." (Philip. IV, 13.) "Gladly will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me. I please myself in my infirmities . . . for when I am weak, then am I powerful." (II Cor. XII, 9, 10.)

CHAPTER VIII.

We are now at the last chapter of the Canticle of Canticles and it is undoubtedly the most mysterious and the most sublime of all.

The consuming ardors of the desire of the bride for the heavenly Bridegroom vent themselves in accents such as the following:

Verse 1. "Who shall give Thee to me for my brother?"

Verse 2. "I will take hold of thee . . ." And suddenly she finds herself in his embrace and can only murmur as she goes off in the rapture of a divine contemplation higher than she has hitherto experienced:

Verse 3. "His left hand (is) under my head and his right hand shall embrace me." That is to say, I lean on all the mysteries of his sacred Humanity, and the infinite loveliness of his Godhead enfolds me."

And the heavenly Bridegroom repeats with increased earnestness his entreaty:

Verse 4. "I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you stir not up, nor awake my love until she please." Let no one interfere with her contemplation at this stage. In the eyes of the angels she now appears so beautiful that they exclaim:

Verse 5. "Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved! . . ."

The desert is this vale of tears; but as the Christian is near the end of his life, he is coming up from the desert; and when he has grown in the love of God and in perfection the near prospect of death far from causing him any fright or pain is a source of joy to him: is not his soul leaning upon her beloved? Is she not coming home to paradise? The very thought fills her with delights; they even overflow to the amazement of all who are witnesses of the fact.

And yet all is not yet done. There remains some few years or months or perhaps only days for the bride to live and work and endure here on earth. How will she be able to do so? Her Beloved is at hand. He tells her what to do:

Verse 6. "Put me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thy arm: for love is strong as death." That is to say, "Now more than ever, O beloved soul, let all thy affections and all thy actions be only for me."

Verse 7. "Many waters cannot quench charity, neither can floods drown it." To see how true that is for the soul enamored with Jesus we have but to turn to St. Paul. Listen how he sings his unquenchable love of Christ:

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? As it is written: For thy sake we are put to death all the day long. We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. But in all these things we overcome because of him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor Angel, nor princi-

palities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. VIII, 35-39.)

Towards the end of her life the bride is assaulted by such transports of divine love as well nigh might encompass her death. The heavenly bridegroom keeps telling her:

Verse 14. "Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the friends hearken." The friends, that is to say, all the blessed angels and saints are attentive to our intercourse of mutual love.

"Make me hear thy voice." I am never tired of hearing your sighs of love. Do give some vent to the fervor of your soul; pour it out in speech: it would hurt you to keep it in.

But the poor languishing soul does not want to get well, fears nothing so much as to be left still longer here on earth; and yet she dares not ask in so many words for her death. So she puts it in this enigmatical language, feeling quite sure his Heart will understand. She says:

Verse 15. "Flee away, O my beloved." Yes, go back to paradise, the home of thy glory, but not alone; ah! not alone: take me there with thee! Let us both together be "like to the roe, and to the young hart upon the mountain of aromatical spices."

The mountain of aromatical spices is the most Holy Trinity and its infinite perfections as revealed in the splendor of the beatific vision. The roe stands here for all the blessed angelic natures; the young hart does duty for all the orders of the Saints from both the Old and the New Testament. And thus this entrancing book of the Canticles closes upon a glimpse of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

D. S. L.

VIII.

THE AMERICAN CROW

THE Crow family (*Corvus brachyrhynchus*) is a large and important group of song-birds, comprising such familiar birds as ravens, crows, rooks, jackdaws, magpies, jays and choughs.

The largest member of the family is the raven, that glossy black bird so familiar in northern Europe, Asia, and America. This bird is now practically exterminated in eastern United States. The plumage is glossy black with violet and greenish reflections; the feathers of the chin and throat are long, narrow, stiff and lance-shaped, and lie loose from each other, giving the appearance of an unruly beard. This bird is proverbially long-lived, and has been known to attain the age of one hundred years. It is a very interesting species on account of its habits, and its historical, economical and superstitious relations; it was considered a bird of ill-omen by the ancients, and was one whose movements were watched by augurs with great attention. It is particularly fond of flesh, which makes it a useful scavenger. The birds are usually seen alone or in pairs, except when drawn together by a large carcass in the field or on the shore; the flight is at times very high, enabling them to see to a great distance, and to watch for and follow any companions which have chanced to spy their favorite food. On the ground the bird walks, in a grave and dignified manner, with frequent opening of the wings. It is easily domesticated by kindness, and becomes much attached to its master, following him like a dog; it can be made to imitate the human voice and to pronounce a few words with great distinctness.

The White-necked Raven of the southwestern part of the United States is about the size of the crow and is generally taken for one in those regions where it occurs with the raven. The throat feathers of this bird are white at the base, whence the name.

The common European crow is the Carrion Crow, which not only devours dead flesh of all kinds, but does not hesitate to attack young hares, birds and eggs, mollusks, grubs, grains. It often destroys young lambs and sickly sheep. Its cry is a harsh croak, quite different from the bark-like cawing of the American bird. This bird is very easily tamed, and can be taught to talk. The Hooded Crow is generally found in different localities from the

Carrion Crow, and, when existing in the same district, the species keep separate. This bird has head, foreneck, wings and tail of a black color, the rest of the plumage is ash-gray. It is somewhat smaller than the common crow.

The Fish Crow is an American bird, particularly abundant in the southern States in maritime localities. Its favorite food being fish, which it catches for itself, it is not persecuted as is the common species. At early dawn the flock takes wing for the seashore in a very noisy manner; they skim along the shallows, flats and marshes in search of small fish, which they catch alive in their claws, retiring to a tree or stone to devour them. This species will feed on garbage, crabs, eggs, young birds, fruit; a fish crow will not hesitate to attack a small gull and force it to yield up a recently caught fish. Audubon says the bird's note is a *ha*, frequently repeated.

The Rook is another well-known European member of the Crow family; it is said to occur in Japan. Rooks live in society all the year round, building their nests, seeking food, and roosting in great flocks; their resorts, called rookeries, are often very extensive, one near Edinburgh in 1847 containing 2,660 nests and about 30,000 inhabitants of all ages. The nests are made on trees, often in the midst of populous towns, and the same are used year after year; they are fond of the groves of old family mansions, where they are protected by the owners, who are proud of an antiquity certified by the rooks. They are very early risers, going in search of worms in the fields or of garbage in the streets; though it devours grain both in seedtime and in harvest, it much more than repays the farmer by the destruction of insects injurious to vegetation, particularly the larvae of the cockchafer. When feeding in open fields, a sentinel is placed aloft somewhere to sound the alarm should danger approach. The cry of the rook resembles the sound *khraa*, and is monotonous and harsh when heard from a single individual, but is not unpleasant from a flock at a distance. Great numbers of the newly fledged nestlings are annually shot, being considered by many in England savory constituents of a meat pie; the quills are sometimes used as pens.

The Jackdaw is smaller than a crow, resembling a large grackle. It is a glossy black, with silvery-gray head and neck. Occasionally individuals are found variegated with white. It is a very active, playful, impertinent and talkative bird, altogether the most agreeable and sociable of the crows. It builds about ruined towers, steeples and retreats in high rocks, and is often found in the heart of large cities. It is noted for its pilfering habits, being particularly fond of shining objects, such as money, jewels and glass. In

"The Jackdaw of Rheims," Richard Harris Barham has given a most faithful picture of the bird's characteristics:

"In and out
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;

Here and there
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
He perch'd on the chair

Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;

And he peer'd in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,

With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
'We two are the greatest folks here to-day!'"

The Nutcrackers are small crows about the size of jays. The European birds are rare in Great Britain, but are common in the woods of the mountainous parts of Europe and Asia, especially in Switzerland and in Russia. The general color is brownish, marked with oblong white dashes margined with dark brown at the end, the spots being largest on the lower parts; the tips of the tail feathers are white. They eat insects, which they obtain from trees in the manner of woodpeckers; they are named from their method of breaking nut-shells by repeated strokes of the bill. Clarke's Crow, a gray bird with glossy black wings and a white tail, is a nutcracker, found in western North America. It is a remarkable bird, wild, restless and noisy, sometimes congregating by thousands in the pineries of the West, roving in search of food. It breeds in pines in mountainous localities.

The Blue Crow of the Rocky Mountains is a dull blue, brightest on the head and fading on belly; the throat has whitish streaks. It combines the form of a crow with the color and habits of a jay. Its habits are much like those of the American nutcracker.

The American Crow was first separated from the European species by Audubon; previous to that time the two birds had been considered identically alike. But they are distinct, the European being a larger bird and having special differences in beak, feathers, palate, tongue, and so on. *Corvus* is the Latin word for *crow*; *brachyrhynchus* is a combination of two Greek words and means "short beak." The English name of the bird is probably imitative of the bird's note.

The crow is the "oldest inhabitant" of the Middle West, for he

has outlived the Indian, the wolf, the prairie chicken, the wild turkey and all the many wild creatures that were so numerous years ago. Crows are found all over North America, from the fur countries to Mexico and on both coasts. They are rare or wanting in the upper Missouri and southern Rocky Mountains; wherever in the West the raven abounds the crow seems supplanted. The two birds have perhaps agreed to keep off each other's territory. Crows breed throughout their range and are usually resident birds.

They may be seen everywhere, but oftenest in the tops of trees, especially pines and evergreens, where they have a good outlook over the surrounding country. They inhabit the orchards and gardens, meadows and fields, where they are seen feeding on the ground. They are said to have a fondness for salt water and are particularly abundant on both coasts.

They sleep in great flocks in a clump of trees called the "crows' roost"; sometimes thousands will sleep in this one bedroom. Dr. Coues says, "In settled parts of the country the crow tends to colonize, and some of its 'roosts' are of vast extent." The birds collect at nightfall in a field or a tree near the rosts, but until the general movement begins after sunset, not a bird will enter the sleeping tree, no matter how tired he may be. When approaching the roost they do not fly in large flocks, but in long lines single file, each newcomer falling into line. "[My roost] is on the Virginia side of the Potomac, near Washington. Crows are always flying west over the city in the afternoon, and when as a boy I used to see the gray of the morning, crows were flying the other way. It is doubtless the same now; but I oftener hear midnight migrants than see such 'early birds' these days."—Dr. Coues.

(November 25, 1860)—"I see a very great collection of crows far and wide, on the meadows, evidently gathered by this cold and blustering weather. Probably the moist meadows where they feed are frozen up against them. They flit before me in countless numbers, flying very low on account of the strong northwest wind that comes over the hill, and a cold gleam is reflected from the back and wings of each, as from a weather-stained shingle. Some perch within three or four rods of me, and seem weary. I see where they have been pecking the apples of the meadow-side—an immense cohort of cawing crows which sudden winter has driven near to the habitations of man. When I return after sunset, I see them collecting, and hovering over and settling in the dense pine woods, as if about to roost there."—Henry David Thoreau.

Crows are resident birds, but they journey about the country during winter seeking a place where food is plentiful. After the

breeding season they assemble in large flocks, many of which remove to the southern States for the winter.

(March 1, 1854)—“Crows have not been numerous this winter, but their cawing was heard, chiefly in the pleasanter mornings.”—Henry David Thoreau.

(December 27, 1853)—“The crows come nearer to the houses, alight on trees by the roadside, apparently being put to it for food. . . . The snow drives the crows and other birds out of the woods to the villages for food.”—Henry David Thoreau.

“As black as a crow” describes the bird perfectly. Only a rich velvety black and compact plumage could shine with such purplish reflections; it sheds high-lights like patent leather. The under parts are jet-black, but are less glossy than the burnished upper parts. Both sexes look alike.

The bill is stout, about as long as the head, and tapers to a sharp point generally notched. There are a few stiff bristles about the base of the beak and the corners of the mouth, and the nostrils are covered with large, long tufts of close-pressed bristle feathers. It is solid black in color.

The legs and feet are large and stout and equally fitted for walking and perching. They are covered with scaly black skin. The crows walk easily and gracefully on the ground, but when he wishes he can hop like a sparrow or other small bird—this is usually when he is excited and forgets his dignity.

The tail is rather short and rounded, the feathers being somewhat acute. The length from beak to tail is eighteen inches.

The wings are long and pointed and give a steady and equable flight. He flaps leisurely along, caring nothing for anyone's opinion of him and asking only to be allowed to go in peace. But the flight of the crow is swift at times and is capable of being sustained a long time and at a great height. In the air the bird travels directly forward toward his destination, hence the expression “as the crow flies” for a straight line; it is usually performed by regular flaps of fully extended wings, frequently relieved by sailing.

The female is slightly less glossy than the male, and the young are of a dull brownish black, with less brilliant reflections. The young have blue eyes, strange to say, that become brown like that of the old bird as they grow older. Occasionally a pure white crow is found.

Crows eat almost all kinds of food, though grubs and insects form their main diet in the summer. The bird's love for corn has made him many enemies among farmers; it is true he does not hesitate to help himself to the young tender shoots, but at the same time he destroys millions of cutworms and insects that would take many times as much corn as he does. He destroys innumer-

able mice, moles and other small quadrupeds; snakes, frogs, lizards and other small reptiles; and if hard pressed will eat carrion. He does steal and devour the eggs of other birds, and will occasionally prey upon a weak or wounded bird, or rob the farmer of a young chicken or turkey. These are his worst food habits. Crows are sometimes seen to fly up in the air with clams or mussels in their claws and drop them on the rocks to break the shells. They often, like cowbirds, alight on the backs of cattle to pick vermin from their hair.

Thoreau made the following notes on the contents of a crow's stomach: "A mass of frozen-thawed apple pulp and skin, with a good many pieces of skunk-cabbage berries, a quarter of an inch or less in diameter, and commonly showing the pale brown or blackish outside, interspersed, looking like bits of acorns, never a whole or even a half a berry, and two little bones as of frogs, or mice, or tadpoles. Also a street pebble, a quarter of an inch in diameter, hard to be distinguished in appearance from the cabbage seeds."

The crow has many faults—more probably than any other one bird; but, on the other hand, he has many virtues and should not be too hastily condemned to destruction. Were it not for him many acres of corn which escape him in the spring would later be destroyed by insects and small animals. They do often cause great damage to crops, particularly if the field is near their nesting-place, but even so, it would be unwise to exterminate them altogether. And not every time a crow goes into a cornfield is he there to root up corn; more often he is looking for grubs and worms. There is a story told of some farmers in the West who made war on the crows and finally drove them all away. Then the foolish men found that the insects began to multiply enormously and ate all the corn and even damaged the grass and grain. At last one farmer saw that the insects were increasing so rapidly because their natural enemies were gone; he had some crows brought in and let them work in his fields undisturbed. The birds soon made short work of the corn-eating grubs and were always popular in that territory after that.

Weed and Dearborn report that out of nearly 1,000 crow-stomachs examined, it was found that corn in milk formed only 3 per cent. of the total food, most of the corn eaten was waste grain, that the destruction of fruit and eggs was trivial, while many noxious insects and mice were eaten. Therefore a verdict in favor of the crow was rendered, since, on the whole, the bird seemed to do more good than harm.

Audubon says to the farmers: "I would tell them that if they

persist in killing crows, the best season for doing so is when their corn begins to ripen." Whether he recommends this because it is then the crow eats more grain, or because by this time the young are able to care for themselves and the farmer will not then be destroying the bird in quantities, he does not explain.

The crow is the self-appointed sentinel on the farm for the duty of driving the hawk away. He will pursue the thievish hawk great distances, and even the eagle, with all the forces he can raise in the neighborhood. He delights to worry the owl, the opossum and the raccoon; perhaps all this on the principle that it is good policy to "set a thief to catch a thief." He is one of the most unfortunate of birds; he is hunted with guns and persecuted in every way until only his great cunning and sagacity enable him to exist at all. Like the mischievous boy in school, every wrongdoing is laid at his door, because of his bad habit of thieving. In reality, he confers many benefits on mankind.

"Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail."

—Henry W. Longfellow ("The Birds of Killingworth")

In former times, crow-quills were used in writing; one made a very fine, delicate pen, so the name is now applied to a very small fine steel pen. Lord Byron, in "Don Juan," refers to such a pen:

"This note was written upon gilt-edged paper,
With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new."

Early in May the birds pair—Nuttall thinks they remain mated through life—and begin the nest building. The nest varies in size, but is always very bulky and roughly made of sticks, leaves, grass, sod, mud, moss, grape-vines, cedar-bark, horsehair and any other material that happens to be at hand. It is placed high up in the tree, and is usually in woods, though sometimes nests are found along hedges and by fields. Thick swamps are favorite spots. Usually there is some attempt at concealing the nest, no matter how bulky it be. Several nests are often found near each other, and when any stranger approaches the community the noise of the assembled multitude is almost deafening until the intruder retires.

The eggs are pale bluish-green or nearly white, with light brown markings, and, like those of the quail, are arranged in a circle with points toward the centre of the nest. They number from four to seven, and measure 1.65 to 1.15 inches. Both parents sit on the eggs in turn, and they watch over the young with tender care; in the southern States two broods are raised in a season.

The young, when just about to leave the nest, are considered in some localities tolerable food; that of the old, however, is unbearable, giving rise to the political taunt, "eating crow."

The crow family is classed with the song-birds, though the different members of the family are talkers rather than singers. Perhaps the comparison, "As hoarse as a crow," explains the lack of singing voice; it may be that once upon a time some ancestor sang himself hoarse and forever after bequeathed the affliction to his descendants. Although the notes uttered by crows are harsh and unmusical, their vocal muscles are highly developed, and their inability to sing must be a matter of ear rather than of voice.

His one natural word is his well-known "caw." This one syllable, however, has so many modulations and is expressed in so many different tones of voice that the crow seems to have a large vocabulary. When talking to members of the family, the bird's voice is rather soft and pleasant; sometimes a small flock will mutter away in a chatty sort of way; the flock note is a harsh, business-like ejaculation; the war-cry is terrifying, so much rage can it express. When great flocks of crows are seen flapping along together, the country people say, "They are going to a crow caucus!" By a slight operation on the tongue crows are often made able to speak a few words in a harsh, unpleasing tone much resembling their "caw."

"What a perfect New England sound is this voice of the crow! If you stand perfectly still anywhere in the outskirts of the town and listen, stilling the almost incessant hum of your personal factory, this is perhaps the sound which you will be most sure to hear, rising above all sounds of human industry and leading your thoughts to some far bay in the woods, where the crow is venting his disgust. This bird sees the white man come and Indian withdraw, but it withdraws not. Its untamed voice is still heard above the tinkling of the forge. It sees a race pass away, but it passes not away. It remains to remind us of aboriginal nature."—Henry David Thoreau.

"I hear faintly the cawing of a crow far, far away, echoing from some unseen woodside, as if deadened by the spring-like vapor which the sun is drawing from the ground. It mingles with the slight murmur of the village, the sound of children at play, as one stream empties gently into another, and the wild and tame are one. What a delicious sound! It is not merely crow calling to crow, for it speaks to me, too. I am part of one great creature with him. If he has voice, I have ears. I can hear when he calls, and have engaged not to shoot or stone him, if he will caw to me each spring. On the one hand, it may be, is the sound of children at

school saying their a, b, ab's; on the other, far in the wood-fringed horizon, the cawing of crows from their blessed eternal vacation, out at their long recess, children who have got dismissed, while the vapor, as incense, goes up from all the fields of the spring. Bless the Lord, O my soul, bless Him for wildness, for crows that will not alight within gunshot."—Thoreau.

"There are certain sounds invariably heard in warm and thawing days in winter, such as the crowing of cocks, the cawing of crows, and sometimes the gobbling of turkeys. The crow, flying high, touches the tympanum of the sky for us and reveals the tone of it. What does it avail to look at a thermometer or barometer compared with listening to his note! He informs me that nature is in the tenderest mood possible, and I hear the very flutterings of her heart."—Thoreau.

"But it is affecting to hear them cawing about their ancient seat, which the choppers are laying low."—Thoreau.

A high degree of intelligence is characteristic of this bird, because the crow has the most perfectly developed bird-brain known; some ornithologists place the family highest of all. For his intelligence the bird probably has to thank his persecutors, as in order to save his race from extinction he must employ all his cunning and ingenuity to outwit man, his chief enemy. No bird is more generally persecuted than the crow; every farmer thinks himself privileged to destroy it, and counts the death of every one as a gain to agriculture. Hence the bird's extreme shyness and his complete knowledge of the destructive properties of a gun. It is said that a flock of crows always have a sentinel on guard; perched in a high tree, he sounds the alarm at the approach of danger and all the crows about fly off at the well-known cry of the watchman. Knowing themselves to be outlaws, they take no chances. Thoreau says: "Crows have singularly wild and suspicious ways. You will see a couple of them flying high, as if about their business, but lo, they turn and circle over your head again and again for a mile. And this is their business, as if a mile and an afternoon were nothing for them to throw away; this they do even in the winter when they have no nests to be anxious about."

He is grave and dignified in bearing, but cunning, inquisitive, mischievous and daring; and no other bird, except the English sparrow, is so capable of holding his own. In defense of its young against feathered and furred enemies, the bird is very courageous and will not hesitate to attack any marauding hawk which comes within its range. But when caught robbing a feathered neighbor, he skulks guiltily off and usually the offended neighbor is in close pursuit, particularly if it be a kingbird. "It is evidence enough

against crows, hawks and owls, proving their propensity to rob birds' nests of eggs and young, that smaller birds pursue them so often. You do not need the testimony of so many farmers' boys when you can see and hear the small birds daily crying, 'Thief and murderer,' after their spoilers. What does it signify, the kingbird, blackbird, swallow, etc., pursuing a crow? They say plainly enough, 'I know you of old, you villain; you want to devour my eggs or young. I have often caught you at it, and I'll publish you now.' And probably the crow, pursuing the fish-hawk and eagle, proves that the latter sometimes devour their young."—Henry David Thoreau.

These wise birds soon lose all fear of a scarecrow, and have been known to eat all the corn near one and not touch a kernel in the rest of the field. Such intelligence and originality make the bird an interesting pet when tamed.

On returning to the nest they always follow the same route and have observation points on the way on which they alight and look in all directions before approaching the nest.

It takes some time for baby crows to develop, and they are kept in the nursery for several weeks. Just before taking their first flight out into the world they exercise their wings by flapping them a good deal. The children are well trained by their parents in the art of taking care of themselves.

"The approach of spring is also indicated by the crows and buzzards, which rapidly multiply in the environs of the city and grow bold and demonstrative. The crows are abundant here all winter, but are not very noticeable except as they pass high in air to and from their winter quarters in the Virginia woods. Early in the morning, as soon as it is light enough to discern them, there they are, streaming eastward across the sky, now in loose, scattered flocks, now in thick, dense masses, then singly and in pairs or triplets but all setting in one direction, probably to the waters of eastern Maryland. Toward night they begin to return, flying in the same manner, and directing their course to the wooded heights on the Potomac, west of the city. In spring these diurnal mass movements cease; the clan breaks up, the rookery is abandoned and the birds scattered broadcast over the land. This seems to be the course everywhere pursued. One would think that, when food was scarcest, the policy of separating into small bands or pairs, and dispersing over a wide country, would prevail, as a few might subsist where a larger number would starve. The truth is, however, that in winter food can be had only in certain clearly defined districts and tracts, as along rivers and the shores of bays and lakes. A few miles north of Newburg, on the Hudson, the crows go into

winter quarters in the same manner, flying south in the morning and returning again at night, sometimes hugging the hills so close during a strong wind as to expose themselves to the clubs and stones of schoolboys ambushed behind trees and fences. The belated ones, that come laboring along just at dusk, are often so overcome by the long journey and the strong current, that they seem almost on the point of sinking down whenever the wind or a rise in the ground calls upon them for an extra effort."—John Burroughs ("Spring at the Capital").

"It is estimated that a crow needs at least half a pound of meat per day; but it is evident that for weeks and months during the winter and spring they must subsist on a mere fraction of this amount. I have no doubt a crow or hawk, when in their fall condition (with the body completely encased in a coating of thick fat), would live two weeks without a morsel of food passing their beaks; a domestic fowl will do as much."—John Burroughs.

"Such a winter as was that of 1880-81—deep snows and zero weather for nearly three months—proves especially trying to the wild creatures that attempt to face it. . . . During the season referred to, crows appeared to have little else than frozen apples for many weeks; they hung about the orchards as a last resort, and, after scouring the desolate landscape over, would return to their cider with resignation, but not with cheerful alacrity. They grew very bold at times and ventured quite under my porch and filched the bones that Lark, my dog, had left. I put out some corn on the wall near by, and discovered that crows will not eat corn in the winter, except as they can break up the kernels. It is too hard for their gizzards to grind. Then the crow, not being properly a granivorous bird, but a carnivorous, has not the digestive, or rather the pulverizing power of the domestic fowls. The difficulty also during such a season of coming at the soil and obtaining gravel-stones, which, in such cases, are really the mill-stones, may also have something to do with it. Corn that has been planted and has sprouted, crows will swallow readily enough, because it is then soft and is easily ground. My impression has always been that in spring and summer they will also pick up any chance kernels the planters may have dropped. But as I observed them the past winter, they always held the kernel under one foot upon the wall, and picked it to pieces before devouring it."—John Burroughs.

"For a few years I had crows, but their nests are an irresistible bait for boys and their settlement was broken up. They grew so wonted as to throw off a great part of their shyness and to tolerate my near approach. One very hot day, I stood for some time within twenty feet of a mother and three children, who sat on an elm

bough over my head, gasping in the sultry air, and holding their wings half spread for coolness. All birds during the pairing season become more or less sentimental, and murmur soft nothings in a tone very unlike the grinding-organ repetition and loudness of their habitual song. The crow is very comical as a lover, and to hear him trying to soften his croak to the proper Saint Preaux standard has something the effect of a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson. Yet there are few things to my ear more melodious than his caw of a clear winter morning as it drops to you filtered through five hundred fathoms of crisp blue air. The hostility of all smaller birds makes the moral character of the crow, for all his deacon-like demeanor and garb, somewhat questionable. He could never sally forth without insult. The golden robins, especially, would chase him as far as I could follow with my eye, making him duck clumsily to avoid their importunate bills. I do not believe, however, that he robbed any nests hereabouts, for the refuse of the gas-works, which, in our free-and-easy community is allowed to poison the river supplied him with dead alewives in abundance. I used to watch him making his periodical visits to the salt marshes, and coming back with a fish in his beak to his young savages, who, no doubt, like it in that condition, which makes it savory to the Kanakas and other corvine races of men."—Lowell.

"This is perhaps the most generally known, and least beloved, of all our land birds; having neither melody of song, nor beauty of plumage, nor excellence of flesh, nor civility of manners to recommend him; on the contrary, he is branded as a thief, a plunderer—a kind of black-coated vagabond, who hovers over the fields of the industrious, falling on their labors, and by his voracity often blasting their expectations. Hated as he is by the farmer, watched and persecuted by almost every bearer of a gun, who all triumph in his destruction, had not heaven bestowed upon him intelligence and sagacity far beyond common, there is no reason to believe that the whole tribe (in these parts at least) would long ago have ceased to exist."—Alexander Wilson.

"At Pittsburgh, I saw a pair of crows perfectly white, in the possession of the owner of the museum there, who assured me that five which were found in the same nest were of the same color."—Audubon.

"A very worthy gentleman now (1811) living in the Genesee country, but who at the time alluded to resided on the Delaware, a few miles from Easton, had raised a crow with whose tricks and society he used frequently to amuse himself. This crow lived long in the family; but at length disappeared, having, as was then sup-

posed, been shot by some vagrant gunner or destroyed by accident. About four months after this, as the gentleman, one morning in company with several others, was standing on the river shore, a number of crows happening to pass by, one of them left the flocks, and flying directly towards the company, alighted on the gentleman's shoulder and began to gabble away with great volubility, as one long-absent friend naturally enough does on meeting with another. On recovering his surprise, the gentleman instantly recognized his old acquaintance, and endeavored, by several civil but sly manœuvres, to lay hold of him; but the crow, not altogether relishing quite so much familiarity, having now had a taste of the sweets of liberty, cautiously eluded all his attempts, and suddenly glancing his eye on his distant companions, mounted in the air after them, soon overtook and mingled with them, and was never afterwards seen again."—Alexander Wilson.

A pet crow that was troubled with parasites would stand on an ant-hill and allow the ants to rid him of the pests.

One crow has been seen fishing through cracks in the ice when other food was scarce.

A young crow did not care to join the flying lesson with his brothers and sisters, and, thinking he would not be noticed, he did not go with them. But his mother's watchful eye was on him. She came back, flew at her naughty child and knocked him off his perch, and the next time she called he flew with the others.

Two crows that had been caught and kept in a cage out of doors seemed to eat a great deal. Some one watched them, and found that they were giving some of their food through the bars to their hungry friends outside.

One crow liked to get out in the yard when the clothes were hung out. He would walk along the line and pull out every clothespin, carrying each one to the roof and putting it safely away in a little secret place he had discovered. When scolded for his mischief he would fly to the roof and throw every pin down to the ground.

One pet crow liked to ride about on the gardener's hat. The same crow delighted in teasing a puppy that had a long black tail tipped with white. He would fly down and give the hairs a nip, and by the time the puppy turned around he was up in a tree. Soon as the dog moved on the same performance would be repeated. Sometimes he would steal the puppy's bone before he flew back to the tree.

"A man in Brighton says that he built a bower near a dead horse, and placed himself within, to shoot crows. One crow took his station as sentinel on the top of a tree, and thirty or forty alighted

upon the horse. He fired and killed seven or eight. But the rest, instead of minding him, immediately flew to their sentinel and pecked him to pieces before his eyes. Also Mr. Joseph Clark says that as he was going along the road, he cast a stick over the wall and hit some crows in a field, whereupon they flew directly at their sentinel on an apple tree and buffeted him away to the woods as far as he could see."—Henry David Thoreau.

A Tyrolean folk tale informs us that crows were once "beautiful birds with plumage white as snow, which they kept clean by constant washing in a certain stream." It happened, once upon a time, that the Holy Child, desiring to drink, came to this stream, but the crows prevented Him by splashing about and befouling the water. Whereupon He said: "Thou ungrateful birds! Proud you may be of your beauty, but your feathers, now so white, shall become black and remain so until the judgment day!" And in consequence of their uncharitable action, the crows have continued black ever since.

Through association with the crow or some of its personal belongings, many objects have received their names. The crowfoot, or buttercup, is so called in allusion to the foot-like lobes of the leaves of some species. Several plants which are found in the bird's favorite haunts are nicknamed from that fact, such as crow-victuals (ground ivy), crow soap (soapwort), crow garlic, crow pea, and so on. In England the top stone of a gable end of a building is called the "crow stone," because apt to be frequented by the bird. A box or perch near the top of a mast, built for the man on the lookout, is called "crow's nest" by the sailors, from its resemblance to a crow's nest built high in a tree.

The flight of crows is the cause of many sayings in different parts of the United States. Here are a few:

"When crows fly high it will be fine weather; when low, bad weather."—Missouri.

"Crows fighting and tumbling over each other indicates stormy weather."—Missouri.

"The first crow you see in the new year indicates, by the length of its flight, the distance you will travel that year. If at rest, it means no journey; if it flies out of sight, a long journey is foretold."—Maine and Massachusetts.

"Notice the way the crows fly to-day; to-morrow the wind will blow from the direction toward which they are now flying. If during a rainstorm a crow fly past without caws, it is a sign that the rain will soon be over."—New England.

"Crows assembling in large numbers on trees foretells a decided change of weather."—Brookline, Mass.

Their color, their hoarse notes, their slyly intelligent habits of self-protection, have made the crow and its immediate allies ill-omened birds. Ovid calls the crow "sinister"; Browning calls it "morose"; Whittier refers to it as "robber-crow" and "sombre"; Thoreau addresses the bird as "Thou dusky spirit of the wood." Kahgahgee, the raven, is one of Hiawatha's special enemies.

Crows are often introduced into a description of an autumn or winter landscape to add to the feeling of desolation:

On the other hand, their connection with Christ's teachings has cast a mantle of charity over "even the blackest of them all"; and Shakespeare mentions the old legend of ravens' fostering forlorn children at the expense of their own. And the resemblance of its call to *haw-haw* gives it the reputation of being a jolly bird.

"On the limb of an oak sat a jolly old crow,
And chatted away with glee—with glee;
As he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
And he cried—"It is all for me—for me!"

—J. G. W. ("The Old Crow")

"And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away."

—John G. Whittier ("The Corn Song")

"Against the sunset purple-barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by."

—John G. Whittier ("Red Riding Hood")

"the century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died,
Among their branches."

—William C. Bryant ("A Forest Hymn")

"The single crow a single caw lets fall."

—James R. Lowell ("An Indian Summer Reverie")

"With now and then a croak
As, on his flapping wing, the crow
O'er-passes, heavily and slow."

—Alfred B. Street ("The Caliikoon in August")

"This solemn and sable-garbed creature
Makes hoppers his favorite meal. Sure,
A dozen or two
Without any ado,
He'll gulp without changing a feature."

—Anon. ("The Crow")

"The crow goes road-winged to his rest."

—Anon. ("Spring's Messengers")

"Hues protective are not thine,
So sleek thy coat each quill doth shine,
Diamond black to end of toe,
Thy counterpoint the crystal snow."

—John Burroughs ("The Crow")

"James, didst thou ever see a carrion crow
Stand watching a sick beast before he dies?"

—Alfred Tennyson ("Queen Mary")

"Like voices of distress and pain
That haunt the thoughts of men insane,
The fateful cawings of the crow."

—Henry W. Longfellow ("Tales of a Wayside Inn")

"The state of anxiety, I may say of terror, in which he is constantly kept, would be enough to spoil the temper of any creature."—John James Audubon.

WINIFRED WILBUR.

Duluth, Minn.

IX.

DREAMS.

MAN is essentially a dreamer, wakened sometimes for a moment by some peculiarly obtrusive element in the outer world, but lapsing again quickly into the happy somnolence of imagination. Freud has shown how largely our dreams at night are the pictured fulfillment of our wishes; but he might, with an equal measure of truth, have said the same about the day-dreams which we call beliefs.

It is in vain that one patiently explains that an effect must be proportionate to its cause, that thistles do not produce figs, that two and two, however manipulated, can only make four, that you cannot by any possibility get out of a bag what is not already there. The superstitious do not care what you say. They cling to such silly beliefs as that the lines in their hands, which have their adequate cause in the flesh-and-bone structure beneath, are really an anticipatory effect of their coming destiny, or that things actually non-existent, future events for instance, can be seen in a crystal globe or candle flame. And the worst of it is that the spread of education and the growth of scientific habits of mind cannot apparently destroy these foolish notions. Poetic fancies do no harm. But the fortunetellers, whose sandwich-board advertisements jostle each other in the fashionable streets of London, draw their votaries from what are called the cultured classes, which shows that intellectual refinement and material civilization are not specifics against folly. There is, therefore, no justification for coupling together religion and superstition as if one were the natural and necessary cause of the other. Real religion is as free from superstition as is true science, and false science is as prolific of irrational hopes and fears as any perversion of the religious instinct. In fact, all history seems to show that so far from religious unbelief being a warrant of intellectual soundness, it exposes men to much more childish delusions. Credulity fills the vacuum left by faith, and Providence is dethroned only to make room for a malignant fate.

Psychologists and physiologists alike have approached the subject from their respective points of view, and sought to explain the phenomena of dreaming as natural events. The first germs of a scientific theory of dreams are to be found in antiquity. Thus Democritus, from whom the Epicureans derived their theory, held that dreams are the product of the simulacra or phantasms of cor-

poreal objects which are constantly floating in the atmosphere, and which attack the soul during repose. Again, Plato speaks in the "Republic" of dreaming as illustrating the dominant mental impulses and habits of the individual (unchecked appetite, and temperance with intellectual pursuits), and thus connects it with the normal waking operations of feeling and thought. Aristotle in his short treatise on dreams refers dreaming to the action of objects of outward sense which leave behind impressions on the soul and bodily frame. Dreaming is said to be the function of the sensitive part of the mind, but of this so far as fantastic; and a dream is defined as "the phantasm arising from the motion of sensible perceptions when it presents itself to him who is asleep." Aristotle further has some correct observations on the immediate bodily conditions of dreaming, and on the exaggeration of sensation in this condition of mind. Thus, he says, we fancy it thunders and lightens when a small sound is produced in our ears; we imagine that we are eating honey in consequence of a defluxion of the least quantity of phlegm. In the "De Divinatione" of Cicero we have almost an unique instance among classic writings of a complete rejection of the doctrine of the supernatural origin of dreams, and of a full and consistent adoption of the natural method of explaining the phenomena. Cicero's position stands in marked contrast to that of partial skeptics, as Pliny.

Dreams are a variety of a large class of mental phenomena which may be roughly defined as states of mind which, though not the result of the action of external objects, resume the form of objective perceptions. To this class, says Sully, belong "the fleeting images which occasionally present themselves during waking hours, and especially before sleep, the 'visions' which occur in certain exalted emotional conditions, as in religious ecstasy, the hallucinations of the insane, the mental phenomena observable in certain artificially produced states (hypnotism), etc. These and other mental conditions resemble one another in many important respects, to be spoken of by and by. At the same time they are roughly marked off by certain special circumstances. Thus, dreaming may be distinguished from the other species of the class as depending on the most complete withdrawal of the mind from the external world. All products of the imagination which take the aspect of objective perceptions must, it is clear, involve a partial aberration of the intellectual processes. Yet in all cases except that of dreaming—including even somnambulism—the mind preserves certain limited relations to external objects. In dreams, on the contrary, the exclusion of the external world from consciousness is for the most part complete." Sleep has under normal circumstances the effect both of closing the sensory nerves by which external impressions are conveyed to consciousness, and of

cutting off from the mind that mechanism (the voluntary motor nerves and muscles) through which it maintains and regulates its varying relations to the outer world. Again, dreams have certain constant or approximately constant features, while in other respects they manifest wide diversity. Among the most general characteristics is to be named the apparent objectivity of dream experience. The presence of this objective element in dreams is clearly indicated in their familiar appellation, "visions," which also points to the well recognized fact that a large part of our dream-imagination simulates the form of *visual* perception.

In the first place it seems almost necessary, before we can get any clear idea of what happens when we dream, that we should try to clear up our notions as to what happens when we sleep. What does going to sleep mean? It is not easily answered. But even before answering this question we are met by the question whether we dream all the while that we are sleeping. It is a question that the learned have answered very variously, so much so that their answers seem fairly to balance each other, and we are left with a tolerably open sheet on which to set our own convictions down. There are those who hold that we only dream at the very moment of awaking, but though it is certain that dreams make such mince-meat of time and space that we can dream of events extending over hours and miles in a few seconds, it is no less certain that the mind is often hard at work during sleep—we speak, we move, laugh and so on—long before the moment for waking. "If this is to be called a dream," says Professor Hutchison, "and certainly it is common use of the term, making it equivalent with any operation of the mind during sleep (no matter how completely the sleeper forgets it when he wakes up) then it is obviously certain that dreaming is not confined to the moment of waking. On the other hand, if by dream we are to mean only an operation of the mind during sleep of which the dreamer is conscious when he awakes, then the problem remains unanswered; although it is to be said that most people, on being suddenly awakened, awake invariably to find that the sudden waking has broken off a dream, and this seems to make it very probable indeed that the mind is unconsciously active all the while that we sleep, but that it is comparatively seldom that a memory of its activity remains with us when we awake. When we awake gradually, in a normal manner, it is likely that as we regain full use of our sensory apparatus the impressions it conveys to us gradually efface those feeble ones that have come to us during sleep, and so we forget the latter. In case of a sudden awakening, memory and attention become active before any awakening sensory impressions have intervened to obliterate the impressions made in sleep."

Dreams, however, frequently resemble the separate scenes or acts of a play rather than a perfectly continuous narrative and, just as a drama may cover fifty years in three hours, a dream may only last for a night and yet, without any real disturbance of the sense of time, represent a lifetime. The more usual inference would be that the dream really lasted longer than it seemed. It is comparatively rare for dreaming to appear greatly protracted and very often it is composed of one incident—a snapshot, as it were. Since it is usually impossible to say whether the dream really persisted throughout sleep or occurred during the last second there remains no means of estimating its actual duration except the impression of time made upon the mind. The natural impulse, doubtless, is to regard dreams as lasting as long as they appear to last. In studying dreams there is the additional tendency to regard the whole period of sleep as the actual period of dreaming.

It is easier to believe a creed or to practice an art than to define it; and if actions speak louder than words, it is partly because men's actions are, with the possible exception of the politician's, more adequate and effective than their explanations. Few people could give a lucid account of the motives and aims which determine their lives, and the artist and author are no exceptions to the rule. He seeks to express himself, but leaves it to the expression to indicate what that self is.

Let us try to imagine the mind a two-storied house, one room in each, and communicating by a trap-door. In the top story, called consciousness, resided those powers of thought and feeling that were wholly under their control. In the lower story there resided sub-consciousness: those faculties which could not altogether be controlled, such as the imagination, etc. Roughly, then, men's conscious, controllable, reasonable and critical faculties, known as the "objective" faculties, dwelt "upstairs"; and his unconscious, uncontrollable, unreasonable and uncritical faculties, known as the "subjective" faculties, resided "downstairs." Pointing to the relations between the objective and subjective faculties, the speaker went on to explain that they were separate, yet not wholly separate. In some instances they could use the sub-conscious faculties deliberately; for instance, he said: "If I close my eyes, and stop my ears, I can make a mental image of the South Pole, or remember after a while something I cannot now remember—what I had for lunch. Or, again, I can give the lower story a suggestion—begin to form a habit; wave my hand, and go on doing it." They might say that there was a trap-door between the stories, which was sometimes open and sometimes shut.

Applying this theory to the phenomena, dreams were generated by sub-consciousness. A person thought how nice it would be to

fly, and feared to commit murder. That person went to sleep, or rather his top story did. What happened? Sub-consciousness was left awake, and had a royal time while stern reason was asleep. The cat was away, and so all the suggestions the dreamer had sent down by hope or fear ran riot, and in doing so did not appear absurd.

A dreamer, then, was one who slept only "upstairs." Telepathy was the power of sending or receiving sense-images. It had nothing to do with reason or criticism; it was a will-impulse. This the speaker showed by references to the objective and subjective "stories," when the top-memory was asleep or lulled the lower acted. And very old folk suffering from senile decay forgot where they were, or thought the dead were living: could not remember yesterday's happenings, yet clearly recollected the pattern of a frock worn in childhood's days. All this threw an interesting light on character. Roughly, there were two types of character, namely, the practical and the imaginative. A good business man was a "top-story" man. The centre gravity lay there, and the trap-door was almost closed. The poet, on the other hand, was a "lower-story" man. He forgot to brush his hair, dreamed of beauty, was uncritical but perceptive. He thought the business man a fool. Two other types were the madman and the genius. The madman thought himself the Emperor of China. Through some injury his critical faculty was dead. He lived below. The genius was one whose "trap-door" worked easily. He could ascend or descend at will. He was the perfectly balanced man. Instancing Napoleon as belonging to this category, the lecturer recalled how the great Emperor used to dream of his plans for conquering nations. It did not stop at dreams, however. He was a thinker and a man of action, and put his dreams into practical form.

Odd and out-of-the-way events have happened to the dreamer; he has been to strange places and seen strange doings, but waking up, he knows that he is in the same wigwam where he lay down to sleep, and can be convinced by his squaw that he has not moved therefrom all night. Therefore it is the other self, the phantom-soul, which has been away for a time, seeing and taking part in things both new and old. We civilized folk, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes remarks, not rarely find our personality doubled in our dreams, and do battle with ourselves, unconscious that we are our own antagonists. Dr. Johnson dreamed that he had a contest with an opponent and got the worst of it; of course, he found the argument for both! Tartini heard the devil play a wonderful sonata, and lay entranced by the arch-fiend's execution. On waking he seized his violin, and although he could not reproduce the actual succession of notes, he recovered sufficient impressions to compose his celebrated "Devil's Sonata." Obviously the devil was no other than Tartini.

The loss of perception of time is not of course restricted to a dream state, although it is in that condition that it is most constantly and completely exhibited. In minutes, or even hours, of waking reverie, not to speak of the trance and the like abnormal states, we lose all idea of time; and confess as much, more or less consciously, in common talk, when the clock strikes or the dinner bell sounds to arouse us, and we ejaculate: "By Jove, I had no idea it was so late!"

It is more than probable that the whole conception of time, depending on the exercise of the attention, which is an exercise of the reasoning power, scarcely exists among the lowest nations of mankind, and is developed progressively with the development of the reasoning faculty. Evidently a complex state of society, requiring a nice fitting of the various duties of the day, fixed mealtimes and the rest, demands a far closer attention to the occupation of time than is required in the pastoral, nomadic or the hunter state.

Even Aristotle treats the supposition of divine revelation in dreams very considerately when he writes "that there is a divination concerning some things in dreams is not incredible." The Stoics, again, to judge from Cicero's account of their views in his "De Divinatione," reasoned *a priori* that the gods, if they love men and are omniscient as well as all-powerful, will certainly disclose their purposes to man in sleep. Chrysippus, on the same authority, said to have written a volume on the interpretation of dreams as divine portents. Cicero's brother, Quintus, who here defends the orthodox theory of dreams, speaks of a skilled interpretation of dreams which is a true divination, even though, like all other arts in which men have to proceed on conjecture and on artificial rules, it is not infallible. The current views of dreams of classic antiquity are supposed to be to some extent embodied in the *Oneirokritika* of Daldianus Artemidorus, of Ephesus (C. 170). Here the interpretation of dreams is reduced to a body of elaborate rules. To dream of a particular element, as fire, air, etc., of a particular plan, part of the body, and so on, always signifies the same kind of event for the same kind of person. It is the overlooking of the age, social condition, etc., of the dreamer which, in the view of Artemidorus, leads to the abuse of dream-interpretation. He attempts to draw a distinction between *oneiros*, a vision having a real bearing on events, and *enuprion*, a mere dream having no actual significance; but this does not, according to Liddell and Scott, correspond with classical usage. The divine origin of dreams became a doctrine of the Christian Church. It appears in the writings of the fathers, being defended partly on Biblical, partly on classic, authority. Synesius of Cyrene (born 375) has left a treatise on dreams (*peri enuprion*). He puts forward certain psychological hypotheses drawn largely from Plato and Plotinus.

Hippocrates says there are dreams which announce beforehand the affections of the body. This idea has been confirmed by modern observations. It is easy to understand that this prognostic side of dreams was in the early stages of knowledge greatly exaggerated. This appears to be true of the speculations of Galen, who held that to dream one's thigh was turned into stone signified the approaching loss of this member. This belief in the premonitory character of dreams was only one side of a general doctrine of dreams according to which they arise from bodily disturbances, and so may serve as symptoms which the physician has to include in the complete diagnosis of a disease. This idea, which is recognized by modern physiologists as true within certain limits, led in the first crude stages of scientific investigation to exaggerated and fanciful conclusions. Thus a new system of dream interpretation came into vogue according to which to dream of a certain thing always means a disturbance in one particular organ. In the doctrines of Oriental physicians (the Hindus and Chinese) dreams are thus referred to pathological states of the five organs—heart, lungs, kidneys, spleen and liver. Thus, to dream of war and fighting signifies a bad state of the lungs; of fire, smoke, etc., a bad state of the heart, and so on.

It should be clear that it is an error to regard dreams produced by a disturbance that awakes as occurring during sleep or in a mind subject to the characteristic conditions of sleep. They occur explosively during the momentary period in which the mind springs from unconsciousness to its waking realization of the world. The circumstances under which they arise clearly indicate this, and the condition of the mind when dreaming is in complete harmony with this origin. Writers often ignore the feature in dreams of awakening by disturbance because they include them with the larger residue where it cannot be definitely asserted that they occur during the waking moment, and they then regard all dreaming as a phenomenon of sleep. They thus tend to ignore that dreaming is essentially characterized by a *rise* of consciousness and consequently to ignore the implications of this fact. Since the circumstances of the dream through awakening are usually the most completely known, they constitute the most natural form for comparison. These dreams indicate a sudden and explosive rise of consciousness as the character and condition of their origin. Even as regards verses, experience has been far richer and more successful than that of Coleridge, the only product of whose faculty in this direction was the poetical fragment, "Kubla Khan," and there was no scenic dreaming on the occasion, only the verses were thus obtained.

The general opinion of the psychologists appears to be that the deepest sleep is entirely unconscious, and that all our dreams belong

to the gradual return to the waking state. This is not, however, proved by the fact that we seem only to remember dreams which immediately precede waking. For it is a common expression to wake like Nebuchadnezzar, with the firm conviction that we have had a striking dream which we are unable to recall.

The incoherence of dreams is referred by Berger to the lack of adjustment between memory and sensation. In accordance with his opinion that the dreaming mind is relaxed and disinterested he regards this adjustment as imperfect, because the mind is not active enough to demand it. It may be doubted whether incoherence is so marked a distinction between dreams and waking life as many writers regard it. Conversation notoriously tends to the desultory. Eccentricity is another matter and it is important to distinguish it from simple incoherence. Eccentric solutions of inadequately stated problems are natural enough, and if dreams be the hurried affairs that our theory supposes they will naturally tend to the eccentric.

The numerous images which make up the ever-renewed current of a dream appear sometimes to come from the internal depths of the mind itself. In other cases, as even the ancients recognized, they depend on a stimulation of the brain arising from varying conditions of the bodily organs. According to the view that all mental events have their physical accompaniments, the first class of imaginations must also be referred to certain conditions of the brain and nervous system. These various sources of dream-activity are roughly classified by Hartley in his "Observations on Man." Dream-images, he tells us, are deducible from three causes: (1) Impressions and ideas lately received; (2) present state of the body (especially the stomach and the brain); (3) association. The large part played by bodily states in our dream-life is recognized not only by physiologists, as Maury, but also by those who ascribe dreams in part to occult spiritual faculties, as Scherner. By help of the results of recent researches we are able to improve a little on Hartley's classification. The exciting causes of dream-images fall into two main classes: (1) Peripheral and (2) central stimulations.

Dr. Beattie speaks of a man who could be made to dream about a subject by whispering into his ear. Experiments have been made as to the effect of external impressions on dreaming. Thus, by leaving his knee uncovered during sleep, he dreamed he was traveling in a diligence (where knees are apt to get cold). The most elaborate experiments bearing on this point have been carried on by Maury, with the help of an assistant. The latter produces some external stimulation while the experimenter sleeps; he is then wakened up so as to record the dream immediately resulting. By this means important results were reached. When, for example, his lips were

tickled, he dreamed that he was subject to horrible tortures, that pitch plaster was applied to his face and then torn off. Sensations of hearing, smell and taste were also followed by appropriate, though greatly exaggerated images. Wundt thinks that cutaneous sensations, arising from the varying pressure and temperature of the bodily surface, are frequent excitants of dream-images.

Mankind appeared to have two memories, namely, that range within call, or nearly so. This can be illustrated by pointing to the man who in telling a story suddenly paused and explained he had forgotten all about the rest of it. He would remember it later when his mind was on another and totally different subject. Again, there was the case of the drowning person whose whole life's deeds passed before him. They appeared to have faculties of thought of which very little was known. Conscious thought was under the will and the reason.

It is possible to respect Freud's contribution to science without exaggerating his intrinsic merits. The new orientation that he has brought about in psychological medicine would have come to pass in any event, though perhaps in a less lurid and controversial fashion. William James had gone a long way towards it. But James' big mind was quick to apprehend the far-reaching philosophic import of his researches; and to that wider problem he devoted the latter years of his life, leaving psychological medicine to fend for itself. Bergson, approaching from the philosophic side, has given an account of mental function far more profound and systematic than Freud's. Freud and his school are in like case with Hegel. They have a new vision; the complaint against them is that they have failed to appreciate that the new vision requires a radical reconstruction of the intellectual procedure by which it is to be applied and expounded. According to Professor Bergson, the stuff out of which dreams are made consists of (1) subjective impressions which pass unperceived while we are awake worked up with (2) the phantasmagoria of changing form and color seen when the eyes are closed. This theory is ingeniously applied to the explanation of actual dreams.

Most writers have recognized the continued activity in sleep of external sensations as an exciting cause of dreams. To this phenomenon, which forms an integral part of M. Bergson's theory, he devotes much of his essay, laying particular stress on what passes in the field of vision when the eyes are closed. To lay much stress on this as the stuff dreams are made of is certainly to contravene common experience. Such a common hallucination of sleep as the unreadiness for an examination or other unpleasing or pleasing mental states has certainly little to do with definite "entoptic" figures. Such sensations as may generate dreams are probably of a far more

subtle character—including those which M. Bergson quite briefly alludes to as “the internal touch,” and the whole range of bodily conditions such as temperature, muscular action, position of the limbs, and so on. But one cannot, as he appears to do, arbitrarily exclude dreams centrally initiated, which have nothing to do with the stimulation of the senses.

Psychological investigation ought to be the great ally of religion. There were already enough correspondences between the psychologist's and the theologian's theories to make the comparison fruitful. Sixty years ago physical science was supposed to be opposed to religion, but now it is generally recognized to be a distinct department of thought. Twenty years ago philosophy was the opponent, but to-day philosophers never oppose religion. At the present day psychology is the thing that claims to explain away all religious phenomena, though we have shown that it tends to support them. The human consciousness is the thing that really matters, and therefore religion may expect its chief confirmation from a deeper investigation of this consciousness.

Lately we were told how one of the fathers at the Brompton Oratory, who was attending a sick case, had left instructions that he should be called by telephone if the patient became worse during the night. This is what happened:

In the early morning he was startled out of a deep sleep by his bedroom door opening, and saw, by the light of the moon through his open, uncovered window, a medium-sized, dark-robed figure standing by it, and understood the person to say something about a sick call.

“For heavens' sake, man,” he hastily answered, sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes, not quite sure if it was the father on duty or the lodge-porter, “speak clearly!”

“Be quick,” came the reply in clearer tones. “There is no time to lose. There is a telephone message.”

He arrived to find the lady dying, but it turned out that no telephone message had been sent and no one had entered his room during the night to call him. Quite possible this is a case of telepathy, but we think it more likely it was a simple dream, so vividly realized that on waking it was believed to have been true.

According to Professor Freud's theory a dream is always symbolic, expressing desires or fears not ordinarily admitted to consciousness either because they are painful or because they are repugnant to our moral nature. This theory has been applied to the treatment of hysteria with good results, but nevertheless the notion that all dreams are altogether made up of the secret obsessions of the “subterman” cannot be accepted.

Dreaming is a subject of great interest by reason of its points of contact with other mental conditions. Thus the common suspension

of many of the higher processes of emotion, thought and volition suggests an analogy between the dreaming state and the instinctive stage of mental growth as observable in children, primitive men, and the lower animals. The evidence for the existence of the "sub-conscious" mind is inescapable, and we are prepared to attribute to the mind's very remarkable powers. The testimony of Henri Poincaré and of other mathematicians, besides the evidence of various sorts of artists, seems to show conclusively that an "inspiration" is the result of an intense, but hidden, mental activity. If this be granted, the preconception with which we approve claims to "intuition" will undergo a change.

From Blake to Dr. Bridges, poets have translated their dreams into waking verse, and from "Pilgrim's Progress" to "Peter Ibbetson" books have been written which profess to be the records of dreams. Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" is of course the classic example of dream composition, but many others exist. Sir Thomas Browne, though, in his own opinion, "in no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company," could compose a comedy in a dream, "behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof." And there is the poem by a dreamer of which Mr. Havelock Ellis tells us in his scientific way:

Call in the tip-cat, cut off its tail,
Fold up some eggs in a saucepan ;
Sit on the rest like an elderly male,
And gulp down the whole as a horse can.

Stevenson and Southey are two other writers who owed a good deal to their dreams. The former tells us of a man (doubtless himself) who "began to read in his dream—tales, for the most part, and for the most part after the manner of G. P. R. James, but so incredibly more vivid and moving than any printed book, that he has ever since been malcontent with literature."

The dream which Jane Eyre related to Rochester on the night of the storm, and her dream on the night she left Thornfield are in keeping with the situations, the characters and indeed the whole story, while the same is true of Lockwood's two dreams after reading part of Catherine's manuscript in the third chapter of "Wuthering Heights." George Meredith has not chronicled many dreams, though Everard Romfrey's dream—"one of some half dozen in the course of his life"—of the dispute about umbrellas and the procession to St. Paul's while Nevill Beauchamp is lying ill, is well conceived. Dr. Middleton, also, who, after Mrs. Mountstuart's dinner party, in "The Egoist," "remembered he had dreamed in the night—a most humiliating sign of physical disturbance," is another example, though we are not told what Dr. Middleton's dream was. Much of the elaboration which is embodied in imaginative products takes place

unconsciously. R. L. Stevenson's account of the source of some of his plots (see "A Chapter on Dreams") is paralleled by the reports of many writers, artists, musicians, as to how their greatest creations "came to them."

One important fact which emerges is that the ghost has been superseded by the fairy. The old terror of the dreaming child has disappeared. There was only one reference to a ghost in all the infant school dreams. The fairy dream is generally one of pure enjoyment, apart from the comparatively rare intrusion of the witch. At five years of age the child is the centre of the dream and is rarely a passive observer.

Some element of the supernatural is so constant in poetry that one has come to look upon it as part of the normal fabric of the art; but in poetry, being etherealized, it scarcely provokes any emotion so gross as fear. Nobody was ever afraid to walk down a dark passage after reading "The Ancient Mariner," but rather inclined to venture out to meet whatever ghosts might deign to visit him. Probably some degree of reality is necessary in order to produce fear; and reality is best conveyed by prose. Certainly one of the finest of ghost stories, Wandering Willie's tale in "Redgauntlet," gains immensely from the homely truth of the setting, to which the use of the Scotch dialect contributes. The hero is a real man, the country is as solid as can be; and suddenly in the midst of green and gray landscape opens up the crimson transparency of Redgauntlet Castle with the dead sinners at their feasting.

Dealing with the dreams of children of five, six and seven years of age, it has been found that dreams of Christmas and Santa Claus figured very largely, especially with the five-year-old children. With the very young child the "fear" dream is very prominent. No less than 25 per cent. were of this nature, consisting chiefly of the dread of objectionable men, largely of German nationality. At seven years of age children, both boys and girls, dream more about burglars than at any other age. Curiously enough, the fear dreams of animals are far more common among the boys than the girls. School activities appear very little in the dreams of children of any age, while the fact that the essays were written seven months after the last raid probably accounts for the circumstance that air-raid dreams occurred only to the extent of about four per cent. In the girls' dreams the influence of the cinema is felt very little, but in those of the boys, especially at the age of seven, it is an important factor. Fairy-story dreams are very common with girls, but are rarely experienced with boys, and the same thing applies to dreams of normal domestic occurrences.

Primitive peoples usually regard their dreams as real events and

dreams of the returning dead, to quote one instance, have undoubtedly helped to maintain the belief in resurrected spirits. Now the longer the period during which the dream consciousness maintains its grip, the more difficult it would be for the waking mind to resume its corrected version of the order of the world. A mind dreaming all night on the assumption that skeletons are animated would be likely to carry this belief into waking life. Dwelling upon ideas always tends to absorb the mind in them, and on the view that sleep is really a period of dream-consciousness it would seem difficult to explain the ease and rapidity with which waking consciousness asserts its conception of reality.

Among the Oriental peoples there seem to have been no definite rules, and the procedure followed resolves itself into an attempt to discover the most natural or least forced application of the persons, objects and relations of the dream to some existing persons, social circumstances and events. This mode of interpretation clearly left wide scope for individual skill. In the Persian scheme of interpretation, on the other hand, so far as we can judge of it from the compilations of a later age, the art of dream-interpretation, oneirocritics, or oneiromancy, was defined and fixed in a number of rules. Thus in the work known under the name of "Sifat-i-Sirozah," minute and elaborate prescriptions are given for interpreting various classes of dreams according to the particular day of the month on which they occur. A similar systematization of the rules of dream-interpretation is to be met with among the Arabs.

Another characteristic of dreams is that, though resembling waking experience in many respects, they seem never exactly to reproduce the order of the experience. Most of our dreams differ very widely from any events ever known to us in waking life, and even those which most closely resemble certain portions of this life introduce numerous changes in detail. These deviations involve one or two distinct elements. First of all, there is a great confusion of the order in time, space, etc., which holds among real objects and events. Widely remote places and events are brought together, persons set in new relations to one another, and so on. Secondly, the objects and scenes are apt to assume a greatly exaggerated intensity. We may when awake think of dreams as unsubstantial and unreal, but to the dreamer at the moment his imagined surroundings are more real, more impressive, than the actual ones which he perceives when awake.

Psychologists say that there was a certain part of us which had extraordinary powers and faculties that were not exhausted by our ordinary life in this world. Secondly, the mysterious realm of our consciousness was altogether independent of the limits of time and

space. Ghosts defied time and apparitions defied space. Yet if materialism was true, time and space were great fundamental realities which could not be defied. Thirdly, in the sub-conscious self there was said to be an imperishable memory. Every single act of the will was said to be recorded. Now it was evident that such a record was of no use in this world, whereas if there was an eternity to which we carried our character, then the use of it was supreme.

A fourth point which the psychologists put forward is that when our ordinary powers were failing at death, the "sub-conscious self" exhibited no signs of dissolution, but rather of greater vitality. That could not be a last spurt, so to speak, as it would be the normal powers which would spurt had they the ability to do so.

Accordingly the psychologists were apparently pointing to something in us that resisted death, decay and dissolution. Finally, the "sub-conscious self" was admitted to have no full play in this world. The poet and the musician, for instance, who utilized the "sub-conscious self" so much, were always reaching out to an ideal they could not attain. Thus another field seemed to be demanded for the activities of those usually suppressed sub-conscious powers.

It has been found that young children have great difficulty in separating the dream from the waking element. Their powers of description were naturally very limited and their use of words might convey to the adult mind a very different impression from that which they wished to convey. The child would inevitably fill up gaps in the dream and would reject as absurd some items in the dream which were contrary to his own experience. Anything in the nature of a full analysis of a young child's dream would, therefore, be valueless. All they could do was to classify each broadly, as a fulfilled wish, a fear, an air raid, a fairy story, a purely domestic dream, and so on.

Of the rapidly growing literature of psychoanalysis one may well reflect that although on the whole it is not well done, it is a good thing that it is done at all. For the importance of Freud in contemporary science resides, not in the actual content of his doctrine, but in the new point of departure he has given to psychological research. The specific details of his doctrine, indeed, are calculated to be a hindrance to the appreciation of its essential merit. A psychology that insisted clamorously on the all-pervading character of the sex impulse was bound to provoke acrid opposition, and its critics were quick to make the most of the crudities and scientific solecisms with which it was formulated. Nor has Freud been helped by his disciples, who in general have been characterized more by partisan zeal, one might almost say fanaticism, than by scientific temper, even when they have felt constrained to modify the strict letter of the master's teaching.

Dreams often, if not always, disturb our sense of time's duration, and this disturbance is only definitely known to act in one direction. A dream may pass like a flash and appear to last for days. There is no evidence that a dream can last throughout sleep and seem to occupy a second. Wherever the circumstances are such that we can estimate the time actually occupied by the dream and the corresponding interval through which we seem to live the dreaming mind exaggerates and never reduces. This might be due to our inability to gauge the actual duration of dreams except in certain cases where it is obviously very short. We wake with the sense of duration impressed upon us by the dream and, unless there are adequate means for estimating its real length, this impression is our only possible estimate. If we dream of the events of years we may suspect that we have exaggerated an interval that cannot have lasted for more than about eight hours.

On a winter afternoon, when one is reading in a small room beside a warm fire, there is often a tendency to doze. And there is a borderland between sleep and waking in which very vivid dreams occasionally take place. Generally such dreams are easily distinguished as dreams by their content. But, if the dream simply represented what might easily have happened, then a mistake might be made.

Dreaming is not the only condition that leads us to mistime events. Time passes quickly when we are interested and slowly when we are bored. Life, in one aspect, is a continuous alteration of the sense of duration. The year is long to the child and short to the mature man. Suspicion arises that our explanation must be supplemented by the recognition of some other alteration in the mind's sense of duration induced by the conditions of dreaming. It is a curious fact that Bergson's description of some of these conditions appears at first sight to furnish in a natural and inevitable way such a supplement—curious because, though his opinion of these conditions, on first thoughts, seems to fit the observed lengthening of time in dreaming, this opinion seems to be mistaken and the real supplement so far as it may be needed, must be sought elsewhere.

In the pages of Bulwer-Lytton's romance entitled "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," in which is related the story of a German student endowed with so marvelous a faculty of dreaming, that for him the normal conditions of sleeping and waking became reversed, his true life was that which he lived in his slumbers, and his hours of wakefulness appeared to him as so many uneventful and inactive intervals of arrest occurring in an existence of intense and vivid interest which was wholly passed in the hypnotic state. Not that to me there is any such inversion of natural conditions.

Mediaeval and modern Christian theologians have continued to attribute dreams, or, more accurately, certain orders of dream, to the intermediate agency of the divine Being. The popular theory of dreams to be met with among the later European peoples bears the impress of that folk-lore which developed itself in the Middle Ages under influences partly Christian, partly pagan. Dreams were referred to a variety of supernatural agencies, including not only God, but the devil.

A ghost, if seen, is undeniably so far a "hallucination" that it gives the impression of the presence of a real person, in flesh, blood, and usually clothes. No such person in flesh, blood and clothes is actually there. So far, at least, every ghost is a hallucination, "that," in the language of Captain Cuttle, "you may lay to" without offending science, religion, or common sense. And that, in brief, is the modern doctrine of ghosts.

During the Reformation, writers, especially Protestant writers, preferred to look on apparitions as the work of deceitful devils, who masqueraded in the aspect of the dead or living, or made up phantasms out of "compressed air." The common sense of the eighteenth century dismissed all apparitions as "dreams" or hoaxes, or illusions caused by real objects misinterpreted, such as rats, cats, white posts, maniacs at large, sleep-walkers, thieves, and so forth. Modern science, when it admits the possibility of occasional hallucinations in the sane and healthy, also admits, of course, the existence of apparitions. These, for our purposes, are hallucinatory appearances occurring in the experience of people healthy and sane. The difficulty begins when we ask whether these appearances ever have any provoking mental cause outside the minds of the people who experience them—any cause arising in the minds of others, alive or dead. This is a question which orthodox psychology does not approach, standing aside from any evidence which may be produced.

In the first place, how are we to account for the strange human craving for the pleasure of feeling afraid which is so much involved in our love of ghost stories? It is pleasant to be afraid when we are conscious that we are in no kind of danger, and it is even more pleasant to be assured of the mind's capacity to penetrate those barriers which for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four remain impassable. Crude fear, with its anticipation of physical pain or of terrifying uproar, is an undignified and demoralizing sensation, while the mastery of fear only produces a respectable mask of courage, which is of no great interest to ourselves, although it may impose upon others. But the fear which we get from reading ghost stories of the supernatural is a refined and spiritualized essence of fear. Far from despising ourselves for being frightened by a

ghost story, we are proud of this proof of sensibility, and perhaps unconsciously welcome the chance for the licit gratification of certain instincts which we are wont to treat as outlaws. It is worth noticing that the craving for the supernatural in literature coincided in the eighteenth century with a period of rationalism in thought, as if the effect of damming the human instincts at one point causes them to overflow at another.

In addition to these simple metaphysical and psychological theories of dreaming, there are to be found no less simple physiological hypotheses. Among these we may take the opinion of Hobbes (*Leviathan*), that the imaginations of dreams all proceed from "the agitation of the inward parts of a man's body," the disturbance of which parts, owing to their connections with the brain, serves to keep the latter in motion. Another simple physiological hypothesis for explaining dreams is offered by Schopenhauer. According to this writer, the exciting causes of dreams are impressions received from the internal regions of the organism through the sympathetic nervous system. These impressions are afterwards worked up by the mind into quasi-realities by means of its "forms" of space and time.

It appears that the nature of our dreams is clearly statable in terms of that part of consciousness of which we are aware. As Bergson well says, "The birth of a dream is then no mystery. It resembles the birth of all our perceptions. The mechanism of the dream is the same, in general, as that of normal perception." As in wide-awake life we build up in a flash the most complex of mental structures around some very simple precept, so do we in our dream life; this being describable in the one case as in the other as the sudden formation of a new mental pattern due to the emphasis of efficiencies already existing but unrecognized.

While metaphysicians have in the main affirmed the continuity of dreams, those who regard mental phenomena as invariably connected with bodily conditions have for the most part viewed dreaming as only an occasional accompaniment of sleep. It is true that the great rapidity of dream-thought has been proved, *e. g.*, by the experience of Lord Holland, who fell asleep when listening to somebody reading, had a long dream, and yet awoke in time to hear the conclusion of the sentence of which he remembered the beginning. And this takes off from the value of Hamilton's argument that we always find ourselves dreaming when awakened, for such dreaming may clearly be an incident of the transition state.

Mr. Hatherly Pear describes the dream as the disguised fulfillment of a repressed wish. He refutes several popular beliefs, as that a dream lasts but a moment of time, or that its function is to

disturb sleep. It was rather, he says, to preserve sleep by stilling the unconscious tendencies which were active during sleep, which unless they were controlled by the dream, would otherwise arouse the sleeper.

If there is such a means of communication as telepathy, there is, however rare it may be, nothing supernatural about it. Moreover, to say a thing was learned in a dream is not to deny the action of God. It is recorded in the Bible that God communicated with man by means of dreams, and there is no reason to doubt that He may do so still. We have to get rid of the idea that the working of God can only be seen in the extraordinary and the inexplicable. That in some way or another it was brought about that the priest should visit his patient that night we do not doubt. But the question is: How? To be ready to see a miracle in anything that cannot at once be explained is not a mark of true piety. There are some who see in a mysterious event like this, not a psychological problem to be solved, but a religious wonder to be swallowed. Such an attitude is neither scientific nor religious.

The essential difference between wakefulness and sleep is that in the former the two selves are combined, in the latter they are severed. During sleep there is no loss of consciousness; the central self remains virtually unchanged. A change, however, takes place in the automatic self; it loses the greater part of its tension.

Retentiveness is a physiological as well as a psychological fact. It is observed objectively, and only objectively. This is self-evident in relation to physiological retentiveness. It is not so clear in relation to psychological retentiveness; but becomes so when we consider that a mental item is recognized as a revival—that is as the exemplification of retentiveness—only by recall of situations in the past which we consider objectively, and judge must have been accompanied by the mental item we now recognize to be revived.

But memory, on the contrary, is observed subjectively, and only subjectively. It is our name for a process which yields the psychical state we call *a memory*; which is a mental form that at times is given in connection with revivals. A revival, if real, in past time, and *for me*, is a memory; just as a mental item (usually a revival), if real, in future time, and *for me*, is an expectation.

Sense impressions, M. Bergson thinks, do not actually form the dream; they only supply the material which is shaped into precise objects by the power of memory. The hosts of memories stored away in our minds are able, when the trap-door of conscious interest is no longer closed, to rise, move, and “perform in the night of unconsciousness a great *danse macabre*.” They fasten themselves on to whatever sensation fits or demands them, and the incoherence

of dreams is due to mental relaxation, to the failure to make the effort at coördination and adjustment which we make instinctively every moment of our lives. This welling up in sleep of the subconscious personality is, it may be remembered, fully studied by Mr. Havelock Ellis in his work on dreams, which, following in some respects the line of M. Bergson, devotes to the topic a far more careful and penetrating study than is possible in this little monograph by the French philosopher.

It was not until quite recent years that dreams came to be regarded as fit material for scientific study. To the earlier psychologist they seemed so fragmentary and freakish, so devoid of that ordered sequence and coherence which marked the processes of the waking mind, that no attempt was made to bring them within the realm of natural law. The "book of dreams" was to be found only on the kitchen book-shelf. But the researches of Freud and his followers have given to dreams so tremendous a significance that they have to-day become the main centre of psychological interest. The change of mental attitude is complete. The dream is no longer regarded as an omen, but as a symptom. It no longer points an uncertain finger to the future, but reveals with certainty a past event and a present state. Every modern book on dreams treats the subject from the Freudian standpoint—treats it as a means of scrutinizing the unconscious.

In the hands of such masters as Scott and Henry James the supernatural is so wrought in with the natural that fear is kept from a dangerous exaggeration into simple disgust or disbelief verging upon ridicule. Mr. Kipling's stories, "The Mark of the Beast" and "The Return of Imray," are powerful enough to repel one by their horror, but they are too violent to appeal to our sense of wonder. For it would be a mistake to suppose that supernatural fiction always seeks to produce fear, or that the best ghost stories are those which most accurately and medically describe abnormal states of mind. On the contrary, a vast amount of fiction both in prose and in verse now assures us that the world to which we shut our eyes is far more friendly and inviting, more beautiful by day and more holy by night, than the world which we persist in thinking the real world.

The superb genius of Scott here achieves a triumph which should keep this story immortal however the fashion in the supernatural may change. Steenie Steenson is himself so real and his belief in the phantoms is so vivid that we draw our fear through our perception of his fear, the story itself being of a kind that has ceased to frighten us. In fact, the vision of the dead carousing would now be treated in a humorous, romantic or perhaps patriotic spirit, but scarcely with any hope of making our flesh creep. To do that the

author must change his direction ; he must seek to terrify us not by the ghosts of the dead, but by those ghosts which are living within ourselves. The great increase of the psychical ghost story in late years testifies to the fact that our sense of our own ghostliness has much quickened. A rational age is succeeded by one which seeks the supernatural in the soul of man, and the development of psychical research offers a basis of disputed fact for this desire to feed upon. Henry James, indeed, was of opinion before writing "The Turn of the Screw" that "the good, the really effective and heart-shaking ghost stories (roughly so to term them) appeared all to have been told. The new type, indeed, the more modern 'psychical case,' washed clean of all queerness as by exposure to a flowing laboratory tap, the new type clearly promised little."

If man is bidden to surrender belief in his difference in kind from other living creatures, he will be given the conception of a collective humanity whose duties and destiny he shares. That conception will not be the destruction, but the enlargement, of the field of the emotions, and, in contrasting the evanescence of the individual with the permanence of the race, he may find a profounder meaning in the familiar words :

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Plato noted that poets "utter great and wise things that they do not themselves understand"; and it may well be that this supreme genius did not fully realize the sense of his pregnant words. What are *we* made of? Not of the beggarly elements of matter. It is not in brain, ganglia, protoplasm, that we must seek the real man; no, in the totality of his thoughts, words, deeds, treasured up by memory, whereof his spiritual and ethical character is moulded—in his *karma*, to use the nomenclature, now so familiar to us, of the great Indian teacher. What are we made of? Largely of memory. Memory is of the essence of mind. That is the stuff of which we are made. And it is the stuff of which our dreams are made.

What then is the definition of a dream? It is always well to give a definition if we can. And I suppose that as good a definition as any of a dream is "the intellectual activity of a sleeping person." One great difference between waking and sleeping is that the sleeper is not brought by the nervous system into those relations with the outer world which give rise to sensation. The activity of his imagination is unrestricted by contact with external fact. And thus isolated, it is to the vast treasury of his memory that he resorts, plundering amid its contents almost at random.

X.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIAL UNREST.

THE philosophical background of the social unrest so general in the world today can quite reasonably be connected with the Positivism in Contemporary Philosophy. Positivism in the philosophy of the present is not a system, but an attitude of mind in which the philosopher approaches and limits his problems and a method with which he investigates them. As an attitude it varies considerably in different quarters, yet in general the viewpoint is taken that there is no truth and no finality, at least, none that is discoverable. In fact, the word truth is taboo in present philosophical circles. Rather the predisposition is to work on the "infinite" problem of mentally constructing reality upon the basis of experience. And at no stage in this endless process may it be said that anything true or anything ultimate has been established. Like a mirage the goal of speculative thought vanishes as one approaches it. And philosophy is a matter of formulating laws that correlate and unify the experimental data now at hand. But these laws may and, in all probability, will be found inadequate and false when more facts have been observed and recorded.

As a method, Positivism in Contemporary Philosophy is an application of scientific procedure to philosophical problems. Now, the method of painfully gathering facts and of formulating laws on the basis of the data collected is legitimate enough in its proper sphere, in the natural sciences. But the method ceases to function where the real problems of philosophy begin. Fancy collecting sufficient data to establish—I do not say to learn—the principle of contradiction!

This Positivism is spread broadcast directly by the study of the various text-books of science which have this philosophy as a background.

Take for illustration experimental education. There is back of it only this positivistic attitude. There is no philosophy pointing out the ultimate destiny of man, his purpose and his ideals in this life. The real and ultimate end of the human being is not taken into account. The child is educated to be a success in life and a good citizen. But what means success in life? What elements enter into the making of a good citizen? The cry of "dogmatism" forbids a categorical answer deduced from human destiny and dignity as premises. Thus there is growing up a science technically elaborate

and practically useful in facilitating the learning process. And all this is done for the purpose of educating people, but educating them for what?—well, for any reason they may have or think they have for wanting enlightenment.

As a result, there is created in the minds of students doubt and uncertainty. The principles of metaphysics arrived at by reason seem vague and shadowy, unless verified by experience—that reasoning processes should be valid in the first case if they are in the second seems to be forgotten. Next, this spirit is evident in the contributions to philosophical and scientific journals. It appears after a time in the popular magazines, on the lecture platform and in the newspapers. Thus, like a drop of oil on the water, it spreads, getting thinner as it goes, but still in evidence. It becomes in this way a part of the great stream of current thought; it is applied to the solution of those problems that are being generally discussed.

Under these conditions the average man will take up this positivistic spirit and work it into his philosophy of life. That every man has some kind of philosophy of life does not need demonstration. This proposition is so generally accepted that it is expressed in the often repeated saying, "every man is a philosopher." It is sufficient to remark that he constructs his outlook on life from his experience—what he hears, sees, feels, suffers, etc. So if his environment is positivistic, it will give a positivistic color to his experience and, through the latter, to his philosophy of life.

The results of a positivistic philosophy of life are easily traceable, for they are expressed in human behavior. As long as the spirit of positivism is confined to the abstract sphere of the sciences, its influence on social life is negligible, but once let it enter the life, philosophy of social elements and its pernicious effects manifest themselves in human conduct. Accepting no proposition as ultimate and certain, men's minds drift about like a ship torn from its moorings. And, hearing new theories proposed and untried hypotheses suggested on every side, men do not know what to accept, what to believe, while their mental attitude prompts them to try one after the other. So they go on continually looking for further information, for additional evidence with the intention of giving up what they have in favor of the new. Having no conception of an accepted ultimate, spiritual and ideal object in life, they generally seek a reason for existence in some kind of social service or uplift of humanity. (Be it understood there is here no intention of discouraging charity or social service, rightly understood and properly subordinated in a logical system of ends and purposes.) Applied to conditions of living—the paramount problem of a people given over to comfort seeking—this attitude creates an over desire for im-

proved conditions. And these are to be arrived at by the experimental, the trial and error method, the method of trying one thing after another with the hope that something better will be found.

It may be contended that this discussion takes no account of socialism. This is not, however, correct. Socialism is here regarded as one of the many theories now proposed for the improvement of the social order. On the contrary, the object of this paper is more ultimate. It strives to discover, by the analysis of mental phenomena of individuals and of social groups, what it is that prepares men's minds—in a peaceful, prosperous nation—to accept radical theories. Of course every one knows that economic and political conditions are immediate factors in the fostering of discontent, but there is something that goes before economic pressure and lingers in the minds of men even after a crisis or depression has passed. It is this more fundamental cause of general restlessness that is in question here. Or, going further still, the paper seeks to determine whence comes the outlook on life or the philosophy of life that not only prepares men's minds for the acceptance of radical doctrines, but even sets them in search of something new. In a word it is hoped that a true, if incomplete, account has been given of the mental attitude or the philosophy accountable for the present social unrest.

Now, the Catholic philosophy of life is quite different from that discussed above. It has its roots in infinite truth and is grounded on eternal principles. Hence it has repeatedly been said that the principles on which all social difficulties can be settled are contained in the Sermon on the Mount. That is correct enough, yet these principles remain inert until brought to light and made operative in human thought and action. They must be applied in detail. So the obvious thing to do is to put the Catholic philosophy of life before the people in all its reasonableness and in all its beauty. It may be maintained that the people get this in sermons, but I believe the average man dissociates to a disadvantageous extent his religious ideas from his notions of social life and that he almost completely dissociates his political from his religious conceptions. This mental attitude arises largely from the fact that in the United States religion is a private affair, whereas social ideas and institutions as well as politics are communal interests—they are a part of the national life. Consequently, special means ought to be taken to show how the Catholic philosophy of life applies to the social and political conditions of today. For this purpose a series of missions or lectures could be organized, in which the Catholic philosophy of life would be explained and its application to present conditions pointed out. And there seems little doubt that the people would be grateful;

for they would then have firm ground to rest upon; they would have clear conceptions of fundamental principles and of ultimate ends.

Furthermore, judging from the world-wide unrest and from the universal political and social disturbances very nearly the same conditions as one discovers in the United States must be present everywhere. In all parts of the world men's minds are unsettled. They seem to be groping in the darkness of uncertainty and of doubt. On all sides thinking men see gloomy forebodings of still greater evils to come.

And yet there seems to be a remedy at hand. If the Catholic Church, universal as she is, were to set about explaining her philosophy of life to the entire world, good must surely come from the undertaking. However, far be it from me to suggest policies to the Church of Rome that has so triumphantly withstood the storms of two thousand years. Still, it is not a question of saving the Church; for her we need have no fear. It is the human race that needs salvation in a critical time. And so it seems reasonable that if a consistent attempt were made to explain the Catholic philosophy of life in all parts of the world—the Church is universal—such a stupendous impact of reasonable philosophy would stop the onward rush of wild theories. For the voice of the Catholic Church reverberating around the world would be heard even in the present tumult.

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XI.

THE MISSION OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT.

I.

THREE or four years ago there was a hopeful looking forward to an immediate readjustment of the general chaos of ideas and ideals which had reached its high point during the world war. In all fields of human thought and activity the characteristic condition was one of unrest, instability. In the realm of speculative thought particularly this ferment had long been dominant. It was immensely quickened by the terrible struggle of the nations. In consequence the period of the great war increased and emphasized the already extensive discussions of political philosophy, of political ethics; it brought new vigor into the question of social and economic ethics, and a renewed interest in all matters allied to them. With these questions of private, social and political ethics, that of religion and religious ideals was always interwoven. Indeed, the close connection between political thought and religious thought is not infrequently a matter of comment. "The world changes the modes of its religious feeling and thought," writes Mr. Hadley (*Some Influences in Modern Philosophic Thought*, p. 77), "as it changes the modes of its political feeling and thought. The two sets of changes go hand in hand. An age of political complacence is usually an age of religious complacence. An age of political struggle is almost always an age of religious struggle." Be that as it may, no one will deny that the ferment in present-day thought is especially strong and active in the fields of politics and ethics. The hope of readjustment, entertained a few years ago, has not been realized. And today we are still face to face with the intellectual conditions that the late war brought out so prominently. The period of mental, ideal readjustments is yet only beginning. Whatever the tendencies may be that are unfolding themselves, however they may differ from the principles which to the Catholic thinker offer a proper and satisfactory solution of the problems of life, the Catholic thinker obviously cannot ignore them. He must keep abreast of the stream of time, even if he does not swim with every one of its currents. The tendencies of any age form, as it were, the colored glass through which most of its people view the different problems of the day; and they will be met with at every turn of the devious course that life pursues.

The many discussions of some phase or other of political philosophy or of law agree mainly in this that a systematization or reconstruction of views is a matter of immediate moment. The late Lord Morley had already stated in the *Notes on Politics and History* that "nobody in any camp will quarrel with the view that one of the urgent needs of today is a constant attempt to systematize political thoughts and to bring ideals into closer touch with fact." The same need was expressed as follows by a writer in *The Bookman* (February, 1918): "We require nothing less than a new and modern conception of the source and sanction of law and order; and an institution of commanding energy and authority to impose this modern definition of right upon the severed parts and faculties of our disordered life." Such an opinion should be the more significant as coming from one who "spent a quarter of a century in making intimate acquaintance with the organs and functions that belong to what may be called the physiology of modern society." Some years ago John Dewey (in *The New Republic*, March 23, 1918) suggested a settlement of the international political problem, which is interesting because it exemplifies a view that is held by not a few prominent thinkers on the question of ethics. Dewey opposed the view that public morals should be based on private ethics. The relation between the two is only one of analogy. It is a "central fact that morals are relative to social organization." Morality therefore arose only after men formed societies; and "conscience, that aggregate of the moral sentiments and ideas of man, is not the author and judge of social institutions, but the product and the reflex of the latter." Analogously this is true of the nations. They now "exist with respect to one another in what the older writers called a state of nature." Consequently "states are non-moral in their activities just because of the absence of an inclusive society which defines and establishes rights." And it is impossible to have any obligations existing between nations until they are joined together into a society. An internationally organized society is therefore absolutely necessary "not merely in order that certain moral obligations might be effectively enforced, but in order that a variety of obligations might come into existence"—in order, therefore, to *create* these obligations.

It is impossible to give an estimate of the many different opinions and suggestions that have been floated in recent time on any one of the vital questions of the day. The general trend of them all is thorough dissatisfaction with the present condition of things and a loud clamor for changes. There is little thought of a reapplication of old principles; only a feverish demand for something new. And the general drift has been towards a complete separation of social and political ethics from private ethics, and of private ethics in turn

from any conscious metaphysics. Beneficial laws are to be enacted for all existing evils. The tendency to accumulate external laws is steadily growing. To the state we are to look for a settlement; and a wider legislation penetrating into regions hitherto left free, is the cry of many. In a quotation cited above, the need was mentioned for "an institution of commanding energy and authority to impose this modern definition of right upon the severed parts and faculties of our disordered life." Ralph Barton Perry has well said in a pertinent article entitled "Is There a Social Mind?" (*The American Journal of Sociology*, March, 1922), that "organization has become a habit, if not a disease." The general trend arrives ultimately at a centralized autocratic authority, one that ignores the individuals as much as unthinking individuals have ignored questions of the greatest public moment. The contrast between the principles on which our government was founded and this recent developing tendency offers a spectacle similar to that displayed by so many of the nations who in the past decades professed democracy at home and practiced rigorous imperialism in their colonial policies. The question still remains a very open one whether the solution to the present conditions lies, not in high-handed action by a modern super-individual state, but in a renewed effort at the character training of the individual, with merely the necessary aid and encouragement of the larger society. A settlement of this kind would belong in the province of religion, and many point joyfully to the present religious reawakening of the world.

In the religious field the clamor, too, has been for something new. The one-time famous article in *The Metropolitan* of January, 1918, in which Conan Doyle formulated his spiritistic creed, bore the pretentious title of "The New Revelation." Sir Arthur was then just a convert to Spiritism. If Spiritism itself is not exactly something new, its widespread prevalence today certainly is. Spiritism, said Conan Doyle then—and his recent statements show remarkably little development for a professed modern—does away with hell and thus confirms the conclusions of all reasonable men. Science had long ago proved man's descent from simian ancestors. This in turn had destroyed the story of the fall of man. Without the fall the incarnation, redemption and passion of Christ lose all their significance. The important thing about Christ, therefore, is not his death, but his life. Such is the message of Spiritism. Again Herbert G. Wells, in *God the Invisible King* and elsewhere, spoke of a God that is not submissive, but rebellious. If this book of his did not catch the popular fancy, his *Mr. Brittling* certainly did so, being a one-time best seller of many months' standing. In the latter Wells concluded with the fantasy of a finite god, such as the philosophy of some

pragmatists and other contemporaries champions. In a later work by Wells, *Joan and Peter*, further transformations had taken place. Though these books of Wells are already forgotten history, the notions expressed in them are not so, since they represent what is still a fashionable view among many. In general, man no longer needs to strive towards an august deity, for the latter has been leveled to the plane of man. Pantheism, too, is again holding its head high, though when decked with all the accoutrements of theosophy it becomes more impervious to the human intellect than ever before. Even the old doctrine of reincarnation is reviving and forms part of the "new" religion. A writer in *The Nineteenth Century* spoke some two or three years ago of "the theory of life now reduced to a scientific shape and gradually winning consent in all directions—the doctrine of Reincarnation." Incidentally the article in question, which was entitled "The Occultism of Tennyson," made a practical application of this theory. That Tennyson wrote his poem, "The Mystic" when not more than seventeen years old is simply proof that "so great a poet as Tennyson must have been a poet already in former lives and could not but bring over the capacity for poetic inspirations." This conclusion may not be convincing, but it does show how prevalent tendencies exert an influence on many people and often greatly color their views and judgments. It is just for this reason that prevalent tendencies or viewpoints may have an importance far beyond their desert, and must receive due consideration at proper times.

It is impossible to tell where the different religious trends will arrive at. Will Spiritism, for instance, be the vital force of rectification of existing evils? Will it answer the religious needs felt so long in the human soul and left unanswered by materialism? The Catholic has his answer ready. Without entering further into these questions, let us proceed to a third. Is religion merely a method of acquiring inner satisfaction or is it to be a rational guide towards right living? In the so-called new religions the latter purpose is almost wholly absent, while the former is avowedly the mainspring of vitality. Spiritism may be the result of a reaction against irreligious materialism; it may answer the yearning of many a soul for a more congenial food than that of the materialistic table. But for many minds an attractive feature of it is also this, that it flatters a sense of abnormal curiosity. It really leaves the question of good or bad action rigorously alone. Like the religion of much of pragmatism, it ignores the principle of action altogether and looks mainly to a sort of emotional satisfaction. The new religion flatters human pride not by exalting man, but by lowering God and the whole spiritual world. It is a religion of self-complacence. It does not

help to solve the great problems confronting man and the world. It does not stimulate thought. It offers no basis for right or wrong action; no incentive to the individual to do good at his own cost. As far as it is concerned, the disgraceful and unpatriotic private profiteering witnessed in so many countries during the war can go on forever; the struggle between men and nations, the violation of good principles, the defense of wrong ones, may continue always. What wonder then that men turn to the state to settle all difficulties by an almighty law, that the right of might is unconsciously advocated as the panacea for all wrongs, despite the great principles for which we a few years ago entered upon the greatest of all wars! State force is of course necessary in human society, but as long as it is considered the only remedy of human ills, instead of a mere preventive, there will be endless bitter strife between the individuals and the state. It is only the ethical training of the individual based on a sound philosophy of life and reality that can put an end to this strife; and this is sadly lacking in the "new" religions.

II.

Over against the variety of views that are receiving great emphasis today, of which the above paragraphs give but a few specimens, it is very pertinent to consider the attitude to be taken by the Catholic thinker. Our Catholic views, especially where matters of faith and revelation are concerned, have nothing to fear in themselves from the contrary opinions. Hence the best preparation the teacher can give to youths is a firm foundation in the principles and the spirit of the Catholic answers to these and all other questions. The person firmly grounded in the fundamentals will not be in great danger when meeting with opposing views. But such a person can hardly be said to be prepared for the battle of life unless he is well ready to cope with the views that he will meet, unless the principles he has absorbed have been specially emphasized from the standpoint of the several opposing theories that hold sway for the time being in the world of thought. This duty lies to a great extent in the province of philosophy, and Catholic philosophy naturally cannot ignore the different systems of thought permeating the contemporary world. This sounds like a truism. But how often does not the philosopher take the attitude that since his philosophy contains all the truth the other systems are not worth bothering about!

The Catholic philosopher is not unlikely to take this view. He finds his own philosophy able to satisfy all wants. He views other systems of thought only from his subjective standpoint. It thus becomes sufficient for him to pass them by with a wave of the hand, by tagging on them a label such as pantheism, subjectivism, idealism,

materialism, etc., or to refute them by a mere *Quia absurdum est*. This attitude is really one of self-complacency. The result is that Catholic philosophy then wields no influence whatever on other systems of thought. They grow up learning to disregard it; and it suddenly wakes up to find itself in a world of views that accord in no place at all, where it feels lost, and must appear antiquated or obsolete.

If our philosophy is true, it surely deserves to be spread far and wide, so that a greatest number of persons can come in contact with it. If it stands for something vital in the world, it should also have its place of recognition among the different systems of thought. It must study the symptoms of the day, the tendencies that are injurious not only to Catholicity, but to all the world of its fellowmen. These it must attempt to remedy. It should search the causes of such symptoms, and suggest remedies in such a manner that they will be acceptable to the mind that is seriously seeking a healing ointment.

To what extent has Catholic philosophy done this? Has it taken into account sufficiently the various moves that really influence the actions of the people of our time? Has it examined other systems, only to find out how far they differ from itself, or also to look for the grain of truth that exists everywhere? Only too many of its exponents have lived entirely in the past, and they cannot escape altogether the truth of these words of Mr. Hadley: "If a man works out his philosophy of life by himself or with his books as his only companions, it is hard for him to avoid a good deal of injustice toward people whose convictions are different from his own." We cannot ignore our own age and its symptoms. The latter we must examine to their very roots. As Mark Pattison said: "What it is important for us to know with respect to our own age, or every age, is not its peculiar opinions, but the complex elements of that moral feeling and character, in which as in their congenial soil opinions grow."

Catholic philosophy indeed considers other philosophies and examines them. But is the sympathetic candor of such scrutiny always so apparent as to convince others of its presence? If we refuse to see the standpoint of others, or ignore their sincerity, we are not only shutting off all possibility of assisting them, but we are actually building a wall around ourselves and closing to them all avenues of approach. It is said that Orestes A. Brownson, the illustrious convert, had no love for the Schoolmen, though he himself always denied the charge. His was a mind of extraordinary power and energy, and he employed it earnestly and perseveringly in search of the truth. He had viewed scholastic philosophy from the outside, and

the view of a man as sincere as he was should be at least interesting and somewhat symptomatic. He writes: "The scholastics are, as controversialists, far more influential in keeping men who have the truth from going astray, than in recovering from error those who, unhappily, have yielded to its seductions." (*Works*, vol. xix, p. 466.) What is it that repels the sincere outsider? If it is our method or our terminology, are these worth the cost?

The duty of Catholic philosophy as a system of truth is twofold. It must give powerful weapons to its children in their defense against error. But as the light of truth, it should also try to cast its rays on those beyond the threshold of Catholicity; and this it can only do if it appears in a garb that is intelligible and acceptable to the outsiders, and if it shows so much appreciation of other viewpoints that it does not repel those of other belief at first sight. Let our terminology remain in our own seminary textbooks if necessary; even the Latin language if it must be, though so pre-eminent a Catholic philosopher as Cardinal Mercier gives excellent reasons why Catholic philosophy should be taught in the vernacular. But let us not confine solid philosophy to the seminaries. We are all acquainted with the tenor of Pope Leo's *Aeterni Patris*, which forty years ago instituted the New-Scholastic movement. Have we not followed out its injunctions only with an eye to ourselves and neglected our fellowmen? Regarding these, the great Pope wrote:

"Moreover, very many of those men who, alienated in mind from the faith, hate Catholic institutions, profess that reason alone is their teacher and guide. For their cure and restoration to the Catholic faith we judge that (excepting the supernatural assistance of God) nothing is more efficient than the solid doctrine of the Fathers and scholastics who, with so great clearness and force, have distinctly pointed out the firm foundations of faith, its divine origin, its certain truth, the arguments with which it is supported, the benefits conferred by it on the human race, its perfect accordance with reason, that nothing more is needed to persuade the minds of men, even the most unwilling and obstinate."

That this effect has been little aimed at in some circles hardly can be denied. In a review of Professor Seth's book, *The Idea of God in the Light of Recent Philosophy*, which appeared in *Studies* (December, 1917), a very relevant question was asked: "It seems a pity that the New-Scholastic and the modern philosopher are to such an extent strangers to one another. For beneath terminological discrepancies there is a wonderful sameness in the human mind when wrestling with the unseen. When Professor Seth is criticizing that unconscious Schoolman, Hans Driesch, he is unwittingly taking up

an old debate of the Thomists and Scotists. And in his polemic with Professor Bosanquet he is but fighting out in modern English the old battles of nominalism and realism. In the absence of historically minded modern thinkers, is it not high time that Catholic philosophers should make themselves intelligible to a world which has irrevocably turned aside from medievalism?"

The question is still pertinent today. It has, however, less relevancy in some other countries than in our own. In German Catholic circles the admirable work of the *Görresgesellschaft* is not alone in the timeliness of its vernacular philosophical publications. The French-speaking peoples have—to mention only one journal—the excellent *Revue neo-scolastique*, the Italians the *Rivista neoscolastica*. And the English-speaking peoples, vast though their territory is, have not a single Catholic magazine that devotes itself *ex professo* and exclusively to a discussion and development of timely philosophical problems. It is mainly in our own country that the beginning must still be made. Many of our secular universities are looking for a closer acquaintance with Catholic philosophy today, and they are not able to get what they want. Nay, real philosophical thinking among Catholics is practically confined to the seminaries. Under these conditions it is a great sign of encouragement that our Catholic institutions of learning, apart from their seminary courses, are beginning to realize their duty and their opportunity more keenly. Our philosophy must be made accessible especially to our lay people, and that not in superficial popularizations, but with all the depth and penetration and broad sympathy that characterized the scholastic princes of old. Philosophical thinking must be the acquired mental habit of every Catholic that claims to be educated, be he ecclesiastical or lay. Only when that is true of the latter also will it be possible for Catholic philosophy to enter upon the mission which the great Leo so clearly pointed out in the spirit of the Divine Master who came to illumine the whole world.

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XII.

CARDINAL BARONIUS AND THE ALLEGED DOOMSDAY
TERROR OF THE YEAR A. D. 1000.

THE time is passed when historians of repute, secular and ecclesiastical, Catholic and non-Catholic, gravely told their readers that about the year A. D. 1000, Christian Europe in fear and trembling expected the end of the world to come in that or the following year. An Italian historian, for instance, gives the following description of this Doomsday scare. "The dark despair of mystic terror took hold of all society. Filled with anguish, everybody expected the last act of divine vengeance, the end of the world. The common fright effected wonderful equalization of all classes. The baron knelt before the altar by the side of the poor rustic; the lady of the castle beside the despised wife of the serf. All the fears of the preceding centuries gathered like a black cloud over the tenth." (Beissel, S. J., in *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, Vol. 48, where references are carefully noted.)

Since the middle of the nineteenth century, Italian, French and German scholars have made careful investigations concerning this point, and they have come to the indubitable conclusion that no such terror existed. In Vol. VI of the American Historical Review, Lincoln Burr sums up their arguments. F. Beissel had already done the same, with some additions of his own, in the periodical quoted above. F. Beissel also states that it was no less a man than Cardinal Baronius who originated this strange tale. It may be worth our while to enter upon this question a little more in detail.

Under the year 1001 the cardinal says: "The first year after the thousandth begins, designated the fourteenth of the indication, and pronounced by some without reason to be the last of the world, or not far from the last; the year in which people said would appear the 'man of iniquity, the son of perdition,' called Antichrist. This rumor was sent abroad in Gaul, and was first preached in Paris, and it soon spread over all the world. Many believed in it; the simple-minded received it with trembling, but the more educated contradicted. Among others, Abbot Abbo of Fleury, a man eminent for learning and sanctity, says that he took pains to refute the error from the Bible."

This statement is indeed rather moderate. It contains nothing of the hair-raising details with which later historians have embellished it. According to Baronius the rumor existed indeed, but it was not

generally believed, though it spread over all the world, and it was strongly contradicted; it can, therefore, not have had so terrifying an effect as was attributed to it in the times after the cardinal's death. And yet even the great cardinal went too far.

It is his custom not merely to refer the reader to the source from which he draws his information, but to reproduce the respective passages at some length. The chief passages on which he bases the above assertion are these:

I. "Concerning the end of the world," says Abbo, "I heard a sermon preached at Paris, when still a young man, in which the preacher maintained that *at the end of a thousand years Antichrist would come immediately, and not long after the General Judgment would follow*. I contradicted this sermon with all my might (qua potui virtute), adducing testimonies from the Gospels, the Apocalypse, and the Book of Daniel."

II. "Finally my abbot, Richard, of blessed memory, ably (sagaci animo) refuted an error which had spread concerning the end of the world, having received communications from Lorraine, to which he ordered me to reply. For nearly the whole world was filled with the rumor that the *Last Judgment would surely come when Good Friday would fall on the date of the Annunciation* (*i. e.*, the 25th of March)."

The other passages adduced by Baronius only speak in general terms of signs and portents—among them the inevitable comet—and of the decay in morals and ecclesiastical discipline. They do not allude to the end of the world at all, unless we find an allusion in the fact that one ancient writer calls his time an iron age. But all these quotations, partly reproduced, partly summarized, are merely to explain how the unfounded belief might have originated. We are therefore concerned only with the two sections from Abbo.

We should notice first that the second quotation does not connect the end of the world in any way with the year thousand. Those who started the talk that the end of the world would come when Good Friday would fall on the 25th of March, cannot have belonged to the educated. That coincidence happens periodically. It took place in 970, 981, 992, 1065, 1075, etc., and in 1921. It will again occur in 1932. Abbo was abbot of Fleury, 988-1004. As he refers to a time when he was not yet in office, possibly the Good Friday which frightened people was that of 981, perhaps even that of 970; at any rate a goodly number of years before A. D. 1000. Abbo's words, that "nearly the whole world was filled" with the rumor, must not be taken too literally. He and his abbot knew of the rumor only through communications from one little country, Lorraine, and the able refutation by the Abbot of Fleury seems to

have set the minds of the Lorrainers at rest. The fact that both the year 970 and 981 passed without the dreaded event happening must have served rather to cool down all such Doomsday fears and to make a general scare about the year 1000 less probable. Abbo himself evidently attributes little importance to the affair.

Nor does he attach greater moment to the incident mentioned in the first quotation. Abbo was still a very young man (*adolescentulus*) when he heard that sermon which roused his opposition. The sermon must have been preached, therefore, about 960 or 950. It was probably not a very learned one, otherwise young Abbo could not have refuted it. Abbo tells of no other sermon of the kind. He does not even hint that such prophecies were in vogue at the time, or that any considerable fraction of the people attached any consequence to such vagaries. It would have been natural for him to state that sermons like the one he heard at Paris became more common the more the fatal year approached, or that the fears of the people increased. But we hear absolutely nothing of any such apprehension, nor of the attitude of the clergy towards it—outside of Abbo's own solitary opposition—nor of its effects on the life and morals of the people. All we can learn from the whole quotation is that among the thousands of sermons delivered in the tenth century there was one, given about 950 or 960 by a visionary priest, who predicted the end of the world to come at the safe distance of half a century.

What Abbo thinks of both incidents he shows by mentioning a third error, namely, the incorrect beginning of the holy season of Lent. To combat this, more is needed than the efforts of a young student or the letter of an abbot; it requires the assembling of a Council. (Baronius reprints this passage also.) But Doomsday prophecies evidently can be disposed of with a lesser amount of toil and exertion.

"Baronius' Annals," says the Catholic Encyclopedia, "constitute the most conspicuous and enduring monument of his genius and devotion to the Church. For three centuries they have been the inspiration of students of history, and an inexhaustible storehouse for research. But this does not imply that his work is final. Master though he was, Baronius was a pioneer. Gifted with a critical spirit which was, to say the least, much keener than that of his contemporaries, his exercise of it was tentative and timid. Yet he stimulated a spirit of criticism which would infallibly advance the science of history beyond the reaches attainable to himself. With this wider vision his successors have been enabled to subject the Annals to no little corrective criticism." (Vol. II, p. 306.) It is therefore not dishonorable for the great Cardinal if we presume

that he made a mistake in asserting, even in a moderate form, a widespread expectation of the Last Judgment about the end of the first millennium after Christ. Patient and thorough researches, made by Catholic and Protestant scholars, have demonstrated that the year one thousand was spoken of by contemporary chroniclers in exactly the same way as any other year before or after, and that building, business, and intellectual and political life shows absolutely no change before or during the fatal year.

F. S. BETTEN, S. J.

Postscriptum.—Cardinal Baronius died in 1607. About a hundred years before him lived the famous *Trithemius*, a pious Benedictine monk, zealous reformer, and accomplished humanist. He wrote several historical works, in one of which he relates that on the occasion of a synod in Würzburg, in 960, a certain priest, Bernard, who was considered a saint by the populace, maintained that by a special revelation he knew the end of the world would come within the lifetime of his listeners, so soon indeed, that the crosses which it was said appeared on the garments of the people would not disappear before all would be terrified by the trumpet of the angels. If this story were really true, it would certainly not prove the existence of a worldwide Doomsday scare at a date forty years later. But there are good reasons to doubt it. *Trithemius* as historian deserves very little credit because of his complete lack of historical sense. It is known that he not only bungled and misinterpreted documents, but that he outright forged some of his "sources." Moreover, this particular passage is not found in all editions of his works, and may therefore be a later interpolation. Finally, neither Hefele, in his History of Councils, nor Hartzheim, in his monumental *Historia Conciliorum Germaniae* (1763), know anything of a synod held at Würzburg in 960. We are therefore right if we disregard the tale entirely. Whether Cardinal Baronius was acquainted with it, and, while rejecting *Trithemius* as an authority, was nevertheless somewhat influenced by the account, it is probably impossible to find out.

XIII.

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS IN AMERICA.

THE history of printing in America is quite an interesting study and the instalment of the first printing press has been claimed by more than one section of the continent. Especially is this the case with New England writers. But, now and then, one-sided and one-eyed writers, while looking up something else, stumble over a stubborn fact that will not down at their bidding. Fair-minded writers, today, are seeking after truth—they can't afford to shirk it. People do a little more reading than they formerly did and writers of the old school are obliged to be fair and adhere to *facts* whether it pleases them or not. History must be written as it is and not as some people would like it to be.

Not long ago I noticed, in one of our great New York dailies, an answer to an anxious enquirer as to the first newspaper published in America. Of course, the answer was the *Boston News Letter* (1704). Next, we are told that the first printing press set up in America was at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639, just nineteen years after Plymouth Rock came into history. Now, the fact of the matter is that the first newspaper published in the New World appeared in the City of Mexico in 1693, while the *Boston News Letter* did not appear until 1704, eleven years after the *Mercurio Volante* (Flying Mercury) of Mexico. Another paper, published by Don Antonio Alzado, a scientist, appeared in 1765; it was called *El Diario Literario de Mexico*. But, before this, in 1742, the *Gaceta de Mexico y Nyalicias de Literia Espana* appeared. It contained a review of books published in Mexico and Spain.

It may be interesting to the reader of today, and surprising, too, to learn a few facts concerning the first printing press and the first books printed in America, and beyond the limits of the present United States.

The old city of Mexico regards it as its greatest glory to have been the first in the New World to have seen the setting up of the wonderful printing press. Notwithstanding that the *fact* has always been admitted as beyond a doubt, the exact date and the details thereof still remained unsettled.

The records in the archives of Spain must, in the course of time, throw some light on the subject. We know, from well authenticated documents, that John Cromberger, the renowned printer of Sevilla, sent to Mexico a press and all its auxiliaries on the order of the

Viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, and of Bishop Zumarraga, but the exact date of the transaction is, unfortunately, not certain. From a number of circumstances, however, it is safe to assume that arrangements were completed with Cromberger during the latter part of the year 1633, or the first days of the year 1634.

It will be noticed that the introduction of the printing press in the New World, then, is not, as some writers have claimed, due entirely to Don Antonio de Mendoza, but to Bishop Zumarraga in conjunction with him. The Viceroy had introduced so many useful industries into the country that the writers of his time lost sight of the part taken by the enterprising Bishop in this great work.

The first mention we have of the establishment of a press in this country dates back to 1638, as it was at this time that the Bishop wrote to the Emperor, as follows: "We do little in the way of printing because of the scarcity of paper, and this greatly delays the printing of the many works we have on hand as well as of new editions which are greatly needed, and we get very little from Spain."¹ Judging from this statement, we can assume that the press was not in operation before the dates given above are correct.

We cannot follow all the discussion as to exact dates, but we find a statement worth giving. It is to the effect that the Dominican, Fra Juan Ramirez, established a *Doctrina*, and yet, Gonzalez Davila tells us that "the first *Catecismo* printed in the Mexican language for the instruction of the Indians appeared in 1537."² There seems to be some confusion in the name of Fra Davila and Fra Ramirez. There is no doubt that Gonzalez Davila obtained from reliable sources reasons for his statements in the *Teatro Eclesiastico*, but he nevertheless falls into error. After examining the errors on both sides, too numerous to mention here, we may safely assume that in March, 1537, Father Ramirez's *Santa Doctrina* was printed and bound in Sevilla at the royal expense. The book was in Spanish and Mexican, and 500 copies were sent to New Spain. In July of the same year the officers of the Casa de la Constitucion wrote to the Emperor: "May it please Your Majesty to order to be printed, a book in the Mexican and Spanish languages, by a Dominican Father. We agree with Juanes Cumberger, printer, although the translation of the Mexican language has not been completed by the Father, who is hastening his work." From all these conflicting reports we seek to ascertain which was the first book printed in the city of Mexico and in the New World. The most reliable authority

¹ The Viceroy introduced many industries, especially the manufacture of material for wearing apparel. Next the press and the printing of books, and glassmaking to the astonishment of the natives, also moulds for the printing of books, etc. Gomara Conquesta de Mexico.

² Teatro Eclesiastico de la Primitiva Iglesia de las Indias Occidentales, Madrid, 1649. T. I., p. 7.

on this subject is Davila Padilla, who, speaking of Fra Juan de Estrada, says: "While in the house of Novicio in Mexico he did what was done for the first time in this country and what sufficed to make him memorable; something which was never done before. The first book written in this New World, and the first instance in which the press was used, was his work. A book was given to the novices written by St. John Clemacus, and as it was not in Spanish, it was ordered to be translated from the Latin. The Father made the translation as hastily as possible, and being an excellent Latin scholar, the work progressed satisfactorily, and this was the first book printed by Juan Pablos, the first printer on this continent." Further on we learn that this book was entitled "La Escuela Espiritual," or the "Spiritual Ladder" (1533),³ of St. John Clemacus, translated from the Latin into Spanish by the Very Rev. Juan de la Madalena.⁴ The date of this publication is not very certain, because, admitting that Viceroy Mendoza brought the press with him on his return to Mexico from Spain, the vessel did not arrive until the year of 1535.

In all other respects Don Davila Padilla is correct, because, even if the name of the translator of the "Escala" is changed, it refers to the same "religions," whose family name was Juan de Estrada, who in religion was known as Juan de Madalena. (Señor Jimenes de la Estrada, speaks of another Fra Juan de Madalena, a different person from the translator of the "Escala," a member of the same Order and residing in New Spain.) He was the son of Alverado de Estrada, who ruled over New Spain before the arrival of the first Audiencia. He took the habit of St. Dominic in 1535, and during his novitiate, which lasted a year, made the translation "with precision and elegance." If this translation began well into the year 1535, it must have gone, even with all possible hurry, into the following year, 1536. The translation was ordered to be made in Mexico because there was already a press here, otherwise it would have been necessary to send the manuscripts to Europe, and, in that event, it would have been much easier to order the Spanish edition published in Toledo in 1504. The latest at which we can place Father Estrada's translation is 1535, and the printing of his book in Mexico in 1537. This date agrees sufficiently with the dates given of other publications. It also establishes the fact that the first press in America was set up in Mexico *one hundred years* before the first press was set up at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639.

There is no doubt as to who was the *first printer*. Juan Pablos

³ Historia Ecclesiastica de Nuestra Tiempos. Toledo, 1610, p. 122. The first book published in North America was the "Bay Psalm Book," Cambridge, Mass., Press, in 1639, one hundred years after the Escala Espiritual, Mexico, 1533.

⁴ Teatro Ec. T. I., p. 24.

so styles himself in the *Constituciones* of 1536. Though he was not the proprietor of the printing office, he was the agent or representative of Cromberger, who never set foot on New Spain. It is true that the Viceroy and Bishop Zumarraga engaged Cromberger to send a printing office outfit to Mexico, which the latter did, but he did not accompany said outfit. Everything points to the fact that Pablos was recognized as Cromberger's representative, and "worked for him at a fixed salary," or, later on, as having an interest in the enterprise. There were, in fact, two printing offices in charge of Cromberger, one in Spain and the other in Mexico, the latter being "a branch" of the one in Spain, and consequently Juan Pablos was obliged to use the name of Cromberger as proprietor in the imprint on the works published in the Mexican office, but it must be noted that none of the publications state that they were printed by Cromberger, but from his press.

We have not the details of the contract entered into for the sending of a press to Mexico, but we do know that the Bishops realized the importance of such a step, and as an encouragement to Juan Pablos they arranged he should receive a royalty on all scientific and other works that should be produced from his press, and, moreover, that he should receive 100 per cent. on all books he imported from Spain.

We are not concerned in this article about the various contracts and privileges granted the heirs of Mr. Cromberger, as they are of little interest to the readers; today, we are interested, however, in the progress made in the work of Juan Pablos. He was an Italian, a native of Brescia, in Lombardy, as he stated in several of his publications. His real name was Pauli, which the Spaniards translated into Pablos. On February 17, 1542, he became naturalized as a Mexican citizen and he became the proprietor of the printing office, and on the 19th of May of the following year he acquired a lot on which he created a building adapted to the needs of his profession. The name of Juan Pablos ceased in the publications subsequent to 1560, and is replaced by that of Pedro Cacharte, his successor.

Later on, in 1559, we find "printed in Roman character and in Latin, a Grammar by Father Maturino Gilberti which in "material execution" was far superior to the editions published by Pablos. His name appears on publications until 1575. Espinosa was the only printer, at that time, who made use of a special design for an imprint. We might add that in a *Manual para administracion de los Sacramentos*, by Father Martin de Leon, the title page bears the following imprint: "From the press of Martinos Espinosa, 1614," and on the last page: "From the press of the widow of Diego Lopez Danalos." This is an octavo containing exhortations in the Mexican language. A copy is still to be seen in the National Library.

The third printer in Mexico, and the second in the original establishment, was Pedro Ocharte. The first book of which we have any record published by him is the "Cedulario de Puga" of 1563, and the last was the "Tratado de Medicina" of Fr. Fartan, 1592, so that he must have carried on business for thirty years or more. He issued many books in the languages of the natives, the most important of which are the "Psalterio" of 1584, and the "Antiphonarium" of 1589. In the "Codice of Tlaltelolco," to which we shall refer later on, may be seen his signature.

Pedro Balli was the fourth of the early printers. He appears in 1575 and continues until the end of the century. His publications without being of the greatest importance, are numerous and useful, as the comprised books in the languages of the natives, such as the "Doctrina Mexicana" of Father Juan de la Anunciacion; the "Arte Zaputeco," of Father Condona; the "Arte Mexico," of Father Reyes; the "Vicarbulario," of the same language, by Father Alvarado, etc. During the first years of the following century we find works printed by Jeronimo Balli.

Antonio Ricardo, fifth printer, was a native of Turin, Italy, resided in Mexico from 1577 to 1579. He was probably called to Mexico by the Jesuits, as we see that he worked for them and had his office in the College of SS. Peter and Paul. His real name was probably Riccardi. He was a good workman and the "Sermonario Mexicano" of Father Juan de la Anunciacion was a credit to his office. He removed his plant to Lima, Peru, and established the first printing office in that city. It is a notable fact that two Italians formed the first printing offices in the New World.

Ancient Mexican typography boasts of an illustrious name, Enrique Martinez, author of the "Desague." Drain was also a printer. We find, but one book of his, dated 1599, but he continues to print in the following century. In 1600 he issued his "Repertorio de los Tiempos y Historia Natural desta Nueva España." He devoted himself to the publication of books for the use of the Society of Jesus, and among these is one exceptionally well printed entitled "Poeticarum Institutionem, liber variis Ethnicorum Christianorumque exemplis illustratus ad usum studiosæ Juventutis," 1605.

The seventh and last printer of the sixteenth century was Melchor Ocharte, a son or relative of Pedro. Among his publications we find the "Confesionario" and the "Advertencias" of Father Juan Bautista, 1599-1600. It was used in the Franciscan College of Tlaltelolco. These printers were also booksellers. Andres Martin, although not a printer by trade, had a book store, and in 1541 occupies the lower floor of the hospital.

The size of the books published in these days were the usual

Spanish quarto and octavo, rarely otherwise. The characters of the Gothic style, especially in the early editions, the Roman characters began in 1554. The binding was generally very ordinary and in flexible parchment. Specimens may still be seen in the College of Tlatelolco,⁵ and which, on account of its poor work, shows that no better work was done at that time. The students of the college were wont to take a hand in the *composition* (type setting) of such works as were printed in their language. Most of the books of that period now remaining are in a very bad condition, incomplete, torn, soiled, etc. This is accounted for by the fact that they were used as text-books in class by boys not over careful. Then, too, the climate of Mexico was favorable to moths and dampness. Robles, in his *Diario*, referring to the year 1677, says: "This year has seen a rise in the price of paper, so that a ream of paper costs thirty pesos, a quire, two pesos, and a sheet, one real. Many books have been destroyed for the sake of selling the paper, the printing of books has been severely hampered and printing offices have had to suspend business." In 1739 the *Gaceta* of Sahagun was obliged to suspend publication. The historian, Monta Padilla, complained that he was obliged to pay from one to two reales a page of paper for each copy of his history.

It is not surprising that many sixteenth-century editions have disappeared entirely. Of some there is not even a remembrance, of others there is the most vague mention of their existence. Mondieto mentions a "Doctrina" by Molina, and he also refers to an "Aparejos (Preparation) para recitin el Santisimo Sacramento del Altar" and a "Life of St. Francis" by the same author. Then there is, from the pen of Father Juan de Ayora, Provincial of Merchoacan, a "Treatise on the Blessed Sacrament" in the Mexican language. According to Davila Padilla, Father Alejo Garcia published a "Calendario Perpetuo." Father Luis Rengino published a work on the Feasts celebrated in the Dominican Provinces of Mexico. Fra Domingo de Santa Maria, in 1560, published an "Arte de langua Mexicana." The Franciscan Fathers of Guatemala printed, in Mexico, a "Doctrina" in the language of the country (1550). The "Sermon," published in honor of Charles V in 1559, was printed in Gothic characters. Gaspar Davila, mayor of Panuco, tells us that in 1550 a translation of the "Doctrina" was ordered to be printed in that town and that "many copies of it were distributed." In the Hueypuchitan language there was a "Primer" printed in the City of Mexico in 1568; in Teutenango we find a "Doctrina" also printed in Mexico, in the "office of Antonio Alvarez," in 1563. There was

⁵ Codice de Tlatelolco. This is the title given by its possessor, Señor Chávero, to a very valuable manuscript in folio, containing many interesting documents concerning the College.

no printer of that name, but he was associated with Antonio de Espinosa, and was probably foreman in that office. The miners of Pachuca made use of a "Cartella de Molde," in the Otomi language, and composed by Father Antonio Rengel.

We learn that Señor Moya de Contreras, in 1585, granted a six-year privilege to Dr. Juan di Salcedo, Secretary of the Third Council, to print all the books required by the said Council, but no copies of these works, we believe, are in existence today.

The list of books published in these days might be lengthened considerably, but what is most remarkable is that, in spite of all the difficulties encountered, Espinosa had the courage to open new printing offices in various places.

Besides the variety of type and initial letters, the Mexican printers had quite a number of "cuts," or pictures. The latter evidently came from Spain, and they were freely used in books of religious instruction, but there was no lack of engravers in Mexico.

It will be seen, even from the comparatively few works that have come to our notice, that the press in Mexico was not kept idle, and that its productions were of the greatest utility.

As books on science could be more easily and more economically obtained from Europe, as is still the case, it is not a matter of surprise that the Mexican press, established with the sole object of providing for the necessities of the country, did not issue works of that class, if we except those of Fathers Ledesma and Vera Cruz reprinted in Spain. But, attending to what was most urgent, the work began with the "Cartillas" or primers, followed by the "Doctrinas" and other books in the Mexican languages which, if they only constituted the most important part of early typography, it was always with the object of *instructing* the natives, and proves that the Latin missionaries were more solicitous about the *education* of the natives than the Anglo-Saxon missionaries were in the northern part of our continent.

At the close of the century there were already books in Mexican, Otomi, Tarasco, Mixteco, Chuchon, Huasteco, Zapoteco and Maya, without counting those in the languages of Guatemala.

Besides the books already mentioned, there were prayer books, books on liturgy, and the notable editions of the Missal, the Psalter and the Antiphonary with the musical notes when necessary. Of works on legislation, both ecclesiastical and civil, we have the "Constituciones" of the Council of 1555, the "Ondenanzas" of Mendoza and the "Cedulario" of Puga. Among the treatises on medicine we find those of Bravo and Lopez de Hinojosos, to which we may add, in the way of natural sciences, such works as Father Vera Cruz's book on "Physics" and the "Problemas" of de Cardenas. On the

subject of military and nautical art, Dr. Palacios has given us two volumes copiously illustrated. In the field of native literature and history we find a report on the earthquakes of Guatemala, the works of Cervantes Salazar, the "Canta" of Father Morales and the "Exequias de Felipe II." The Jesuits printed in their own houses such books as they required for their colleges, and which they could have ordered from Spain. Romances and "profane stories" found no place in the catalogue of these times, because the clergy, who were the brains of the colonies, had more important matters to look after and the general tendency was directed into other and more useful channels.

From what we have stated in this article, it will be seen that we owe to a Catholic bishop the importation of the first printing press on this continent, that prelates and "religious" pledged themselves to support it, and that the religious orders kept it alive with their invaluable contributions, not only in the Spanish language, but in the languages of the natives, a work the vast importance of which can never be adequately appreciated.

But it was not in Mexico alone that the Catholic Church encouraged and fostered the "art preservative of all arts." When the art of printing was invented, years before the so-called Reformation, the Catholic Church was prompt to appreciate its value and to utilize its services. It was the Pope who assisted the first printers—the disciples of Faust and Schöffer, on their removal to Rome.

The first printing press set up in Paris was at the Sorbonne; the first to patronize Caxton, in England, was Thomas Milling, Archbishop of Hereford and Abbot of Westminster, in which abbey Caxton established his printing office.

The earliest printing in Italy was in the monastery of Sta. Scholastica, at Subiaci, the publications of which are much sought after on account of their great beauty. In 1474 a book was printed by the Augustinian monks in the monastery of Rheingau. In 1480 a printing press was set up in the English abbey of St. Ann's and another in the abbey of Tavistock.

The Bible was among the earliest books to come from the printing press and the Church availed herself of the new art to promote the spiritual welfare of her children, and we find that 626 editions or portions of the Bible in different languages had been used at the instance or with the approbation of the Church before 1534, The date of Luther's much vaunted Bible. The first Bible published in what is now the United States was the Bible in Natick, or Massachusetts Indian, printed in 1663, and the first Catholic Bible printed in the United States was in 1790. The Bay Psalm Book, the first book published by the first press set up in the United States, at

Cambridge, Mass., appeared in 1639, nearly one hundred years after Bishop Zumarraga set up his press in Mexico.

The researches made in the preparation of this article, imperfect and inadequate as they are, bring to our notice some very interesting and curious facts. America was discovered by an Italian, Christopher Columbus, and the first printers, the first providers for the intellectual development of its people, were Juan Pablos (Pauli) and Antonio Ricardo (Riccardi), were both Italians.

Another very important fact is the solicitude manifested by Bishop Zumarraga and the clergy of his time in utilizing the press for the publication of elementary books of religious instruction for their people. These books, as we have seen, were printed not only in Spanish, but in the various languages and dialects of the natives.

Evidently the "monks" who evangelized Mexico did not belong to the "lazy" class so often sneeringly described by a certain school of so-called historians. These "monks," as we have shown in former articles, had to learn the languages of the natives—languages which had no letters, no alphabet, no grammars. They had to reduce these languages to grammatical rules and express them on paper and then to teach the native how to read his own language. With the help of God they accomplished their work.

We do not hear of such herculean tasks as being undertaken by the "enlightened and energetic" Anglo-Saxon missionaries of the northern portion of our continent. They, as their records show, were more interested in commercial than in intellectual progress. The work of the "Padres," through their press, their preaching and their teaching, developed fruits acceptable to God and beneficial to men. They produced native bishops, priests, jurists, college professors and historians. We look in vain for similar results further north. On one side we find the aborigine exterminated, on the other we find millions of his race dwelling in peace and happiness among their white neighbors and co-religionists. Food for reflection!

H. F. V.

XIV.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

I.

THE events that stirred Rome during the early winter of 1922 were a great drama, watched by the world with curious eyes, but by Catholics, everywhere, with an awed and vivid sympathy. To Catholics in Rome itself, it seemed that they were looking on at some immense mystery or miracle-play, wherein, as in a dark mirror, they gazed upon the destinies of the Church, the future of the world, the very counsel of God. No one who was present will forget the restless days of anxiety during Benedict XV's illness; the cold and empty peace that fell upon the city when at last he lay dead; the ceremonial mourning, so impersonal, yet so profound; the suspense during the Conclave, when neither evening nor morning brought tidings; least of all can the magnificent announcement of the "gaudium magnum" be forgotten, the new Pope's blessing, the almost bridal joys of the Coronation. All who saw will remember, but for those who did not see, whose minds during all this time turned wistfully to Rome, there may be some satisfaction in this record of history in the making.

To some of us the story seems to begin on January 19th, when a number of English-speaking Catholics had gone down the Appian Way to the Basilica of San Sebastiano. Professor Marucchi, who has given a lifetime to the study of subterranean Rome, was to lecture on the new excavations there, but when the little group of listeners had gathered round him, it was to hear that because of the Holy Father's grave illness, there would be no lecture—instead all were asked to go through the Catacombs in procession, saying the Litanies of the Saints for his welfare. The procession, quickly formed, wound its way through the damp and narrow passages of the Catacombs, in a vague and dreary light between the ancient graves, repeating the petitions to Saints, Martyrs, Apostles. The prayer was fervent, for to those who live within the shadow of the Vatican the events inside its walls are as their own most intimate concerns. "Povero piccolo Papa!—poor little Pope!" some of the peasants were saying, with homely compassion. Walking back to Rome, in the violet twilight, there were some who asked themselves whether this were indeed an "historic occasion."

Inside the city, the "Corriere d'Italia" was spreading grave tidings—the Holy Father was very seriously ill. There had been, it

seemed, some days of fatigue, of coughing, of malaise, but he would not break his usual routine, had transacted business—the heavy business of the Holy See—and had given many audiences. One of the last persons to be received, noticing how frequently the Pope coughed, and feeling the fever that burned in his hands, said to him: "Holy Father, you are very unwell; you should surely take care of that cough." The Pope smiled and said: "Figlio mio, è la trombetta della morte—my son, this is the bugle of death?" His household anxiously persuaded him to stay in bed, and on Wednesday, the 18th, the official "Osservatore" announced that all audiences were suspended for the present, since His Holiness was suffering from a bronchial cold. At 4 A. M. on Thursday morning the doctors were alarmed for the first time; inflammation of the lungs seemed to be spreading rapidly, and the breathing was very weak. The Pope, suffering but conscious, asked for Holy Communion, and Monsgr. Zampini took the Blessed Sacrament from the little chapel adjoining the bedroom and gave It to him. That morning the doctor issued the first bulletin, and before evening all Rome was thoroughly alarmed. Who does not know the course of a grave illness; the long days—busy, yet somehow vacant, too—the nights like pieces out from eternity? Benedict was henceforth watched by his doctors and his household, the Noble Guard were always on duty at his door—the sad routine of sickness had begun. His nephew, Marchese della Chiesa, visited him, rising from a sick bed to do so—he came wrapped in furs and shivering with fever. The doctors ordered oxygen for the Holy Father, and this at first gave great relief; he was able to take a little food, to swallow spoonfuls of tapioca, of wine. When Dr. Battistini came before midnight on Friday—"You!" said the Pope, smiling, "why, whatever are *you* doing here at this time of night?" After the doctor's examination, he said with kindly irony, "Well, now, after all that, you surely can go to bed!" But, needless to say, the doctor stayed, and not only he, but the Cardinal Penitentiary, Fr. Basile, S. J., the Pope's confessor, and others all remained within call. An hour after midnight Benedict seemed so ill that Monsgr. Mignone said Mass in the small Chapel and gave him Communion; a little later he received Extreme Unction also. Early that morning telegrams were sent to all the Nuncios to say that the Pope was dying.

The Vatican was besieged—Cardinals, Prelates, Diplomats, gentlemen of the Pontifical court, the Roman nobility. In the Piazza of St. Peter's an immense crowd stood waiting—it is the tradition of Rome that when grave events are afoot in the Vatican, the Roman people gather in the Piazza; for good or for ill they are bound up with the Pope, and they will wait, if need be, for hours. There was

movement now, rumors went from mouth to mouth, crowds poured into the Basilica to pray, drifted out again; across the Court of San Damaso came numbers of little children escorted by nuns; they were going to pray before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the Pauline Chapel, to say aves for the "Santo Padre" who was so ill—their small faces were very serious. But by this time all Rome was on its knees before the Blessed Sacrament. Up in the sick room, hope—such hope as there has been—is fading. The doctors come again, they order injections of camphorated oil, examine, ask questions, get brief weary answers from the patient, "I am doing well—oh leave me to rest!" They look down with unmeasured compassion upon the small figure lying in the bed, the sallow furrowed face, the small quick hands, the eyes, once alight with intelligence, now burning with the dull fires of fever; well, let him rest if he can! Presently he rouses himself. "If Our Lord is pleased that I should work longer for the Church, I am ready, always. But if He says 'enough,' then His will be done." One of the doctors, even more moved than the rest, says brokenly, "Take me instead, Lord, but spare the Holy Father." At 5 p. m. Cardinal Gasparri, amid a profound silence, enters the hall where the Diplomatic Body are assembled, and says slowly: "I am come to tell you that there is no longer any hope whatever." It is now Saturday afternoon. Later in the evening they say to the patient: "Holy Father, let us pray for the peace of the world." He rouses himself to reply, with strange force: "Yes, yes, for the peace of the world I offer up my life!" The last night begins; for the watchers the only question is, when will it be? Benedict is quiet and conscious, he even laughs as he says to Cardinal Gasparri: "Do you know how much I have spent on medicines in the whole of my life up to now? Why, about *due cinquanta*,¹ and tomorrow, tomorrow I shall get up." His face is ghastly. Soon after midnight Monsgr. Mignone says Mass and gives the Pope Communion. Mass now follows Mass in the tiny chapel; round the dying Pontiff the swift words of the great sacrifice never cease; time seems to be standing still; life lies down—how slowly!—to ashes. It is five o'clock in the morning; the end draws near. The Cardinals gather from all parts of the palace, walking noiselessly through the vast halls; they come into the little bedroom and kneel about the bed, nor have they long to wait. Benedict keeps kissing the Crucifix; the agony is brief. Cardinal Giorgi bends down to the dying man, bends down to the pillow: "Holy Father, bless us all here, bless the world, offer your life for peace, and when you are in Heaven, pray still for peace!" Benedict rallies all his fading forces at the sound of the words, with a painful effort he raises his right

¹ Fifty cents.

hand and traces three times the sacred sign of the Cross. The hand falls; in a few more minutes all is finished. The watchers break down, sobbing without restraint; presently they rise and kiss the thin and chilly hands.

The last sad ceremonies must be done. Soon Benedict, clothed in white soutane and red mozzetta, rests in tranquility, his rosary twined round his hands. Cardinal Vico says the first Mass for the august dead. Presently the gigantic bell of St. Peter's begins to lament—the Vicar of Christ, “Christ on Earth,” as St. Catherine called him, lay dead, and already a thousand live wires, carrying the tidings to the uttermost parts of the earth, were summoning the Princes of the Church to Rome. It is Sunday morning. On Monday morning they carry the dead Pope on an open bier across the great halls of the Vatican and into St. Peter's. It is a gloomy day, and in the dull light that fills the Basilica even its sumptuous marbles and gildings seem to have grown dim and lifeless. The procession moved very slowly, a long line of splendid color; the Pope's guards, Bishops, Camerieri, Religious, Cardinals, the Diplomatic Body, the Julian Choir; lastly the dead Pontiff, a figure of infinite pathos, borne among the Tombs—the splendid baroque Tombs of the later Popes. They place the bier in the Blessed Sacrament Chapel behind its closed ironwork gates, and the solemn Lying-in-State begins. For three days crowds, moving at the pace of a glacier, pass with unheard-of difficulty through the Piazza, up into St. Peter's, before the gates of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, out again. They are silent, implacable, patient; to that last audience of Pope Benedict they will go—somehow. For three days the dead Pope, his face set into terrible lines of pain and grief, faced his people. The scene was symbolical of the whole pontificate; the Pope, at infinite cost to himself, facing the whole world, a small undaunted figure, so great at heart, so little known, so ill understood. Rome, at least, did him reverence now. The funeral itself was almost private. In the Chapel of the Choir, where the bier had been carried, the body was sprinkled with Holy Water, fumed with incense, then enclosed in a triple coffin of cypress wood, of lead, of elm. This was lowered into the Crypt, and, in the presence of the Cardinal Archpriest of the Basilica, walled up into the plain tomb prepared for it. Benedict XV lay at the feet of the Apostle, gathered to his Fathers and his brethren, men of the indefectible line of Peter.

The Catholic Church lives by law, and, after 2000 years, there are few emergencies that have not been provided for. As soon as a Pope is dead the provisional government of the Cardinal Camerlengo begins. His first duty is to make the legal attestation of the Pope's death, and to take possession of the Ring of the Fisherman.

In order to preserve the rights of sovereignty and independence that belong to the temporal ruler of the Church, he must take up his abode in the Vatican and not leave it. The sovereignty of the late Pope is now vested in the College of Cardinals, with the Cardinal Camerlengo as head of the Executive, but their powers are temporal rather than spiritual, and even these are severely limited. For it is their duty, according to the Apostolic Constitutions, to make no innovations, but merely to see that the new Pontiff enters upon the same state of things as his predecessor left. From the moment of the Pope's death, all authority in the Pontifical Tribunals ceases; the Secretariat of Briefs, the Dataria, the Cancellaria, can no longer issue documents; business is suspended. The functions of the Secretary of State are likewise suspended, his sole duty is to send notice of the Pope's death to the proper quarters and to direct that all correspondence be addressed to the Sacred College. For transaction of the business of the interregnum, the College holds a congregation every morning; in the first of these the Ring of the Fisherman, used for sealing briefs, is broken, as well as the Seal for Bulls. Each Cardinal swears on the Gospels to observe certain Apostolic Constitutions (Pius X, "Vacante Sede," December 25, 1904; Leo XIII, "Praedecessores Nostri," with Instruction, May 24, 1882), to keep secret, therefore, according to the tenor of these Constitutions, everything referring to the election of the Pope and the doings of the Conclave until expressly dispensed from silence by the Holy Father himself; to refuse to be, in any way whatever, the agent of any civil power in proposing the Veto; finally, if elected, to be instant in asserting and vindicating the rights and liberties, even temporal, of the Holy See. Gregory X, at the 16th Council of Lyons, ordained that, for ten days after the death of a Pope, the Cardinals should wait for the coming of their colleges before beginning the election, and that, meanwhile, a Novena of Requiem Masses should be said for the soul of the Pope deceased. This is still done.² The solemn Conclave to elect the new Pope is now held in the Vatican, under elaborate and stringent rules said to have been suggested by the drastic action of the people of Viterbo in 1271. The seventeen Cardinals, then assembled in that place for the election of a Pope, could not agree, and for months the Holy See was vacant. The Viterbese, therefore, imprisoned the Cardinals in a certain palace and walled up the doors. To hasten the election, they hit on the ingenious plan of reducing the daily rations supplied to the electors, and they further explained that their next act would be to take the roof off the palace. Under these rather hard circumstances the

² Pius XI, by his Motu Proprio "Cum proxime," March 1, 1922, extends the time of waiting to fifteen days and gives the Sacred College power to extend it for three days more.

Cardinals found that they could, after all, agree, and they even made an excellent choice—Gregory X. Hence the “Conclave,” an assembly of Cardinals “locked up.” Each Cardinal has, now, a little apartment put at his disposal. It consists of three or four rooms, and he can bring with him a secretary, called a “conclavist,” and a servant.³ There are also admitted cooks, barbers, doctors, a chemist and various workmen and servants. All these persons must take an oath of secrecy. The precincts of the Conclave are all the rooms surrounding the Court of San Damaso; the Cistine Chapel is the place of general meeting; Mass is said in the Pauline Chapel and Sala Ducale. The barrier that shuts in the Conclave is placed on the stair leading to the Court of San Damaso, and is guarded by Protonotaries Apostolic and other dignitaries. Prince Chigi is hereditary Marshal of the Conclave; he swears to be faithful, to guard the palace and not to allow the Sacred College to be molested. The Majordomo, remaining without, is governor of the Conclave and sees to its external affairs, supplies, etc. Thus, on February 2, 1921, there went into seclusion over fifty Cardinals, and Rome settled down into a mood of eager waiting, varied by busy—and quite futile—speculation. After the heavy days of mourning, the fierce lament of the Dies Irae, the ceremonial gloom of the Basilicas, filled with sable vestments whose thick embroideries seemed but to emphasize the darkness, after the light of yellow and massive candles, the sprinkling of lustral water, the words of the Absolutions, it was good to go, in abundant sunshine, to the Piazza of St. Peter, and to watch for the “Sfumate.” Rome had passed through searing experience, still poignant; her heart was strangely empty, but the Vicar of Christ would come—when Christ willed. In the Piazza, therefore, facing the great dome, and in full sight of the Vatican, Rome waited—for three days.

Inside the Conclave, as all knew, the Princes of the Church held their high deliberations. On the first morning there was the Mass of the Holy Ghost, at which all the Cardinals received Communion from the hands of the Cardinal Camerlengo. Later they came together in the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo has frescoed wall and ceiling with his immense conceptions of the story of man in this world and the next. Behind the six candles, alight on the altar, loomed the black anguish of the “Last Judgment,” the lost souls, the menacing Christ; the throne of His Vicar to be was set in the Sanctuary near to the altar. Here the electors assemble twice a day for the “scrutinies.” With infinite ceremony, with meticulous care, the voting is accomplished, under regulations imposed by

³ Pius XI, Motu Proprio “Cum proxime,” March 1, 1922, allows the Cardinal to introduce one person only into Conclave.

Gregory XV in his Bull "Aeterni Patris"; the scope of these regulations is to secure free and secret voting, but to provide for a "verification" by which any vote given can, if necessary, be traced back to its author. The majority of votes required for an election is two-thirds; but should any elector vote for more than one candidate, or for himself, that vote is invalid. Each Cardinal, kneeling before the altar under Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," swears by the Lord Christ who shall judge him that he has voted for him whom he believes should be chosen. On the altar is a chalice. Placing his vote on the paten that covers it, the Cardinal lets the paper slide into the chalice itself and retires. When this solemn act has been repeated by all the Cardinals, the votes pass through the hands of three scrutineers, each of whom reads aloud the name of the candidate it refers to; the number of votes obtained by each candidate are written down and read—this Cardinal has ten votes, that one five, and so on. Three fresh scrutineers must now verify the work of the first trio. If no candidate has received two-thirds of the votes, their Eminences retire and the voting papers are burnt; this is the famous "sfumata." Damp straw, burnt with the voting papers, produces black smoke, which can be seen from the Piazza; when the election is made, however, only the papers are burnt, and white smoke gives the signal to the waiting crowds outside. Six times during three days, smoke poured from the slender chimney; it was usually white at first, sending a thrill through the watchers, but then it turned thick and dark, clouding their hopes. It was curious to see the eager crowd holding its breath, like one man, gasping with excitement, sighing with disappointment.

On Monday, February 6th, the crowd waited for the seventh time. Rain fell, hard and straight, from a low sky; the Piazza was set thick with umbrellas and looked like an immense bed of black mushrooms. After weary hours a thin line of smoke arose, white against the heavy sky, and continued to rise—this time without any change of color! The crowd broke into excited cries and questions, the tense moments grew tenser, but all knew that the Pope just elected must don the white garments and the blood-colored stole, must receive the homage of his former peers—having no longer peer on earth—and receive the Fisherman's ring, the symbol of his authority. Presently a rumor arose and ran like lightning—the Pope was coming out! Under the beating, insistent rain, a great tapestry was hung out from the balcony over the central door of St. Peter's; Cardinal Bisleti appeared. "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum," the words rang out in a voice of emotion, "we have a Pope, the most Eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinal Achilles Ratti, who has chosen the name of Pius XI." The dense packed mass broke into passionate

acclamation. Then the Pope came, white, potent, dominating; there is wilder applause, the whole Piazza, to its utmost bounds, like a stormy sea; many were kneeling on its streaming pavement. Pius XI, standing very erect, intones: "Sit nomen Domini benedictum." His voice is strong and warm, but trembles. The whole mass of people sing the reply. "Adjutorium nostrum in nomini Domini," he chants again. Another roar of sound as the whole Piazza answers. Then the great pastoral blessing, the blessing of the august Trinity invoked upon the city, the whole earth, and, thereupon, deep, thunderous, prolonged, the acclaim by the Roman people of the Roman Pontiff. The Pope withdraws for a moment, to appear again in red cloak and wide red hat, and to bless the people once more; after fifty years a Pope has met Rome in the Piazza, face to face!

Almost a week later Pius XI received the triple crown in St. Peter's in the presence of a throng, 50,000 or more, who had waited since long before daybreak and had seen the swift saffron dawn break into the vast shadows of the vast Church. An endless procession, gorgeous, a very feast of color, began to pour up the nave some time after nine o'clock; the Pope, much moved and very pale, blessed the multitude from the Sedia Gestatoria. Then followed the slow and splendid ceremonies at the altar, the Mass of the Coronation sung by the Holy Father himself, his reception of the Pallium, the renewed homage of the Sacred College, the singing of the Litanies with the special response, "Do Thou aid him," the chanting of Epistle and Gospel in Latin and in Greek. Then the supreme moment—the new Pope, standing above the Tomb of the Apostle, holds up Host and Chalice for the earth's adoration, the magnificent guard kneel, with bared swords, the silver trumpets from the Dome speak with the tongues of men and of angels, the crowd kneels silent before Christ in the hands of His Vicar. There follows the Communion, at which the Pope stands before his throne to receive the sacred elements, sharing them with Deacon and Subdeacon. Lastly, seated on a throne before the "Confession," in the midst of the Sacred College, Pius XI was crowned. The aged Jesuit, Cardinal Billot, trembling as he held the Tiara, raised it aloft and put it on the Pope's head, naming him in the awful words of the prayer, "Father of Kings and Princes, ruler of this earth, Vicar of Christ," and the new Pontiff, rising from the throne, lifted his hands in the final blessing, calling upon saints and angels, the Virgin Mother, the All-powerful God. Robed and crowned, they bear him out in triumph; he is smiling now and giving his benedictions. It is finished and yet not all finished. The crowd, emptying St. Peter's, floods into the Piazza and there mingles, as it can, with another

crowd that reaches as far as the eye can see—filling the side streets, covering every available roof and portico and balcony. It is a dazzling winter day. Now on the Loggia, against the immense grey facade, a vivid group gathers, ivory and scarlet, purple and gold, there is the sudden cry of music, the quivering of white enormous fans, and between them comes the Pope, still wearing the sacred Tiara—he blesses the thundering crowd, untiring in its wild applause, and blesses it again.

II.

Since February 6th, when Pius XI blessed the “city and the world” from the Loggia, there has been insistent questioning: What manner of man is this? It is a question that history will answer in due time; in the meanwhile we can put together some notes of the past. On May 31, 1857, there was born at Desio, a village twenty miles north of Milan, Achilles Ambrogio Damiano Ratti, son of Francesco Ratti and of Rosa Galli, his wife, and at Desio the child spent his early years. Destined, almost by nature, for the priestly life, he made his first studies at Milan and then passed to Rome and the famous Gregorian University, where he took the Doctorate in philosophy, theology and Canon Law. Ordained priest in 1879, he returned to Milan and for a time taught theology and rhetoric in the seminary. In 1887 he was appointed one of the “doctors” of the Ambrosian Library, and in 1907 succeeded Monsgr. Ceriani as prefect of that great institution. Later he was called to Rome by Pius X and in 1914 became director of an even greater library, the Vatican. In 1918 Benedict XV sent him as Apostolic Visitor to Poland, then in the agony of war; on June 6, 1919, he was appointed Nuncio to Warsaw, and a month later titular Archbishop of Lepanto. When the Cardinal of Milan died in the spring of 1921, Monsgr. Ratti succeeded him both as Cardinal and Archbishop, making his solemn entry into the city on September 8th, but Milan lost him again, as we have seen, only five months later. Achilles Ratti, having played many parts, has now, without any question, the supreme part of all, there is every hope that he may play it long.

He seems, indeed, much younger than his years make him. Of middle height and well built, an observer is struck at once by the activity and ease of his movements; as an Italian journalist remarked: “One cannot imagine that Achilles Ratti has ever felt embarrassed.” He has the wide full forehead of an able thinker, the hair, originally fair or reddish, is now thickly mixed with grey; the countenance is grave and takes easily the expression of great severity, but there is an ample smile in the deep eyes behind the spectacles, a smile that dwells also on the straight, fine lips. At

Milan they forgot that he was a scholar, feeling in him only the heart of a priest; in Rome, doubtless, the Supreme Pontiff will be thought of chiefly as a Father. He is not a great or a ready talker, but rather a searcher for accurate and significant words, this being, in him, no trait of the diplomat, but rather the natural habit of a meditative mind. His laugh, that revealer of character, is low and quiet. He gives the impression of tranquility and strength, of high serenity and firm conviction, of the patience and philosophy of one who knows books and their multifold wisdom, but has seen, also, strange cities and the uncertain ways of men. He can speak with a winning sweetness; his manner is gracious and attractive; he seems a man to win easily profound affection. Nor is he one to have much doubt of his own powers. The late Monsgr. Benson expresses somewhere his preference for a country where priests are realized to be really priests and not merely men in black coats. Italian ecclesiastics are bred among great ecclesiastical traditions; they are a priestly caste; in them are often to be found that assurance as of complete character, that finished instinct and excellent manner that are thought to be the product of literal heredity. Such men know both what they are and what they can do.

Pius XI's brother, a silk merchant in Milan, recalls the healthy vivacity of his boyhood. Desio is but a small village, but it will now, as the local chemist said with satisfaction, "go down in history." In a plain two-storied house there lived for long Francesco Ratti, the Pope's father, director of a silk factory, not a rich man, but of comfortable means.

Achilles was one of a family of six, of whom two besides himself are living—Fermo, the eldest, and Camilla, the latest born. The Ratti family claim Brianza di Rogeno as their native place, and they are of that Lombard stock, so courageous and laborious, who have not only made industrial Milan, but turned Lombardy into one immense garden. The little Achilles knew by heart its flat irrigated plains set with vines and mulberries and rich with wheat; the straight roads; the ranks of poplars that run to indefinite horizons. There is a retired solicitor living in Desio who shared the Pope's boyhood. "Achilles and I were chums," he said, "and I could tell you a lot about our games and escapades. As a boy the new Pope loved two things, books and mountains—I don't know which he loved best. When he was ten we used to go for excursions over the nearer hills; he was never tired." His first schoolmaster was a priest, Don Giuseppe Volontieri, who in fine weather taught his school in an ivy-covered pergola. Here the boy, of strong body and already competent mind, learned letters, and still better, love of letters; learned to study as if he meant it, and acquired,

perhaps, rudiments of the fine taste that made him, in after years, a lover of Leonardo da Vinci. As we have seen, he went to Rome. Cardinal Luardi, who was his fellow student there, and served his first Mass in San Carlo in Corso, recalls how he and Achilles, as young priests, once waited for hours in the Vatican in order to see Leo XIII. Time passed; they had apparently been forgotten, but with Lombard patience they waited on. The great Pope at last appeared, on his way back from the gardens, called them to him, said that he had heard of them from Fr. Liberatore, S. J., talked to them long about St. Thomas and sound philosophy, exhorted them, as only he could exhort, to zeal and learning, and sent them back to Milan with the kindest blessing. The student years in Rome must have left their deep mark on Achilles, as they do on all in whom the faith is really alight. The Tombs of the Apostles who saw Christ, the graves of the martyrs who died for him, the memories of the Saints who so loved him, the continual suggestion, direct and oblique, of the power of organized Christianity—what stronger influences could mould a young soul? Cardinal Luardi speaks with affectionate admiration of Achilles during these years, of the firm character, the mind, made for great affairs, the clear thought and rapid decision; he was even then what we call a “marked man.” In or near Milan, Fr. Ratti spent the next thirty-two years, but his work took him to Paris, Vienna, London, Oxford; he even visited Manchester. For, in 1887, he was appointed to the Ambrosian Library, and there began an immense and varied work. Founded by Cardinal Frederick Borromeo in the seventeenth century, and named after St. Ambrose, the library is one of the noblest institutions of Italy—a treasure of books, manuscripts, pictures, many of incredible value. As one of its “doctors,” men whose office it is to make its treasures known, Fr. Ratti was soon deep in the study of its incunabula papyri and codices. He became an Orientalist, a student of art, an archæologist, an historian, a writer. His essays, dealing largely with Milan and its story, its early Bishops and primitive poets, as well as with its monuments, number over one hundred. Monsgr. Gramatica, who succeeded him at the Ambrosian, speaks of him as simple in his ways, and a hard worker; not a specialist in any department, but with great erudition and an excellent memory. He soon had some of the heaviest work of the great institution on his shoulders, and, as Monsgr. Gramatica says, “worked all day.” He was very courteous to students, putting all his learning at their disposal; his work brought him into close touch with the learned world of all countries, an intercourse greatly facilitated by his “gift of tongues.” Rome proudly reported of him, the other day, that he “spoke ten languages and understood twenty-seven”—a pardonable

exaggeration. In 1907 it seemed to all only natural that he should succeed Monsgr. Ceriani as Prefect of the Ambrosian. Under his auspices the picture gallery was reorganized, new rooms opened, collections arranged and a guide book—a model of what such things should be—compiled. Wise reform found in him its right hand. But these full years at the Ambrosian were full also of pastoral work. He was an Oblate of St. Charles and filled with his spirit; he was chaplain to the nuns of the Cenacle Convent and their adviser in the many apostolic works they carried on. Not only that, but he himself gave Retreats and Conferences, especially to young people, and in the Church of San Sepolcro, Monsgr. Ratti of the Ambrosian might often be seen with his own special confraternity of chimney sweeps, teaching them catechism and hearing their confessions. He was confessor at the prison also, and deeply attached to the outcasts he found there. Of austere and quiet life, he gained everywhere that high praise that is given so simply by Catholics when they say "he is a good priest." Many can remember his slow, careful Mass, and his recollected prayer.

From a little boy he had loved "books and mountains"; now in his summer holidays he left the library for the Alps. He was a born mountaineer, strong, successful, cool. His friend in Desio, who shared his boyish adventures, recalls now with pride Monsgr. Ratti's prowess on the high peaks. He was the first to reach Mont Blanc from the Italian side; in 1890 he reached the Dufour Spitze on Monte Rosa, being the first to cross the Zumstein Peak. By his cool courage he once saved the life of a guide who had fallen into a crevasse. He always carried his Breviary with him and would open it at any resting place. "When he left Milan for Rome in 1913," his friend continues, "I said to him, 'You are going away with a black hat; you will come back with a red one, and in time you will arrive at a white one!'" "That," said Monsgr. Ratti, seriously, "is a tremendous prophecy!" He succeeded Fr. Ehrle, S. J., at the Vatican Library, and remained in Rome till 1918. In that year Benedict XV called him from the congenial world of books and sent him as Apostolic Visitor to Poland. In the following year he became Nuncio at Warsaw, under the new government. Since the end of the eighteenth century, Poland had been struggling both for faith and nationality, against disheartening odds; now, out of the furnace of war, she snatched her independence. The country, after five years of the great war, had its civil administration disorganized, its clergy scattered, its people, though unconquered, were in shocking conditions. Monsgr. Ratti set his cool mind to the problem; for the clergy, a rapid reorganization; for the people, food, clothes, improvised hospitals, temporary schools, shelters. To

the schismatic population, reduced by bolshevism to degradation and despair, and needing faith even more than bread, he showed a generous charity. With the new Polish government, Monsgr. Ratti had to establish the Catholic Church in its due position and ensure its right relation to the Holy See. When the Polish armies, defeated in the field, fell back on Warsaw, there was terrible panic, and the Diplomatic Body prepared to leave the town, but the Nuncio had other views. "I shall stay," he said calmly to one of the Italian Legation, who tells the story, "even if they burn the city. The people will need me even more in that case—you see I am not just a Diplomat like the others." When it was known that the Nuncio would stay, his house was besieged by the people, wild to express their gratitude, and after the Polish victory by which Warsaw was saved it fell to him to sing the "Te Deum" in the Cathedral. "Te Deum, yes," he said, "but remember this—the mercies of the Lord that we are not consumed."

The Cardinal of Milan died in the spring of 1921, and on September 8th following Monsgr. Ratti made his solemn entry into the city as its Cardinal and Archbishop—the successor of St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo. Milan received him with joy as a dear and distinguished son come back to her; on his part he gave himself, at once, to the heavy labors that Milan demands. Rising before dawn, his Mass was said at five, and business of every kind filled his days; he wrote, preached, made the Visitation of the Diocese with incredible energy, lent himself to every duty and every good work. He had not to "make his way"; Milan knew and loved him and he loved Milan. When a crowd of young men, on one occasion, greeted him with "Hurrah for the young men's Cardinal!" he had his quick answer: "Hurrah for the Cardinal's young men!" They surrounded him when he left for the Conclave, calling, "Come back to us, come back!" The Cardinal's eyes were seen to be full of tears. His sister, Camilla, says that she saw him almost every day during the months of his Archbishopsric, and when he left "he told me that he wanted to come back to his dear Milan. He is very reserved and does not like to talk about himself—still he said that."

It cannot have escaped Cardinal Ratti—the rather dire possibility that he would never see Milan again. His name was in every mouth. Gasparri, Ratti, Laurenti were everywhere spoken of as what the Romans call "papabili," likely candidates, and although "he who goes into conclave a Pope comes out a Cardinal," still it was felt that the singular gifts and "moderation" of Cardinal Ratti must bring him very near to the Tiara. To one who spoke to him of the tragedy of Benedict XV's death and of the mystery of his being taken away in the midst of great work, he had answered slowly:

"Yes, but *we* don't know; God *does* know," and he added, "Pope Benedict had a presentiment. On the day he gave me the Hat he was very merry, but he said: 'Today there has been a great distribution of red; well, soon there will be a giving of white!'" Possibly Cardinal Ratti, also, had his presentiments, for on leaving the Lombard College to go into Conclave, he said to the students: "God's will be done! But—pray for me." To the French Cardinals who, meeting him on the last day of the Conclave, expressed the hope that it was the last time they would call him "Eminence," he made answer: "God save me! I prayed at Mass today that it may not come." "And we," replied the courtly Frenchmen, "have prayed that it may!"

Of what happened when the high honor did "come," Cardinal Mercier has told us. When asked: "Do you accept your election now canonically made?" Cardinal Ratti sat for long in silence, with bowed head, and the Sacred College waited. At last he looked up. "It must not be said that I resisted the will of God, that I despised the desires of my colleagues, that I refused the burden; therefore, in spite of my unfitness, I do accept." "And what name do you choose?" Again the weighty pause. "I was born under a Pius, a Pius called me to Rome; it is a name of peace—I will be called Pius." Another pause. "And, without prejudice to the rights of the Church which I have sworn to defend, I will give my blessing from the outer Loggia—to Rome, to Italy, to the whole world!" He was very calm and seemed at once to forget himself; to each Cardinal he spoke in his native tongue—French, English, Spanish, German, Polish; to an English Cardinal's secretary he said words of sympathy on the recent death of his mother. He sent his warmly worded messages: "To my beloved Milan, my first blessing!" To England, "the widest and deepest blessing it is my power to give." To America, "My blessing with all my heart; I have always loved the American people. I hope they will now learn to love me." This, then, is the man who, with the happiest auguries, has succeeded to the See of Blessed Peter—the 261st of his line.

III.

Since 1870, as all know, the Holy See has been in thoroughly abnormal conditions and the "Roman Question" has been matter of continual and thorny debate. It was thought, in some quarters, that at the peace conference after the great war, this difficult problem might receive attention. But the policy of Benedict XV, who persistently sought peace by agreement, must always have prevented him from entering a conference assembled to deal with the conditions of a peace imposed by victors upon vanquished. The secret

treaty with the allies, made by Italy on entering the war in 1915, had a clause excluding the Pope from any future peace conference—a clause perfectly idle, since he could never have contemplated entering it. But Benedict XV, who seemed to the shortsighted to be pursuing a policy predestined to failure, in an incrediby short space of time reaped a harvest as unexpected as satisfying. Europe had scarcely laid down her arms when she turned to the Holy See, desiring to set up or to renew diplomatic relations with the Vatican. England, of course, had established relations in 1916; France, "too great a lady to go up the back stairs," as Cardinal Merry del Val said, came back with fitting éclat in 1921, after a breach of seventeen years; the new states pressed for representation.

The Pope, who had been alternately abused as pro-German and pro-Ally, was now recognized to have been precisely what he had proclaimed himself—neutral. Many who had poured scorn on the idea of neutrality were now forced to see its courageous prudence, in view of supernatural ends. Before the war the Holy See had diplomatic relations with about half a dozen states; now relations were established with twenty-five. As against five Nuncios and two Internuncios before the war, the Vatican now sent out nineteen of the former and five of the latter. Diplomatic relations, it must be remembered, are for the Pope, no mere matter of honor or prestige, but it is through these accredited channels that interests, spiritual and verging on spiritual, are safeguarded. On the other hand, the disadvantages for a state, Catholic or non-Catholic, of no representation at the Vatican are very great, as the Allies discovered at the beginning of the war. France and England have, of course, remedied that. But Italy remains, legally, exactly as she was in 1870. Legally, but not morally. For the fires of revolution die down and religion and common sense get once more a patient hearing. The men of the Risorgimento felt a bitter aversion from the Papacy, a feeling which the taking of Rome only intensified, inevitably so, since the wrongdoer seldom pardons his victim. But a generation has grown up who had nothing to do with 1870, who finds United Italy a *fait accompli*, and desires to be, at once, good Catholics and good Italians. As the result of the great war, the numbers of those who, as the "*Corriere della Sera*" put it, "cannot endure a division between religion and patriotism" has greatly increased. That the Pope should be alienated from Italy, and Italy from the Pope, they feel to be intolerable. Now when a position is felt to be intolerable, there is usually found a way out of it. There has been, of late, wide acknowledgment, in the more reputable newspapers, that the traditional arguments for the real and visible independence of the Holy See are perfectly valid. As one newspaper summed up the position,

"the Pope can be neither King of Italy nor yet Chaplain to the King." That is an immense advance in reason on the attitude that dictated the Laws of Guarantees. To sovereignty and independence the Holy See has, of course, inalienable claims, but what territorial and other safeguards for these the Pope may be willing to accept is evidently a matter for his own decision.

Is there near prospect of a rapprochement? Much of the water of this earth has run into the sea since 1870. The scandal of a Catholic country being alienated from the Holy See has been set in clearer light; the disadvantage to any state of being out of touch with a supernational institution like the Catholic Church has become far more evident; the special political interests of Italy are seen to be jeopardized in many ways by the present position. Ministers, especially Signor Nitti, are desirous of having the Roman question solved. Unofficially there is good feeling and good relations—the recent action of the Italian government on the occasion of the death of Benedict XV, the Conclave, and the Coronation are proof of this. The miseries of the war, shared in common, have visibly unified the country. Now Italy, new, shivering, united only on paper, in dread of the Pope as foe of her unity, was one thing, but Italy consolidated and ardent, even the Facisti excesses are witness to her ardor, can "afford," as the "*Corriere della Sera*" said, to deal generously with the Church. Perhaps it is a little odd to talk of generosity—but we let that pass.

It follows that we may, according to the signs, be on the eve of great changes, great reconciliations. And yet, as the Roman correspondent of the "*Tablet*" remarked in that paper some little time ago, no one can live in Rome without being conscious of a current of feeling, conservative and cautious, that sets in the direction of "letting well alone." Stone walls do not a prison make, and iron bars may be a protection rather than the reverse. There were those who did not like the cry of "*Viva il Papa Italiano*" at the Coronation; those who are inclined to ask themselves whether a Concordat with Italy would not partly damage the Pope's influence in other countries, even the blessing from the Loggia that thrilled all hearts brought its after mood, one seemed to see the Holy Father driving on the Pincio, and began forthwith to speculate on the power of mystery and remoteness! So are men made, looking "before and after," afraid of great steps, apt to linger in the enclosed garden of things that seem safe because they are known. And yet, who, in 1870, can have looked forward to the imprisonment of the Pope in the Vatican except with a cold dismay? Only one thing is certain. If Italy should make fitting and honorable proposals, if Pius XI should judge that the time had come to accept them, and end the

long separation of Church and State, Catholics everywhere would have but one sentiment, confidence in his wisdom and willingness to do whatever in them lay to forward his views. The Church has in reality no "interests" to serve, except the interests of souls, and under Pius XI, as under Pius IX, Leo XIII and Pius X, it is those interests alone that the Pope has to consider.

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Jesuits, 1534-1921. A History of the Society of Jesus from its Foundation to the Present Time. By Thomas J. Campbell, S. J. 8vo., pp. xvi-930. New York: Catholic Encyclopedia Press.

The trite saying that this book supplies a long felt want, takes on a special meaning when applied to Father Campbell's History of the Society of Jesus from the Beginning to the Present Time. No individual or organization has been more closely connected with the history of the Church and with the affairs of men than the Jesuit, and the Society of Jesus, since its foundation in 1534; and no individual or organization has, during that time, been more frequently misunderstood, savagely attacked and unjustly calumniated.

Because of the importance of the Society and its great activity in every field of endeavor since its inception, it has been almost impossible to confine its history, however briefly told, within the covers of one volume, even a large one. Heretofore, we have had histories of prominent individuals of the Society, of special events, or certain epochs in its history, or of labors in particular countries, but no full history in brief form. And yet that was very much needed. It is impossible for the ordinary reader or student, no matter how studious, to follow these special histories. He has not the opportunity, even if he had the time, for where can he find them? No public library contains them, and there are very few, if any, Catholic libraries that are complete in this respect, outside of our higher institutions of learning, and especially those belonging to the Society.

Father Campbell knew this well because of his long and wide experience with busy men, particularly in the city of New York. Therefore he took up this very difficult and laborious task which has just been brought to completion. Already it is being commended and quoted on all sides. Everywhere we hear Catholic men saying: "Just what we wanted."

Father Campbell has already made us his debtors by several learned historical works, but this will be his monument. Nor could he have erected a more lasting and honorable one. It reflects credit on himself, on the Society, and on the Church.

A Dream of Heaven; and Other Discourses. By Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. 12mo., pp. 222. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Generally a book which is a collection of units takes its name from the first. In this case the order is reversed, and the title is taken from the last sermon in the volume which was preached in

Dublin on New Year's Eve, 1914. The collection is made up of sermons and lectures, seventeen in number, that were delivered on important occasions between 1896 and 1918.

There are three for St. Patrick's Day, three on Irish national subjects, one for the opening of the new century, one on Purgatory, and one on Heaven. The others include such subjects as church jubilees, the Holy Name, the Beatification of Madame Barat, and some literary topics.

Father Kane is well known as a preacher in his own country, but his fame extends further through three other volumes of sermons that have been already published, and a volume of lectures. The very fact that he has been chosen so frequently, on important occasions, is a guarantee of his ability. One is not disappointed in his expectations when he takes up this volume. He comes face to face with a well-read, well-informed, vigorous thinker, who expresses his thoughts in clear, convincing language arranged in logical order.

Perhaps the preacher is at his best when he treats of Irish subjects, because he is especially well equipped in that field, and he speaks with more than ordinary vigor.

The sermon preached on the occasion of the Seventh Centenary of the Foundation of the Dominican Order is a fine specimen of historical oratory, while the lecture on Lection as a fine art is excellent from a literary point of view.

Taken altogether, the book is very interesting for the reader, and very useful for the writer and preacher, who may be called on for similar occasions, and may not have the opportunity to look up, which the importance of the subject demands.

Loreto, Eine geschichts-kritische Untersuchung de Frage des Heiligen Hauses. Von Professor Dr. Georg Hüffer. 2 vols., pp. 288-206. Aschendorf, Münster: 1913-1921.

One prominent reviewer of this book styles it the last word on Loreto. We feel inclined to say, Deo Gratias. Differences of opinion in families concerning some question that cannot be absolutely settled one way or the other, while permissible, are hardly edifying, and invariably lead to dissension of a more or less serious nature, with show of temper, harsh words, and questioning of motives.

Of course, we all want historic truth, but in some cases we cannot get it. When a truth is founded on tradition which cannot be traced to its origin, but which has much corroborative evidence in its favor, the wisdom of discussing it indefinitely, without any additional evidence of real value on either side, is very questionable. There is always the danger of confusing an historic fact with tradition, and demanding the same proof for the latter as for the

former. If this could be furnished, there would no longer be any question of tradition.

Let us consider the case before us. There is a small house at Loreto which is said to be the house in which the Blessed Virgin was born at Nazareth, in which the angel Gabriel appeared to her and in which the Word was made Flesh. Tradition says that it was carried by angels from Nazareth to Loreto hundreds of years ago and that it rested temporarily at two other places before finally occupying the present site. There is nothing to prove that angels moved this house. There are some frescoes, more or less ancient, of angels carrying a house through the air, which probably refer to this tradition, but that cannot be proven.

Now, in favor of the tradition, we have a small house at Loreto which has been known for centuries as the Holy House of Nazareth; it is enclosed within other walls, but rests on no foundation; the materials of which it is constructed—the stone and mortar, or cement—are not the kind of which other houses at Loreto are constructed, but do correspond with like materials used at Nazareth in ancient times; pilgrims from all parts of the world have visited the shrine in large numbers, have reverenced it as the Holy House of Nazareth, have professed their faith in it, have asked favors of God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin in reward for that faith and in approval of it, and their prayers have been answered, even to the working of miracles.

Among these pilgrims we find the names of such illustrious saints as Charles Borromeo, Francis de Sales, Ignatius Loyola, Alphonsus Ligouri, besides other distinguished men and women. The tradition has been further honored with the approval of forty-seven Popes, including Leo XIII in 1894.

Now, against the tradition we have the assertion that there is no authentic document to prove it. Of course not. If there was, it would no longer be a tradition, but a proven historic fact.

It is further said that certain documents which have been quoted to prove the tradition have been shown to be spurious. But what is the conclusion? The tradition has not been proven by those documents, but neither has it been disproven; nor does it follow that authentic undiscovered documents do not exist. It is generally admitted now that Canon Chevalier, the chief representative of the negative side, pressed his evidence too far and overstated his case in his book, *Notre Dame de Loreto*, 1906. There are more distinguished authorities on the other side. Much is made of the fact that pilgrims to the Holy Land in ancient times did not find any house like this venerated at Nazareth. But that is another negative argument. The knowledge of it may have been lost with the ~~passage~~

of time; God may not have wished to make it known for some good reason; maybe the inhabitants of Nazareth were not worthy of so holy a relic; it may have been buried for ages, as other monuments of antiquity—even whole cities have been. It is true that a cave was shown as the abode of the Blessed Virgin, but that was only a tradition, as so many other shrines are only traditions.

Some writers say there is no account of the disappearance of any house from Nazareth until the sixteenth century. But do we generally find a record of the disappearance of every building, no matter how insignificant, in every town and village throughout the world? Is it not easier to imagine a deserted, decaying small cottage in an out-of-the-way place, completely overlooked and forgotten by the people. Or again, may it not have been buried, and if we are prepared to believe that God wished to preserve it or restore it, could he not as easily reconstruct it, even though it had completely disintegrated.

Even though there be documentary evidence to prove that a church of the Blessed Virgin existed at Loreto in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, before the translation, this does not necessarily disprove the translation.

Dr. Hüffer has made this question the subject of constant and painstaking study for many years. He approaches it in a reverent spirit and he treats it in a scholarly manner. He covers the whole field in an exhaustive way and his method is clear and logical. His first volume, dealing with the western evidence, appeared in 1913. The completion of the work was delayed by the late war. But in the meantime his critics were busy. They did not spare him and although his reply to them is tardy, on account of unavoidable delay of publication, it is for the same reason all the more complete and takes up more than thirty pages of an appendix to the second volume, which is dated 1921.

Professor Hüffer lays special stress on the reasonable certainty that a shrine of the Blessed Virgin existed at Loreto for a century or more before the alleged translation; upon the intrinsic improbability of the miracle itself; upon the absence of any direct testimony for nearly two hundred years after the supposed event; and upon the improbability, if not the impossibility, that the house of Loreto should have been detached from the cave at Nazareth which was the traditional residence of the Holy Family throughout the middle ages, and was visited by many pilgrims.

No one interested in this question at all can ignore Dr. Hüffer's work, which brings all the light possible at this moment to bear on the question, and it may well be that nothing more can be said on the subject in the future without some special revelation.

Writers of Three Centuries. 1789-1914. By Claude C. H. Williamson. 12mo.. pp. 515. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

At first sight this title is startling. One might very well ask, is it possible to treat of the writers of three centuries in a 12mo. volume, in such a way as to amuse or instruct the reader? A glance at the inside of the book furnishes the answer. It is not the author's purpose to give a complete course in English literature. Therefore he does not include all the writers of three centuries, nor does he treat any of them in an exhaustive manner. The book is a collection of essays of variable length on writers—or perhaps, we should say, the principal writers between the time of the French Revolution and the Great War. Each is a brief study of a literary problem, or part of one, in which the author considers writers as personalities under the action of spiritual forces, or as so many forces themselves. By this method the reader gets a bird's-eye view of the field.

The author tells us that he is attempting to set right certain regulations which, owing to our general habit of reading quickly, and lazily accepting the current view of the case, are in danger of losing their proper proportion. He tells us also that formal criticism is not his purpose. "In fact," he says, "the book is only a kind of Bradshaw for amateurs." In this way he hopes to give the reader a bird's-eye view of the field, so that seeing generally what is contained there, he may be tempted to make a descent of his own, and investigate for himself more adequately the studies and thoughts which are merely suggested.

To avoid lengthening the book, quotations are not given, more is the pity, for well selected quotations, however brief, do more to prove a statement than any amount of comment.

As to the make-up of the audience that is addressed, the writer says: "I have written neither for schoolboys nor professors of literature, but for the class of cultivated and ignorant men and women to which I myself belong." Finally, "No more than a loose adhesion, more in spirit than in letter, has been attempted."

There are seventy-five essays in all, and they deal almost altogether with English authors, including only a few of other nationalities. They begin with Rousseau and end with Rupert Brooke, who died in the Great War. Before turning to the last page, we fully expected and hoped to find the name of our own Joyce Kilmer there, for no poet of modern times who laid down his life for his country in the recent great international struggle, is more worthy of a place in such goodly company. He was a poet who needs no apologist. A saintly, manly man, living with God, though moving among men, his thoughts were pure, bright, elevating and ennobling and were expressed in liquid words.

But it is not fair to blame this book for what it does not contain; let us rather praise it for what it is.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Williamson's essays, and their name ought to be legion, because he is a frequent contributor to the best magazines here and abroad, need not any assurance that in this book he is at his best. His analysis of authors and their purpose will help very much to a correct understanding of them and a better appreciation of them, while his language and style make the perusal of the book a pleasure rather than a task.

We should like to see the volume in the hands of high school and college students generally. It would be a great help to them in the study of literature.

Great Penitents. By Rev. Hugh Francis Blunt, LL.D. 12mo., pp. 245. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." But the sacred writer says: "All men are sinners." Therefore all saints are penitents. Following out this line of reasoning, we might say that the lives of great penitents would fill many volumes. But the term penitent saint has a special meaning, and is applied only to those saints who were notorious sinners before their conversion, either because of some one great sin or because they led habitually sinful lives. But it is not of such as these the author speaks. He rather abstracts from the best known of the penitents and gives his attention to those less known, and he also introduces us to some penitents who have not been canonized at all. His list includes eleven persons altogether, with a twelfth chapter made up of short sketches of several others and called "A Litany of Penitents."

Those noticed in extenso are: The Fool of God (St. John of God), The Jesuates, The Gambler, St. Camillus de Lellis, Abbot de Ranci, Silvio Pellico, Paul Teval, Father Hermann—Musician and Monk, J. B. Carpeaux, Francois Coppee, J. K. Huysmans, and Paul Verlaine.

The author tells us that in his selection of penitents his purpose has been to show that every age is an age of penitence; that every day the Prodigal Son is returning in the twentieth century as well as in the third. The men whose stories are told here are witnesses to the wisdom and beauty of the penitential life.

The author hopes that his book will be of service in providing spiritual reading to the individual and to communities; that priests may find in it many hints for addresses to sodalities and other societies.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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